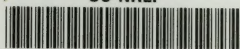


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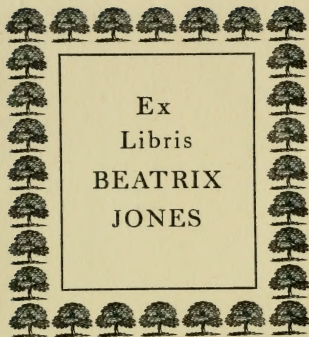
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Italian Castles
and
Country Seats



Margherita

1-III-07. Roma.

ITALIAN CASTLES AND COUNTRY SEATS

BY
TROPHOSA BATES BATCHELLER

HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY

*Reproduced from a photograph presented by
Her Majesty to Mrs. Batcheller*



LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO
FOURTH AVENUE & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK,
LONDON, BOMBAY, AND CALCUTTA

1911

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LANDSCAPE
ARCHITECTURE

THE PLIMPTON PRESS
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DEDICATED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION TO
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
QUEEN MARGHERITA
OF ITALY

P R E F A C E

THERE have been many books on Italy; many books there are about Italian villas, but the rare good fortune has been given to me, not only to see many of the most beautiful villas of Italy, but to be lavishly and comfortably entertained by their hospitable owners whom I am happy to be able to call my friends.

My preparations for this present book have been a round of joyous happenings, and if my opinions of Italy and the Italians are enthusiastic, it is because I must write of a country as I see it, and of a people as I find them. Nor am I forced to write from even an outsider's view-point, for my hosts have not only given me freely of their hospitality, but of their friendship and confidence, allowing me to tell my friends and readers what I wish of a life they have generously allowed me to share in their beautiful country.

It has been said that all people that are not Italians have two countries, their own and Italy; and surely Italy has given to the world many men and women who stand out as master minds of the world on the pages of the history of science, art and literature, while the deeds of Italy's heroes and heroines fill

PREFACE

many of our favorite volumes on the shelves of our libraries. As Italy has produced great men and women in the past, so to-day it has given us Queen Margherita, Marconi, d'Annunzio, and Puccini, and while a hero of peace, history is sure to record the reign of Victor Emmanuel III as one of the brightest periods in modern Italian history.

Modern Italy and modern Italian conditions are not always appreciated or understood by us here in America. There are those who form their judgments of that great and glorious land from some poor peasant only a short time after his arrival in what seems to him a harsh, cold country, for he shrinks more from the jeering tones of those who call him "dago" or "guiney" than because he understands the meaning of these rude terms.

We are not all alive to the fact that in a few years this same peasant is no longer called "dago," and is no longer poor, but has, like many of his compatriots, become an American citizen, and has amassed a considerable amount of money that is carefully deposited in some well-known bank. Already in New York City the Italians own some sixty million dollars' worth of real-estate, which would seem to definitely contradict the reports that the Italian immigrant generally returns to his own country.

Modern Italy has its poor, but it has also its rich and highly cultured class, and it is of this class more especially that I have written. It would take a more nimble pen than mine to do full justice to the charm

HIS MAJESTY KING VITTORIO EMANUELE III
OF ITALY

Reproduced from a photograph presented by
His Majesty to Mrs. Batcheller

*Given to Mrs. Batcheller
Sept. 1895*

PREFACE

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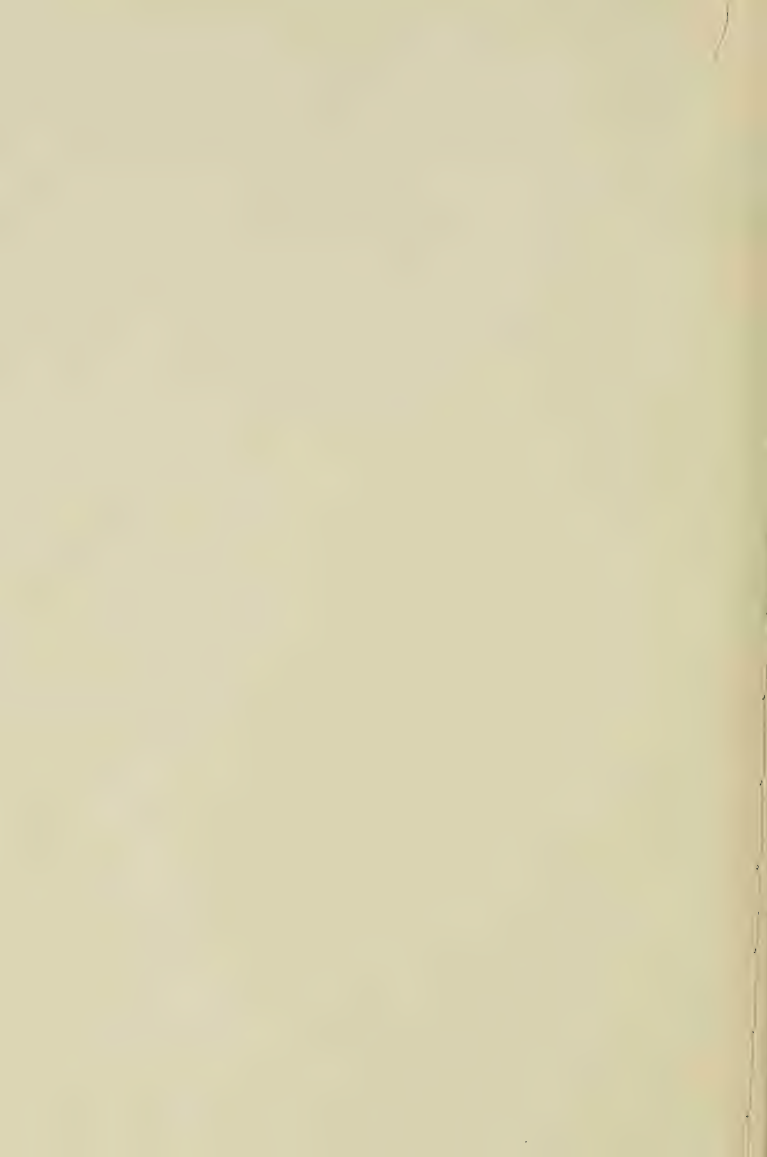
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Vittorio Emanuele
1870. -



P R E F A C E

and simple elegance of the high class Italian men and women, who live their lives luxuriously, but quietly, quite indifferent as to whether the world knows of them or not.

I am well aware that I have seen but a part of the villas, castles and palaces of Italy; it would take more than one lifetime to see all the hidden wonders of this garden of the world, but thanks to the interest and kindness of my many Italian friends, it has been my pleasant privilege to see many of the most magnificent of the castles and country seats of Italy.

In the letters written to my mother, I have fitted together two sojourns in Italy, but the sequence of seasons was, in reality, exactly as described, and into the personal experiences I have tried to intertwine briefly the history of some of my friends' famous ancestors, whose lives have helped to make not only the wonderful history of the peninsula but of Europe.

Her Majesty Queen Margherita has, from the first, inspired and encouraged my work, and to Her Majesty I tender my grateful thanks.

To their Majesties, the King and Queen of Italy, I wish to express my gratitude for their generous interest and kindness to me during my preparations for this book. To President Taft I wish to express my sincere thanks and grateful acknowledgment of his powerful aid and generous interest in this book as well as in all my literary work.

May the following pages serve to interest my friends and readers and, in some small measure, express my

P R E F A C E

appreciation of the bountiful kindness and happiness
I have known in beautiful Italy.

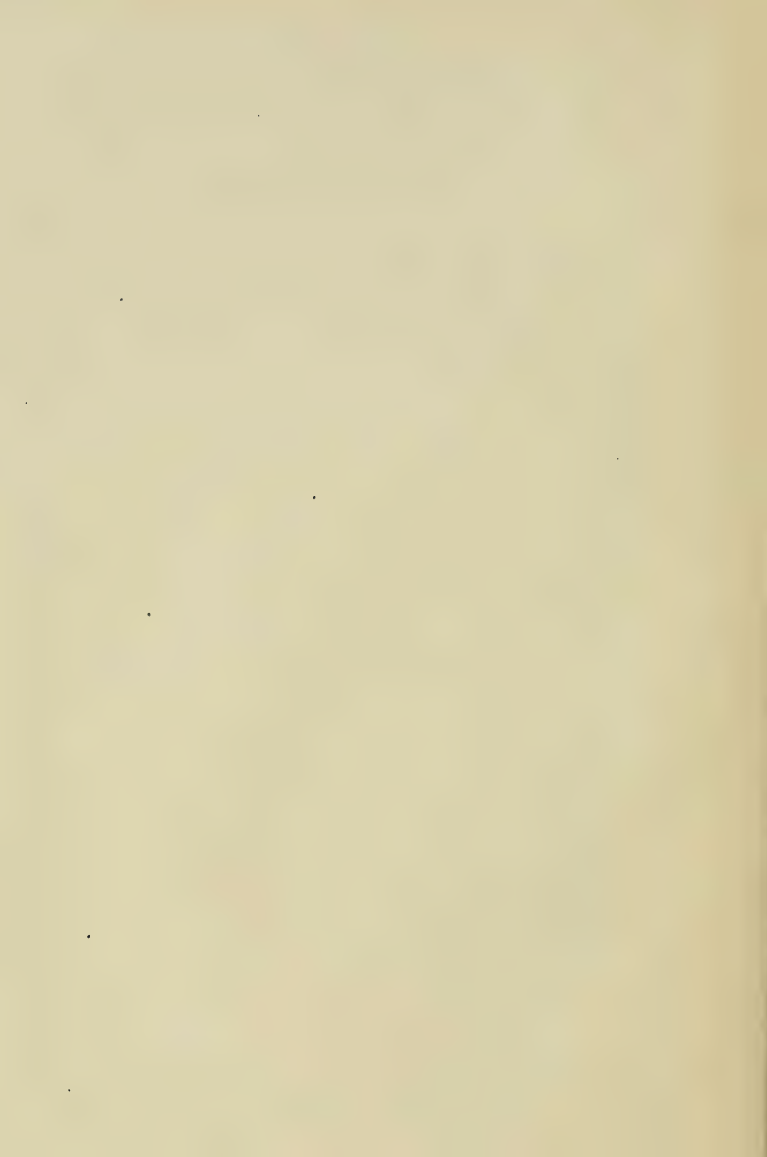
“And even since and now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields and Nature can decree.
Even in thy desert what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes’ fertility.” — BYRON.

TRYPHOSA BATES-BATCHELLER.

August, 1911

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Italian Castles and Country Seats

PIEDMONT, ITALY
GRESSONEY, August

My dear M:


IN RIVA AL LYS

“A piè del monte la cui neve è rosa
In su'l mattino candido e vermiglio,
Lucida, fresca, lieve, armoniosa
Traversa un' acqua ed ha nome dal giglio.”

CARDUCCI.

ON THE BANKS OF THE LYS

At the foot of the mountain with rose-tinted snows,
In the pure red lights of the morn,
Lightly, freshly, with musical song,
The river named from the lily flows.

F all the miniature places! A sort of fairy-land this with queer little houses, out of which come the most fascinating peasants, clad in bright scarlet dresses with lace-bordered black satin aprons and extraordinary gilt headdresses. A dear little strip of verdure, dotted with Swiss-looking chalets, cut by the noisy, rushing torrent of the little river Lys; made real and human by the small quaint church and the picturesque peasants; shut in on two sides by high mountains, and brought to an end by the great, glorious snows of Monte

ITALIAN CASTLES

Rosa, that seem to look down in benediction on this exquisite bit of the world, seemingly set aside for peace, beauty and harmony; a fitting place for the summer repose of the beloved Margherita of Savoy, Italy's first Queen.

The trip up here was simply glorious. We left Aix after luncheon, and greatly enjoyed the wild, luxuriant scenery of the Haute Savoie, but at dusk we found ourselves at the little village of Bourg St.-Maurice, and here we decided to stop for the night, in order to have all the next day to enjoy the wonders of the Little St. Bernard Pass. I was up early, and our FIAT "Antonio" was started on his great climb not long after eight-thirty. The morning was perfect, and we mounted up and up over the smoothest of roads, leaving the little Tarentaise village with its quaint people and good cooking far beneath us in the valley below. As we climbed nearer the snow mountains, we photographed some of the doll-like villages scattered here and there on these great heights; and then "Antonio," who seems a veritable mountain goat, carried us up to the hospice, past the great statue of Saint Bernard, formerly a Jupiter of the now-ruined Roman temple here, over and down into Italia Adorata and the beautiful valley of Aosta. We had gone but a short distance when some little boys ran out with bunches of eidelweiss. Vincenzo (our chauffeur) begged permission to stop a moment, and I, fearing something was wrong with the car, gave an anxious consent. But my fears were turned to smiles when Vincenzo paid the boy for the largest bunch of flowers, and making a profound bow, handed them to me,



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

FIRST GLIMPSE OF ITALY—VALLEY OF AOSTA AND ITALIAN ALPS

AND COUNTRY SEATS

saying, "Mi permetta d'offrirle, Signora, il primo omaggio d'Italia." (Permit me, Signora, to offer you the first homage from Italy.) Wasn't that rather nice?

Poets and painters have vied with one another in describing the wild, impressive beauties of this world-famed valley. My kodak has done fairly well for the first glimpse, but to really appreciate the full glory of the valley one must look upon it long, and from many points. In the distance are the great peaks of the Alps, crowned by Mont Blanc clad in Nature's glorious snow mantle; in the foreground are the lesser mountains, and jutting out into the valley are bold promontories topped by crumbling towers and ruined castles, that command first one turn and then another of the great ravine, down which rush the joyous waters of the Dora. Schubert's water music played fortissimo might describe this lovely stream, but every adjective needs underlining when one speaks of Italy; yet however noisy the river, it is ever melodious and beautiful, ever happy because it has come from the eternal snows, where all is peace and harmony; and laughing like a happy child it rushes through its own valley, quite unmindful either of the Romans' advance (140 B.C.) from one watch tower to another, or of the feudal barons, hundreds of years later, holding tyrannical sway over the surrounding country, and contending fiercely with one another for some petty right or bit of land. Men and their fortresses, their struggles and wars, their desires, jealousies and triumphs, seem so ephemeral and puny before Nature's grandeurs such as these.

ITALIAN CASTLES

It is just as beautiful to-day as a thousand years ago, and just as impervious to time as the men who traverse it are the reverse. How human and hopelessly limited we all are, for in the midst of these splendors both F. B. and I confessed to everyday, unpoetic hunger. I wouldn't hear of luncheon until Aosta anyway, so on we went through this fairyland of great castles and picturesque ruins, each of which I wanted to photograph. But Vincenzo, also anxious, I fancy, for his chianti, said rather dissuasively, "O, Signora, ce ne sono tanti, e tanti a venire!" (Oh, Signora, there are so many, and so many yet to come!) Nevertheless, I think you may like to hear about some of them.

Near Villeneuve, on a high, imposing position, is the Châtel d'Argent, which dates from the tenth century, and was built in part with Roman materials found there in ruins. The great donjon is still standing in the midst of the now-ruined walls. Coins were stamped here in the past, so the silver name comes down to us to-day. A little farther on is the great square tower of the eleventh century, standing like a grave sentinel to watch over that special portion of the valley. Near St. Pierre we saw one of the best preserved and most interesting castelli of the whole valley, which is still inhabited by its owner, Count Sarriod de la Tour, though it dates from the fourteenth century; and at Sarre, the royal château stands out boldly and bravely like its builder, Victor Emmanuel II, who had the present castle erected on the site of the thirteenth century stronghold. The "Roi Chasseur" was very fond of the upper valley of the river

AND COUNTRY SEATS

Dora, and a fine monument by Tortone in Aosta commemorates his frequent hunting trips here.

From Aosta the valley broadens out to its full width, and though the scene is less grandiose, it is ever smiling and lovely; the sunny slopes on both sides of the valley are dotted with pretty villas encircled with picturesque pergolas, over which the vines are artistically trained. Every province of Italy has its own special manner of training the grapevines; all about Milan and in Lombardy generally, as well as in picturesque and artistic Tuscany, the vines are trained from tree to tree, and these long lines of trees form the divisions of the broad, cultivated fields. In Sicily the vine is made to grow straight up on a sort of pole, and in other provinces still other methods are used; but these pergolas of the Aosta valley seem to me quite the most picturesque of all ways to have vineyards.

As we went through Quart we saw another old château which had the rocks of Nature as rude but enduring foundations, and at Fénis the castello is so fine as to have been made a national monument. It was built in 1350 by a preceptor of Amadæus VII, and has had varying fortunes; only its architectural beauty is left, however, for its once rich interior furnishings have completely disappeared. Fénis is no longer the stronghold of the early feudal robber baron, but rather the country residence of a great nobleman, and marks the transition from the castello-forte to the castello-di-campagna, which, though still protected by walls, a donjon, and other suitable means of defence, is however a less austere and more agree-

able place for a summer sojourn. Its access is easy and its position less commanding than the castle we passed farther on at Verrès, which is the perfect type of the fortified castle of the Middle Ages, and one of the grandest examples of a feudal stronghold in all Europe. It was built in 1390 A.D. by the counts of Challant, refortified in 1536, and its splendid, massive construction bears witness to the proud power of its builders. The House of Challant became extinct in 1565, and the Royal House of Savoy became the possessors of the castle, which is now a national monument, with its preservation guaranteed by the government. Its position is picturesque in the extreme, for its huge mass seems actually a part of the great rocky eminence from which it rises, and commands not only the valley of Verrès, but that of the valley to one side, which still bears its name. In striking contrast to these vastnesses, across the valley stands the château of Issogne, also built by the lords of Challant, but marking distinctively another epoch in the Middle Ages. The castle of Verrès seems to speak of hard, tempestuous times, where the rule of the strong was supreme; but the castle of Issogne seems to have been built in brighter, less agitated times, when it was possible more freely to enjoy the surrounding beauties of Nature, and to give more thought to the art and decoration, rather than to the strength, of one's abiding-place.

Two more castelli gave us beautiful pictures to look upon at Arnaz, and we were swiftly carried on past the ever-new and interesting scenes of this marvellous valley. At last we reached the castle of Bard, which I have been so anxious to see. It is an immense



CASTELLO DI MONTALTO, VALLEY OF AOSTA

AND COUNTRY SEATS

structure, for a fort has been built on the ruins of the tenth century castle. On the first of June, 1800, Napoleon Bonaparte surrounded and captured the stronghold, having made the unequalled march of his artillery over the Mont Albard in the night, by the very route dominated by the castle.

We stopped now and then to gather some of the many unusual flowers that are found all about here, and help to complete the illusion of this fairyland. We were soon at Donnaz, however, where a large smoky steel manufactory quite brought us back to earth and the practical but unattractive observance of daily needs. Smoking chimneys and large, fine steel works were not at all in keeping with the picturesque castles and wonderful snow peaks, but I was glad to see them, nevertheless, for it showed that the glorious valley and its people are of to-day, as well as of yesterday and of thousands of years ago, when the Romans built the arch of Donnaz as marking the entrance to the valley. But the valley really terminates at Pont San Martino, where we saw the beautiful, well-preserved Roman bridge, built 100 B.C., and as we turned to climb the narrow road leading up to Gressoney, past the great ruined castle, we had the loveliest view of this fairy valley through which we had just come all too quickly; for I think it would be difficult to find more beautiful, grandiose and interesting scenery in the world.

The way up here was also lovely, but it was getting rather late, and as we passed village after village, and still the peasants pointed farther on and farther up, when Vincenzo asked about Gressoney, we felt as if

we were going to the end of nowhere. Marchese del Grillo, whom we saw at Aix, told us not to expect much in the way of luxuries, so we were prepared to rough it, but we are really quite comfortable. The little hotel is filled, so the landlord has given us quarters in the priest's house near by. Our room is enormous, the walls hung with pictures of various members of the priest's family and of numerous brother prelates. I really felt rather queer this morning to wake up and find so many vested gentlemen staring at me.

I did not expect to see anyone up here that I knew except the Marchese del Grillo, who had intimated to me that Her Majesty Queen Margherita would graciously receive me, but on entering the little dining-room of the hotel, who should come forward to greet me in the most cordial way but the Baroness Colucci and her husband; and soon afterward Prince Giovanni Torlonia gave me the most genial and pleasant "ben-venuta" (welcome). After dinner Torlonia asked me to join with the others in the children's games, and we had the jolliest sort of romp for two hours, when the children were told to say "Good-night" and go to bed. And go they did without a murmur; all coming to each of us who had played with them, the little boys bowing and kissing the hand, the little girls courtesying prettily. I mentally compared the "Good-night" of some other children I have seen elsewhere, and wished their mammas could see how these Italian darlings obey their parents. But we are all rather like children, for when the little ones had gone to bed, we "grown-ups" all played games merrily until after midnight. The games are much like ours. This is one of them.

AND COUNTRY SEATS

All sit so as to form a circle, and each person takes the name of a well-known town; the person in the centre calls two or three names of towns, and those people have to jump up and change places; the one in the centre at the same time makes for one of the empty places, and, in the scramble of a "posto generale" (general change), where everybody has to move, usually gets one. Then we took the color of the costume and gender of the person to the left, and Prince Torlonia was chosen to guess the riddle. I would answer "Yes" to the question, "Is it a man?" because Baron Colucci was beside me; but he in turn would answer "No" to the same question, because the young and pretty daughter of the Marchesa Brevio of Milan was seated beside him. However, Torlonia guessed the trick after a while, and we all went laughing to our rooms at a wee small hour. They have all made me feel quite at home already, and it seems as if I had been here some time.

Just how we are to fit in all our delightful invitations, bring them in proper sequence for our convenience, and that of our good friends, is at present a mystery to me. But the weather is so glorious and the car so fine, that I am blissfully relying on a generous Destiny to guide us aright as the season advances.

Our chauffeur Vincenzo is most amusing about the car. Ever since we solemnly named it, and as solemnly poured champagne on the front lights, after a jolly luncheon with friends at Fontainebleau, Vincenzo speaks of the car as if it were a real person, and reports as to "Antonio's" health regularly every morning. We all hope his patron saint, Sant' Antonio di

Padora, will guide our steps aright and never let us lose our way. Poor Sant' Antonio, I never keep proper track of all the candles I owe him for the things he has found for me when I had quite given them up for lost. But Sant' Antonio never could find for Italy the beautiful Province of Savoy, for that was lost in another way. Napoleon III demanded that young Italy pay very dearly for his help against Austria, but glorious, fertile Savoy was too much to give up. Think of it! The great Province of *Savoy*, the very country from which the reigning sovereigns of Italy take their family name, had to be given over to France, though Napoleon only partly fulfilled his promises. It is probable that when he saw Italians from all parts of Italy fighting side by side at Magenta he surmised that Cavour had something more in mind than the aggrandizement of Piedmont, for the French monarch hastened the end of hostilities and brought about the peace of Villafranca July 11, 1859, leaving Venice and Venetia under Austrian rule, though the agreement was to "liberate Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic." Nevertheless, Villafranca, though not celebrated as an Italian festival, was in reality the beginning of modern Italy, and though it was bitter indeed for Victor Emmanuel II and Cavour to give up Savoy and beautiful Nice (the home of Garibaldi), Italy is united and exists to-day as a great nation; Garibaldi's war-cry is fulfilled, "Fuori d'Italia lo straniero!" (Out of Italy the foreigner!), and the House of Savoy is ever true to its glorious motto, "Sempre avanti" (Always onward). All that is left to Italy of Savoy to-day is the land about the Abbey of Hautecombes, which we



VALLEY OF GRESSONEY

*Showing Monte Rosa in the distance and Castello
di Savoia in foreground*

visited when we were at Aix-les-Bains. Until 1778 the dukes of the House of Savoy were buried in the abbey church. This royal Cistercian abbey is beautifully situated on the banks of the Lac du Bourget (*"Superbement assise dans une bouquet de verdure,"* as the French describe it), and by diplomatic arrangement between Italy and France is under the inviolable patronage of the reigning House of Savoy.

A few years ago on August thirty-first, Queen Margherita came here incognito, but the monks, who, of course, had seen Her Majesty's picture, at once recognized their distinguished visitor, so the Queen Mother kindly dropped her incognito and received the homage due her. A month later the King and Queen came also, and again the royal guests were recognized; one of the monks designated to show Their Majesties about, pointed to a picture of Queen Elena hanging in the Royal apartments, saying, "Excuse me, Madame, do you not greatly resemble Her Majesty, the Queen of Italy?" Queen Elena replied very amiably, but with a slight smile, "Yes, I have often been told I am like Elena of Italy, but I think Her Majesty is a little taller than I." This showed the monk that Their Majesties, for reasons of their own, wished carefully to maintain their incognito, which was, of course, respected.

It is very late. More to-morrow.

T.

GRESSONEY, August 15

My dearest M:

We have had the most interesting time this morning! To-day is the Festa of the Madonna d' Agosto (Our Lady of August), and we went to mass at the little church near by, for we knew Her Majesty would 'come, and as the Queen Mother lives a most reposeful and secluded life in her summer home, far from the gayeties and the exigencies of court, we hoped to see her at the church, to which she is most devoted. We went over rather early, but found the Countess Pozzo di Borgo already there; she came up at once with a most cordial "Good-morning," and as we talked we heard the whiz and toot-toot of one motor car — a stop — and another — and after a minute, still another. "The Queen?" I asked, and turned an expectant glance in the direction of the sounds; but the Countess said, "Oh, no! this is a party from Courmayeur;" and sure enough, down into the quaint little square, bordered with little chapels encircling the church, came one after another of the merry party, having left the motors near the hotel. The handsome Marchesa di Bagno, in pongee suit and dainty motor veil, was the most noticeable, but Italian women are very good-looking, and they all have a certain "chic" that makes them attractive in the extreme.

At last we heard the long, musical chord of the royal car, and in another moment the big carabinieri silently stalked in front of the crowd, motioning to us all to be quiet — needlessly, for everyone was most circumspect and well-behaved. A great many of the

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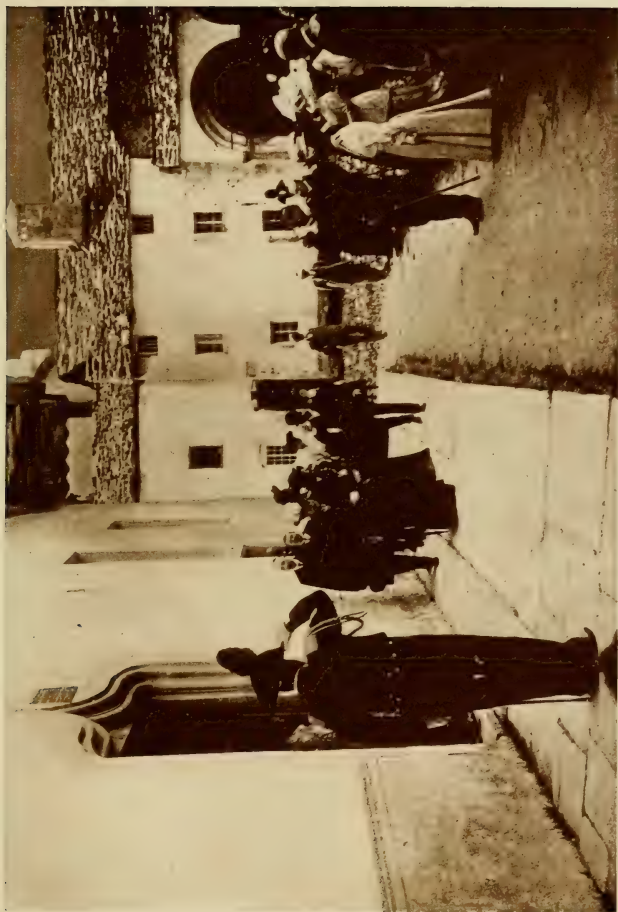
peasants had come for the mass, and I can hardly describe to you the fanciful picture made by the handsome Italian ladies, in the smartest of Paris fashions, talking with big, six-foot, London-dressed men, while beside them, speaking a strange, German-French patois, were the peasants in their scarlet petticoats and gold headdresses; the whole framed by the background of quaint, fifteenth century frescoes of the half-open chapels, that reminded me (the chapels, not the frescoes) of the sheds surrounding a New England meeting-house. Everyone waited anxiously. The priest, in festal vestments, approached the open door of the church, holding in his hand the small golden vessel containing holy water, while the little altar boy stood reverently behind with the incense holder. Presently, around the corner of the church came Her Majesty, accompanied by Count Guiccioli, Her Excellency the Marchesa di Villamarina, — the Lady-of-Honor who is always with Her Majesty, — the Princess S., and Marchese Giorgio Capranica del Grillo. Her Majesty wore the nicest of plain, tailored suits, with a most becoming hat trimmed with purple flowers; and the magical, world-famed smile was as lovely as ever and as spontaneously gracious. As the Queen passed into the church after duly and graciously making her religious oblations to the priest, we all filed in after, and the Countess Pozzo di Borgo saw that F. B. and I had very nice seats. One would think I was a long-lost child instead of a simple foreigner, by the way these sweet friends look out for me.

The mass was not long, and we were all soon in the little square once more, having left before the

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close of the service, at the suggestion of a friend near by. It is two years or more since I have seen the Queen Mother; I admire her so much, and she was so very lovely to me when I was received by Her Majesty in audience at her palace in Rome, that my heart beat very fast indeed when she came from the church. "Will she remember me?" I thought. "No, of course not; Her Majesty sees so many people, and hears so much music, that she has probably forgotten all about me and my voice." While I was threatening myself with oblivion the Royal Lady walked straight up to me and said, extending her hand, "I am very pleased that you are in Italy once more," in as perfect English as President Eliot himself could speak. Then she greeted F. B., and we had a nice talk in Italian together. Her Majesty spoke most pleasantly of my voice; then asked me about the book she has encouraged me to write, and seemed very much interested that I had followed her advice to describe the country life of her own dear land; she also asked me about our trip here, and we compared our journeys over the Petit Saint Bernard Pass. She passed from me to a group of expectant children, whom she greeted with that sweet affability which has made her so beloved. She gave many of the peasants her hand to kiss and inquired for their families. She is especially adored by all in this Gressoney valley, and years ago she often wore the peasant dress during her regular and long summer sojourns up here in the mountains.

From one group of friends to another she laughed and chatted, and smilingly told me to take as many



HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARGHERITA

Arriving for Mass at Village Church of Gressoney St. Jean, Piedmont

kodaks as I liked of her; then, as she reached the last group at the end of the little square, she walked on, past the monument of King Umberto I, to her big motor. I was just like a child and ran after, but no more so than all the Italians, who did likewise, though they see Her Majesty often. To-morrow is Sunday, and the Queen said she would see me again at the church, so I shall go to mass again. I looked my picture-priests on the walls of my room quite quietly in the eye this evening, as I have been doing just what they would approve. After the Royal departure, F. B. and I walked down the valley past the villa of Baron Peccoz, which was occupied by the Queen Mother the first few seasons that she came to the valley. In the tiny square of the town is an official sign, "Begging not allowed in this community," which will give you a clew to the thrift of the people up here.

This afternoon we went up to the Royal Castle and took Del Grillo for a spin in the car up and down the valley, with a stop for tea at the hotel at Gressoney La Trinité, which is two hundred forty metres higher than where we were at Gressoney St.-Jean (1385 metres high). Although Gressoney La Trinité is only a few kilometres beyond Gressoney St.-Jean, as long ago as 1686 the one hundred sixty-seven inhabitants insisted upon having their own church, though there are only nine hundred forty-nine inhabitants in Gressoney St.-Jean. Their quaint little place of worship dates from 1515, and was built from plans by Gay et d'Issime.

This evening we had games for a little while, and

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suddenly everyone said, "Now for the procession!" I did not know what was to happen, but Italians are much more considerate of foreigners than most people, and I knew I should be told. As I expected, Torlonia said presently, "This is the Festa della Madonna d' Agosto, and it is the custom for everyone up here to get a Chinese lantern, hang it on the end of a curved cane, and go all together to the castle of the Queen Mother." It was rather cold, so I rushed to "our" house, put on my sweater and military cape, ran over with F. B. to the wee shop near by, to buy our canes and lanterns, and off we started 'mid the shouts and laughter of the children, who were allowed to sit up that they might pay homage to the Queen Mother. As the merry party struck off through the narrow field paths, the use of the lanterns was very apparent, though the night was fine and great bonfires were lighted, one after another, high up on the mountains on either side of the valley. Up we went — a merry party — prince and peasant, priest and layman, children and grown-ups; no fire-crackers, no Chinese bombs; just Chinese lanterns and laughter. Those that first reached the open courtyard in front of the castle amiably waited for the lagging members; and when the last stragglers were evidently all there, as if by some magic, just at the right moment, Her Majesty, followed by her suite, came out from what seemed a brilliantly lighted fairy castle, and stepped upon the terrace, bowing and smiling to her merry but respectful subjects; for I think F. B. and I were the only people in the whole assembly who were not Italians. Presently the Sindaco (Mayor) made a short address,

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expressing the love and reverence of the people of the valley for the great Queen, who yearly honored their country with her gracious presence; then an elderly nobleman, Count P. of Turin, stepped forward and made a short address in behalf of the summer residents, expressing their devotion and love for Her Majesty; and finally, the priest spoke in French, expressing his gratitude for the Queen's never-flagging interest in the welfare of the village, the church and the clergy of the valley.

The language of the inhabitants of Gressoney is a sort of German dialect, and is more like the High German of the eleventh and the twelfth centuries than the German of to-day, but as it is near Turin and Switzerland there is also a great deal of French in the everyday words used by the peasants; at least, this is the explanation given me for the priest's not speaking in Italian.

At the close of the last address Her Majesty stepped to the edge of the terrace, and in a few well-chosen phrases of Italian thanked us one and all for the expressions of devotion which, she said, deeply touched and pleased her. Then we all trooped back through the valley, and I came up here to write to you.

I have had a very interesting and enjoyable day, and am sure of a good sleep to-night in this wonderful mountain air. So often at the mountains at home it is damp, and the evenings not at all pleasant for out-of-door doings, but up here it is very dry and clear, though we look lovingly at the big "comforters" at the foot of our beds. I am very sleepy and expect to dream of bobbing lanterns, flashing fires melting the

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distant glaciers, and to see the Queen sailing into space in her motor. Who knows! Her Majesty is so enterprising that she may sail off in one of Wright's aeroplanes ere many years have passed.

Good-night. More to-morrow.

T.

GRESSONEY

My dearest M:

Yesterday morning we had a repetition of Saturday's pleasure, when the Queen Mother came to mass with her handsome nephew, His Royal Highness the Count of Turin, who is here for a few days on a visit. After the service Her Majesty spoke to me most graciously, and asked me to come to the castle this afternoon, where we have been, and where I have taken a number of photographs — a rare privilege, so the Marchesa di Villamarina assured me. Del Grillo was just as nice as he always is, and I do hope the pictures will turn out worthy of this unusual favor from the Queen, who gave me a most attractive picture of herself, in her travelling motor.

The Castel Savoia is beautifully situated on one of the foothills near the entrance to the valley, and commands a beautiful view of Monte Rosa. Its construction is entirely modern; though begun before the tragic death of King Umberto, it has been completed since, and is the residence of the Queen Mother during July and August of every year. The dear Marchesa showed us all about, and we greatly admired the staircase in the main hall for its particularly graceful lines. The sun parlor of the Queen is evidently her favorite



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

STAIRWAY AND MUSIC ROOM
In the Castello di Savoia at Gressoney

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room, for here were glue-pots, colored tissue papers, and endless other things for paper-doll making, as Her Majesty is already busy thinking of the poor children's Christmas somewhere hereabout. From the windows the Marchesa pointed to other buildings belonging to the Royal domains: a suitable house for extra servants, etc. In the cosy library were many of the best modern English books, as well as French and German, and of course no one can excel the Queen's reading knowledge of her own language. The castle is fitted with steam heat, for it is often very cold here, even in August. Her Majesty laid the corner-stone in 1899, King Umberto being present, and each year more and more people come up to this enchanted spot. In 1893 the Queen, with her suite, climbed to the elevation of forty-five hundred sixty-one metres, and dedicated an observatory called the Cabina Margherita, from which valuable and interesting observations have been made. Prince Torlonia tells us we shall find the Duchess Visconti of Milan and her family, as well as other friends, at Rimini, so perhaps we shall decide to go there for a few days of the sea, after this mountain air.

Best love.

T.

GRESSONEY

My dear M:

This morning I went over to the other little hotel here to see Madame Chantre from Bologna. She and her mother-in-law are much interested in the Bologna lace school for which Countess Cavazza has done so

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much. The work is perfectly lovely, and I have bought some shirtwaists, pillows, and table covers, etc., which I know you will admire. Countess Pozzo di Borgo has some lovely things from her Pisa school here at our hotel, and I have also been glad to have some of her pretty wares.

She is one of the most charming Italians I have met, a Sicilian with blue eyes and soft brown hair. Her mother, the Princess of Belmonte, has a lovely villa in Sicily near Palermo, and the Countess has asked us to come and see her in her own summer home just outside of Pisa later in the autumn. I surely hope we may be able to go. Nearly all the high-class Sicilians speak excellent English, and the Countess is no exception.

After my lace purchases I had a nice walk up the valley with Del Grillo, and I am indeed sorry that we are to miss seeing his sweet sister, Donna Bianca, whom the Queen Mother has invited to visit her. I shall never forget the interesting afternoon I spent with their famous mother, better known to the world as Adelaide Ristori than by her married name of Marchesa Capranica del Grillo. Queen Margherita was very fond of the great Italian actress, and is devoted to her children, the son being one of Her Majesty's Gentlemen-of-honor. Del Grillo tried to persuade me to stay longer, and both F. B. and I would really have loved to, but we have been here several days, and although we have been made to feel perfectly at home, and have had the jolliest of times, if I am really to make all the visits to my friends that I have planned, I shall need five summers instead of five months; so

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to-morrow we shall go to Turin. Torlonia is coming on there too, so we shall not feel lost in the hot city, and to-day I had a note from Her Serene Highness Princess Ratibor di Hohenlohe to come and see her and her mother and sister at their lovely villa in the suburbs. I liked the Princess extremely in Rome last year, and an occasional letter has told me I was not forgotten. It will be so nice to see her again and to meet her relatives!

TURIN, August

My dear M:

OUR trip from Gressoney here was like an echo of the great valley of Aosta. We came back through the Gressoney valley to Pont San Martino, through more interesting, mediæval-looking towns to Ivrea, where there is a wonderful four-towered château; and at Quincinetto we saw the mossy ruins of the château of Cesnola, with its square tower and ruined chapel. It is from this castle that Emmanuel Palma, a descendant of a Spanish family that had established itself in the valley in the thirteenth century, was given the title, in 1789, of Count of Cesnola. To us this was very interesting, for Alessandro Cesnola is such a good friend of ours. All America knows the name of Cesnola, from the celebrated collection of Cyprus antiquities discovered by the uncle of our friend while United States Consul on the island. He made the magnificent gift of these treasures to the Metropolitan Art Museum of New York, of which he had for years been the director. At the time of its presentation, and for some years after, there was bitter criticism and discussion as to the value and merits of the Cesnola collection, but it has been established by the greatest experts that it is the finest collection of its kind in the world. America feels deep gratitude to the brave Italian who made America his home, his country and his heir. We hope very much to find

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Alessandro at home when we get to Florence, where he lives, and I am anticipating seeing some of the rare antiquities of his father, who officially accompanied his brother as vice-consul to Cyprus.

T.

TURIN, August.

My dearest M:

This morning we took "Antonio" over to the FIAT factories, where he was manufactured, and Signor Marchesi, the general manager, has shown us all over this great establishment, which is really wonderful and most interesting. I am only an amateur machinist, but I was surprised to see "Springfield, Ohio" on hundreds of great machines, which were preparing some part of the mechanism that makes the automobile the success it is to-day.

Over two million dollars' worth of American machines are kept busy in the factories of the Fabbrica Italiana Automobili Torino. "Ah, but the one thing I fear," said Signor Marchesi, in substance, "is that the Americans will solve all the difficulties of automobile construction with the invention of some marvellous new machine, as they have with many other manufactures, and then automobiles will be made in the American way, a thousand a minute: as you cut your wheat and eat your bread from it in the space of a few moments, by the use of your marvellous farming machines; or turn out thousands of pairs of shoes in a day, in some of your great Western shoe factories. America is grandiose; your buildings are high beyond the belief of any but those who see them, your for-

tunes are colossal beyond the dreams of even the European idealist, but I am not so sure about your sentiment. Will a workman stay overtime because his piece of work might be better finished? I doubt it. Does he really care for his work at all, except for the wage it brings him? I am inclined to think not. In that sentiment, that real interest in perfection of workmanship for the joy of doing a thing well, lies the reason of our success to-day, and of our hope for to-morrow. The automobile is like a fine watch. The parts must not only be finely made, but exactly assembled, and the European workman loves his work enough to give that rare exactitude which makes the Swiss watches world-famous and the Italian automobile successful and pre-eminent in all tests. That the same work could be done in America is not doubted. But perfection means exactitude, and exactitude takes more time, and more time takes more money. 'Well enough,' is sufficient, but exactitude too expensive. As long as some wonderful machine is not invented for doing the finishing touches, as long as there remains one jot of sentiment, one bit of love of the workman for his work, we in old Europe are safe in many things; but America is so wonderful that we always expect new mechanical devices which will, as usual, break all records — like your sewing machine, which darns the housewife's stockings and buttonholes her gloves."

The automobile industry has quite aroused the aristocratic and formerly rather quiet city of Turin, and we rode round to see the great Itala and Spa Automobile Works as well.

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This afternoon Princess Ratibor telephoned to know if we should be at home, and came in to tea with us. She gave me a most affectionate greeting, and one of those sweet, gentle cheek kisses which the continental woman of station bestows upon the few of her friends who have a place near her heart. The French "*Ses lèvres effleuraient ma joue*" is not to be put into our bald Anglo-Saxon tongue. Usually at this time Princess Ernestina goes travelling with her mother and sister, but it is our good luck to find them here, and we are going out to see them to-morrow.

Torlonia dined with us to-night, and is off for Rome by train at midnight to attend to some important business. The Italians rush about in Europe very much as we do in America, and in much the same matter-of-fact, easy way. Torlonia has estates all over Italy, and consequently has much to do to attend to his property. Ten million dollars' worth of landed investment means a great care for somebody most of the time, I should suppose; but of course the Prince has his various agents in different directions, for his fortune is one of the largest in Italy.

After dinner we went over to the little summer theatre, which is built up for the summer months at one side of the public square. I was much surprised to find several American and English names among the different vaudeville artists, but I am told that almost all the acrobatic features, and indeed many of the musical "stunts," are done by American troupes.

T.

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TURIN, August

My dear M:

Although the weather is quite hot, we passed a delightful day with Princess Ratibor at her beautiful and historic villa, which was built by the treasurer of Amadæus II about 1650, and is a fine example of the seventeenth century Italian villa. This duke of the House of Savoy boldly allied himself with Austria during the War of the Spanish Succession, and in 1703 managed to throw off the French suzerainty. He obtained Sicily as his reward, which island, however, he was obliged afterward to exchange for Sardinia (1720); but in 1713 he assumed the title of king, subsequently coupled with the name of the Sardinian Island. The general organization of the kingdom was modelled on Prussia, where the military and feudal element predominated, but both were obliged to succumb to the new elements and powers evolved by the French Revolution. The king's treasurer had exquisite taste, for the villa is charming, and is still called, from the title of its builder, La Tesoriera; its architecture is pure and simple, the inevitable Italian "three" being carried out in the general construction.

The Princess' sister Margherita is a great expert in photography, and has given me most generously of her collection of photographs, but she was also kind enough to want me to take a few that she had not tried. Princess Ernestina was very kind and took me over the whole villa, helping me take my pictures in the various suites. The Princess' bedroom is done



VILLA TESORIERA OF HER SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCESS RATIBOR DE
HOHENLOHE, NEAR TURIN

in her favorite apricot color, and most of the beautiful embroideries were worked with her own hands. A very elegant and thoroughly modern bathroom leading from the bedroom made it quite apparent that comfort was quite as complete as the furnishings were elegant. In the linen room the ornamentation, as well as the embroidery, was the handiwork of the Princess and her sister. The whole villa is most elaborately decorated, and each member of the family has her own suite. The dark-room of the Countess Margherita, I am sure, would make any photographer envious, so complete and convenient are all its appointments. In the corridor leading from one wing of the villa to the main building were hung some interesting engravings of Paris as it looked a great many years ago.

The family of the Princess Arborio Gattinara is of very ancient nobility, and traces its origin back certainly as far as the year 1000, and perhaps even earlier; but in that year there was a famous bishop at Ivrea, who was afterward canonized a saint. The family records tell of soldiers, diplomats, two archbishops of Turin, and the great Cardinal Mercurino Arborio di Gattinara, who was the Grand Chancellor of the Emperor Charles V, and had an important part in all the great events of this period. It was at this time that the Emperor conferred the title of Duke of Sartirana, together with the lands which bear the name. The Duke Ferdinand di Sartirana, the Princess' grandfather, was Prefect of the Palace of His Majesty King Victor Emmanuel II, and her father, the Duke Alfonso, under a united Italy was able to devote his

principal attention to the improvement of his lands, and the amelioration of the condition of the poor. The Princess' grandmother was a princess of Cisterna, an own cousin to the mother of the Duke of the Abruzzi. The mother of the Princess belonged to the distinguished Lombard family of the Marchesi Rescalli di Villacortese. The Duchess attended Her Majesty Queen Margherita on her wedding day, and has been one of her beloved Ladies-in-waiting ever since. In one of the drawing-rooms we greatly admired a portrait of the Princess' grandmother, who must have been a very beautiful woman; the Princess greatly resembles this portrait and is a handsome woman herself. She is a widow; her husband, who was a prince of the family of Hohenlohe Schillingsfürst, had also the title of Ratibor et Corvey by an heritage of the Margraf of Hesse-Rothemburg, who married a princess of Hohenlohe Schillingsfürst. It is a very ancient and illustrious family of Franconia, formerly the reigning house, but which retains the right to the title of "Serene Highness" and the right to bear the decoration of the family of Hohenlohe. The Prince died in 1891, and the Princess spends most of her time with her mother and sisters in Italy.

The Duchess has an interesting old castle in Sarrirana from which the family take their title, and where they generally spend the autumn months, and overlook the cultivation of their extensive rice plantations. The Princess also has a villa in Rome, which, while not so large as her palaces in Piedmont and Germany, is still very elegant and most comfortable.

The Italians are far more wideawake to modern

improvements than many other European nations, it seems to me. All the American "save trouble" devices they hail with acclamation, and at once apply them to their own use. At first they buy direct from us, and there are many American agencies for our new American inventions regarding plumbing, electricity, etc., in most of the larger Italian cities; but, like the Japanese, the Italians buy and use our apparatus until they completely understand its workings, and then they manufacture for themselves, with alterations adapted to the construction of their houses and their own peculiar needs. Very often, I think, they "go us one better." One feature that makes the life of the mistress of a great establishment far easier than with us is the devotion, trustworthiness, and real ability of the Italian servants. Of course, I realize that I have seen only the sunny side of the households of my friends, but when a servant is in a family forty years, and has been born while his father was in the same family's service, it speaks well for the family and the man. As we were strolling through the beautiful natural park that surrounds the villa, the butler respectfully came to ask when Her Highness desired tea, and as he backed away from us, Princess Ernestina told me of his long devotion and that of his father to her family. This is, perhaps, an unusual case, but I am assured that it is not at all uncommon for servants to stay twenty and thirty years in one family. The fact that they marry does not seem in any way to interfere with the service of either the men or women, as it so often does with us, and the servants naturally have the greatest pride and interest in their master's

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or mistress' welfare. They grow up with people of elegant bearing and refined manners as examples constantly before them, and it becomes unconsciously natural for them to be polite and respectful. They really do respect their masters, and with reason; for while the Italians exact the most perfect personal service from their domestics, they are considerate of them, their health and happiness in every way possible.

Perhaps this is another reason why Italian children are such perfect little models of good breeding. Even in their romps with each other they are not unmindful of each other's comfort or displeasure, but they see about them only examples of kindness to others, which must have a great effect on their characters. Dear grandmother Tryphosa's dictum, "Good manners is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way," applies to almost every Italian of our own class that I have ever met, and I assure you they are delightful people to be with. Let us hope that modern egotism, which results in the hopeless behavior of some young people to-day, will never find its way into the elegant, graceful salons of this lovely land.

I think grandmamma's time was much nicer than ours in America, anyway, and certainly some of our young people have sadly wandered from the straight and narrow paths of our dear, polite Puritan ancestors, who were gentle and kindly, not rude and boisterous. To have a distinguished name is all very fine, provided one lives up to one's ancestry, but to simply lie back upon what your people have done before you, seems to prove that the bearers of that name are worse off than those who are accomplishing things now, and



ENTRANCE HALL AT THE VILLA TESORIERA OF
H. S. H. PRINCESS RATIBOR DE
HOHENLOHE, NEAR TURIN

AND COUNTRY SEATS

making themselves worthy ancestors of generations to come. This is very striking in Italy; for example, this charming family, that has been endowed for generations with brains, beauty and wealth, is still keeping quite up to its standard of excellence.

Another feature of the old-world life that comes as a grateful rest to a "hustling American" is the sense of repose and the realization of the great difference between leisure and its benefits, and laziness and its unfortunate results. There is almost as much difference between leisure and laziness as between liberty and license; the two former are often mistaken for the latter by unthinking people. There are many to-day "who don't *have* to do anything" who don't *wish* to do anything, and spend their time in unprofitable idleness, while people of the same means in Europe, especially in Italy, spend their leisure in perfecting some talent or accomplishment which people of small means cannot afford from want of both time and money; and I assure you that the society of leisurely people who are cultured is much more agreeable than the society of those whose laziness has allowed no culture.

Nor are the men of the upper classes behind. All of them must serve one year, at least, in the army, where they learn discipline and something of military service. Their pride and mental excellence usually makes them officers after a time, and if they do not pursue the military career, they are obliged to keep up their military standing as officers in the reserve. Once their military duties accomplished, they become scientists, writers, politicians, and even excellent business men, though they do not go to the other extreme of

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tense energy, which destroys all leisure as well as the ability for its enjoyment.

As we strolled about the park we came upon a sort of room formed by graceful trees, where there was a large table surrounded by bright cushioned chairs, and here the Princess and her sister do much of their reading, for the upper-class Italian woman is generally well read in several languages. The Princess and her mother and sister all spoke excellent English with F. B., and I think Princess Ernestina speaks quite the best of any foreigner I have ever met, although she has never been in England. Their governesses as young people were English, and there is no apparent effort in their conversation, though they always talk Italian with me. A break in the trees showed an attractive vista of the villa, and the daily paper on the table spoke of interest in current events. Then we followed a circular path, which seems to be a feature of these Italian gardens, back to the villa, where the Duchess and her niece, the Countess Balbis di Sambuy, were waiting for us in the most fascinating conservatory with little marble Venuses and Cupids peeping at us from behind rare ferns and exotic plants. The Countess is a sister-in-law of the daughter of Countess Gianotti, of whom I have told you so much in my letters from Rome, and she is also a Lady-in-waiting to Her Imperial Royal Highness the Princess Letitia, Duchess of Aosta.

I wish I could send you half of the pictures that I have of this beautiful villa, that you might see how lovely are the frescoes, decorations, tapestries, as well as the general comfort of this Italian summer home, for

here is the rare combination of fine gobelins and world-renowned works of art with electric bells and all modern conveniences. The tea was excellent, and the numerous fancy breads, sponge-drops, and sweetly frosted dainties reminded me of England. But every "five o'clock" takes on its national color, and presently we were given the most delicious, tiny melons, and also the dainty water ice, known in its commonplace form as "granita." This was much nicer than any other water ice I have ever tasted, and I thoroughly enjoyed our little repast. So real and genial, and yet so complete was our hospitality that I felt as if I had visited our dear friends for a long time, but a glance at my wrist-watch told me it was high time to be going back to town, and as the Countess Balbis was also returning to Turin we were glad to have her go with us in the car.

The Princess and her mother and sister came out to inspect "Antonio," and made us promise to return in October after they come back from their travels in France. They were much interested in my pictures of the Lake of Annecy and my description of its beauties. "The little hotel is rather primitive," I explained, "though you have wholesome food and the glories of Nature as compensations." "If all is clean, I can do quite well with a small room, a bed, and chair, especially if Nature around about is beautiful," said the Princess, which tells you more than anything I can write of the sweet grace of her character.

After leaving Countess Balbis at her home, we went through the pretty public park to the hotel. In 1884, at the Exposition in Turin, a fine example of a mediæval

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castle with its surrounding dependencies was built by the border of the river, and greatly adds to the picturesqueness of the garden, so much enjoyed by the people. The castle is now used as a museum.

Of a sudden a victoria passed in which I noticed a handsome elderly gentleman. He drove rapidly by, but I thought it was Count Gianotti, and as Vincenzo increased our leisurely park speed I soon proved myself correct, and bowed to the distinguished general. With the courtliness for which he is famous, he left his carriage and came to the car to give me the most cordial greeting. By an unfortunate delay in the mail I just missed seeing Countess Gianotti in Geneva, though we were both in the same city, and each hurrying a letter to the other to the supposedly correct address.

General Gianotti is Grand Master of Ceremonies at the court of Victor Emmanuel III, and his wife, of whom I am so fond, was Miss Franklin-Kinney of Baltimore, and is one of the many examples of the happiness of the Italian-American marriages. The General saved the life of King Umberto in the terrible battle of Custoza in 1866, and his only reply to my gasp of admiration of the famous picture of the battle in his palace in Rome was, "I only did my duty as a soldier."

I hoped to learn from the Count that the Countess had returned with her daughter to their beautiful villa near here, to which we had been invited to come, but they are staying later than usual in Switzerland this season, to await the completion of some improvements and repairs to their summer home. The family

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of Balbis di Sambuy is also one of Piedmont's proudest names, and the father of the present count was one of the staunch defenders of his country's interests. I have heard Countess Gianotti say, "I married a Piedmontese, rather than an Italian." In spite of all the wars and strifes occasioned by invaders into the peninsula of Italy, Piedmont has succumbed to none but Napoleon I; so its sons may rightly be proud of their birthland.

To-morrow morning we are going up to the great Superga, and by special permission, to the palace of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Genoa, mother of Her Majesty Queen Margherita.

Good-night. Much love to all at home.

T.

TURIN, August

My dear M:

This morning we have been to the imposing royal burial church that is situated conspicuously on a very high hill on the east side of the city, and before going into the church we stopped for some time in the broad, open place surrounding the great edifice to enjoy the beautiful view of the valley of the Po, the high hills about Turin called the Colli Torinesi; while beyond rise the Apennines, and still beyond, in mighty grandeur, the Alps in snowy splendor. The Superga is a handsome building in the style of an antique temple, and was built by Victor Amadæus II on the occasion of the raising of the siege and driving of the French from Turin. In the royal apartments adjoining the church is a painting of the unsus-

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pecting French officers surprised by a trick of the Piedmontese, while dancing merrily at a ball (1706). The lofty dome can be seen from very far away, and the tombs of the various members of the House of Savoy were impressive and elegant; in the crypt are monuments of the kings from Victor Amadæus II to that of the unhappy but brave Charles Albert and Queen Marie Adelaide, the Austrian wife of Victor Emmanuel II. One room is devoted to portraits of all the popes, and I looked for the head of Julius II, the warrior pope, who always greatly interests me.

We came down from this impressive mausoleum to the quiet palace of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Genoa, who was the daughter of the late King of Saxony; and I always think that much of Queen Margherita's intellectual thoroughness (*gründlichkeit*) comes from her German inheritance, for the elderly Duchess is one of Europe's most distinguished women. She lives in Turin only in the winter, having a lovely villa in Stresa on Lago Maggiore, where her Royal daughter visits her every year in the early autumn, and the mother, in her turn, goes down to Rome in the spring for a bit of the southern warmth and sunshine. Though she is far away from youth the Duchess is still a handsome woman, with her silvery white hair and dignified bearing. In the royal bedroom I noticed the following expression of regard from her devoted subjects at Stresa:



PRINCE GIOVANNI TORLONIA

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“A Elisabetta di Sassonia Duchessa di Genova compiendosi il decimo lustro della Sua venuta in Stresa della costante affettuosa benevolenza della carità munifica memore e grata la popolazione. *Octobre, 1907.*”

“To Elizabeth of Saxony, Duchess of Genoa, completing the tenth year of her sojourn in Stresa, this souvenir of a grateful populace is presented, in appreciation of her constant and munificent charity. *October, 1907.*”

We were also shown the suite of the young Duke and Duchess of Genoa, formerly occupied by Queen Margherita's father and mother, and I was much interested to see the bed in which Italy's first Queen was born in 1858. We have been informed that we are welcome to go to Agliè, the summer palace of the Duke of Genoa in the town of that name, and while we are much gratified we have asked permission to go instead in October, when we expect to return to Turin, as it is really too hot to stay longer in the city; so this afternoon we shall start on the way to the sea.

Much love. More anon.

T.

PIACENZA, August

My dear M:

HERE we are at Piacenza, part way over the famous Via Æmilia, the great straight highway from here to the sea, laid out by and named for Marcus Æmilius Lepidus, the Roman Consul in 187 B.C. On our way we passed the square Royal Palace of Moncalieri in the town of the same name, and here it is that Princess Clotilde, widow of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, spends many months of the year, and with her in the autumn the Duchess Letitia often comes to stay.

Near by is the villa of Baron Mayor des Planches, the Italian Ambassador at Washington, who so kindly arranged for us customs courtesies for Italy, and has entertained us so delightfully at the embassy in Washington. He and the Baroness had promised to show us all about this lovely country of theirs, but for diplomatic reasons, and unfortunately for us, he cannot return to his home this year. The Baroness is French, and her grace and tact have made her one of the most popular and admired of Washington's hostesses. I am disappointed not to have had our long-anticipated "good time" with them here in Piedmont.

From Moncalieri we went on through Asti, the town from which the sparkling and delicious wine "Asti spumante" takes its name. There is nothing like a motor car to really see a country; for instead of a

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series of similarly plain and dusty railway stations in the towns, each of which, in Italy, has its own interesting history, we enter at one gate, armed with guide-books, and ply the kindly inhabitants with questions as to the sights of their towns (incidentally, the way out, as well), so that, before we leave the other gate of the little city and go upon our merry way, we have verified dear old Baedeker, talked with the people, bought some postals of an old peasant woman, and learned much for our own benefit. The celebrated poet, Alfieri, was born in this town in 1749, and we passed his house and saw the monument erected to his memory in the public square. There are also remains of a Christian basilica, recently made accessible, but we were desirous of reaching here to-night, so hurried on.

After I have been in Italy a little while I become somewhat dulled by all the many wonders, and from an ever-increasing sense of the hopelessness of ever seeing anywhere near everything there is to see of interest in this most marvellous country; my happiness is far greater now that I have made up my mind to enjoy all that it is possible for me to see; and I satisfy myself with the certain knowledge that no one life, however Americanly energetic and assiduous, can ever do full justice to all that is interesting and beautiful here in Italy.

The road from Alessandria was dusty beyond the description of words, and to heighten our discomfort from the clouds of fine sand that rolled in upon us, came like hurricanes and whirlwinds the three Itala racing-cars from Turin, hurrying on to Bologna in

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order to try the course and learn its difficulties before the great race next month. It was quite dark when we reached this quaint, mediæval-looking town, but I made up my mind to smile, however forbidding the Albergo San Marco (recommended by the Touring Club book) seemed to be. We twisted and turned in the dimly lighted streets, hedged in on both sides by high, sinister-looking palaces. To our surprise, at the end of one of these very streets we stopped before a brilliantly lighted doorway and an affable, blue-eyed Italian landlord greeted us, first in French, and then, spying "Boston" on our trunks, hastened to be glad to see us in English. We were hot, dusty and tired, and you can easily imagine that a large cool, parlor, with bedroom and perfectly equipped bathroom adjoining, came as a delightful surprise and relief to our wearied selves. It was long past the time of the table d'hôte, but an amiable waiter quickly brought us chops, macaroni, and excellent ices, which made us feel friendly toward all the world, and forget those horrid, tooting, dusty, rushing racing-cars, which nearly buried us in dirt a short while before.

We are going to stay over to-morrow, as it is so "comfy" in the hotel, and there is so much that I want to see in this historic old place.

Affectionately,

T.

PIACENZA, August

My dear M:

We understand quite well now why the streets are so narrow, for although it is really very hot to-day,

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we are perfectly cool in this great stone hotel, which is shut off from the sun by another stone building opposite; both formerly palaces, with a street only a few feet wide between them.

Last evening F. B. went out to the exposition that is being held on the outskirts of the town, and the people here are looking forward to the dedication of the fine new bridge, when His Majesty the King is coming. The town is awakening to something of its old importance under the stimulus of United Italy; and the really elegant bridge over the Po, which supplants the quaint pontoon of boats, is a substantial proof of its recent progress. Toward evening I strolled out into the square to see the pompous brown statues of the Dukes Alessandro and Ranuccio Farnese, with the altogether splendid background of the Palazzo Comunale (1281 A.D.), with its spacious marble arcade and round arched terra cotta windows. Raphael painted his famous Sistine Madonna, now at Dresden, for the ancient church of San Sisto here, but the painting was bought in 1753 by Augustus III, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, for twenty thousand ducats, and a copy takes its place. Near here is the college Alberoni, founded by, and named for, the famous cardinal who for many years was the all-powerful Minister of Philip V of Spain, and a native of this town. By the terms of the cardinal's gift sixty poor youths enjoy free education. Here Alberoni spent his last years after his fall from power, dying in 1752.

There are some good pictures by Sandro Botticelli, Antonello da Messina, etc., in the Museo Civico, and I dare say many other things we have not seen.

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We have come all this way without having to stop one minute even for "Antonio" to catch his breath, and I am beginning to think he is in some way enchanted, though I almost wish I had not written you of this, for probably now our woes will begin. Please tell all the people at home before I have time to change my mind that there is nothing like a "Fiat."

Good-night. More to-morrow.

T.

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ÆMILIA, BOLOGNA, August

My dear M:

DO you remember our last visit here, and how we sat in solemn silence in the gray old rooms of this hotel, trying to decide the direction of the rest of our trip on that dreadfully rainy day? Well, our visit this time is to be only overnight, as we go on to Rimini in the morning. We left Piacenza bright and early this morning, and had a most interesting visit to the wonderful Correggio city of Parma. Nowadays everyone calls the great artists by their own names, and not by the towns from which they came. I suppose this is really more sensible, but it is not a little confusing to change so much of one's artistic vocabulary, and to remember that Antonio Allegri was from Correggio, a small town quite near here; that Giovanni Antonio Bazzi (1477-1549) was called Il Sodoma; that Perugino was really Pietro Vannucci from Perugia (1446-1524), and so forth. The Allegri frescoes of the octagonal dome of the cathedral here at Parma are unfortunately much damaged by the dampness, but they are still beautiful, and the portrayal of constant motion is very interesting. It is easy to understand the oft-quoted remark, "Have Correggio's angels yet flown through the vaults?"

I heard someone discussing the returning vogue of one of the old masters the other day, and could hardly suppress a smile. As if a really fine work of art could

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have anything to do with paltry fashion! It is bad enough to have to alter our sleeves and bodices with every changing wind, without having to alter our ideals and love for the great masterpieces.

The cathedral at Parma is rather dreary from the outside, but the baptistery is a curious, Lombard-Romanesque building, built of Veronese marble in 1196. There are five stories, and the exterior is decorated with colonnades and medallions representing various animals, while at the great stone font in the centre of the interior the whole population of Parma has been baptized from 1216 to the present day; at least so one of the natives assured us. This sixteen-sided interior is ornamented with thirteenth century statues representing the months, but no one part of the decoration has been completed, and the building gives one the impression of a ruin.

The theatre here was built by Marie Louise of Austria, who came here to live with her second husband, General Niepperg, the successor of the illustrious Napoleon. Napoleon's plea that he was forced to war, that he was naturally a man of peace, becomes more easy to believe when one studies the detailed history of Italy.

How many cities of Italy, when left alone even for a short period, gathered strength and courage, and soon importance, only to be battled for by other intruders from outside whose interest was to take away what they coveted, regardless of the disasters left behind! Like Piacenza, Parma was tossed about, a precious plaything, from one power to another and from one feudal lord to his enemy. Mark Antony

plundered it because it had been the innocent birth-place of Cassius, and in the later centuries Charles the Bourbon of Spain, on ascending the throne of Naples, carried away many of Parma's precious treasures of art. Under Napoleon's law-and-order-making advance into Italy, Parma caught its breath somewhat, but soon was turned over to Austrian rule, though later Marie Louise and her son fled. Nothing could crush its spirit for liberty, and when driven to extremities of suffering, Charles III was assassinated in the open street.

Alas, I knew it! No sooner had the letter gone to you, telling of "Antonio's" magical behavior, when away blew a tire, and our first delay of half an hour seemed an eternity. We were hardly on our way again when an air chamber blew out, and another wait made us feel that from perfection "Antonio" was now to turn to failure. The break came in a part of the road that seemed far from any house, but we had not stopped longer than five minutes when we could see coming toward us from both directions on the road and across the fields small boys and girls, running in twos and threes, and we presently found ourselves surrounded by a score or more of little gamins, barefooted and ragged, the boys eating bunches of grapes, and nearly all the girls knitting, quite mechanically, at the eternal stocking that never seems to be finished. The yells of "Buona fortuna" (good luck) that followed the departure of the car possibly explains our reaching here safely and with no further delays. After all, I suppose we must expect tires to give out now and then.

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I was just leaving the courtyard to go to my room, when I heard someone behind me call, "Madame Batcheller, how are you?" and, turning, found Torlonia, who had rushed on here at top speed from Turin. His car is a seventy horse-power Mercedes, and he drives very fast. We all had dinner together, and have arranged to go on to Rimini to-morrow; that is, we shall go first in our leisurely way, and the Prince will come whizzing after. We lunch at Faenza, known to you and me from pottery fame.

Good-night.

T.

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LE MARCHE ROMAGNA, RIMINI, August

My dear M:

TORLONIA proved our good angel yesterday, for another tire went soon after leaving Bologna; but the Prince spied us from afar, and stopped to let his chauffeur help Vincenzo make the necessary change, and we were soon eating "cotoletta di vitello" and excellent macaroni at Torlonia's invitation in Faenza. As we sat in true Italian style in the street in front of a wee "café-ristorante," Torlonia pointed out the Borghese dragons on the fine fountain in the main square of the town, remarking that his ancestor, Pope Paul V, "must have passed that way some day." If one knows the coats-of-arms of the great families, Italy is far more interesting, for wherever these great men went they seem to have imprinted their arms on stone or bronze to mark their path, instead of pebbles like the children in the story-book.

The exposition of Faenza pottery that is being held here marks the successful revival of the making of the once famous wares that you and I greatly admire. People are coming from all the neighboring towns and cities to admire the vases and reproductions of the old forms, and there are reduced railway rates as well as excursions arranged from long distances; at least, so the flamboyant wall posters tell us. There seems to be in Italy a great industrial giant who has, for the first time in centuries, been allowed

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his proper portion of rest, and now that his wounds are healed, his tormentors driven out, and his body rested, he seems to be stretching himself and slowly awakening to his glorious and almost immeasurable possibilities. I sincerely hope that Italy and her statesmen will strive to maintain the peace that, even in so few years, has brought about already such marvellous results.

Of course Torlonia reached here before us, so kindly bespoke for us nice rooms overlooking the sea, for the hotel is situated right on the beach, quite a little distance from the historic town of Francesca's misfortunes.

To my delight the first person I met in the large open hall of the hotel was the Duchess Visconti, who gave me the nicest welcome and seemed really delighted to see me. It is four years since we have met, for she was not in Rome the last time I was there; but she greeted me as affectionately and seemed as genially cordial as if we had parted yesterday. After dinner to-night she presented her husband, the Duke, to me and to F. B., and then introduced all the ladies of the circle, where she asked me to come and sit. As at Gressoney, I was at once made to feel perfectly at home. Both Marianna and her husband speak excellent English, and the Duke's brother is a graduate of Oxford, so that his blue eyes and flaxen hair, combined with all the small ways of the Englishman, make it hard to believe that he is not a handsome Anglo-Saxon. The Italians keep late hours, and after talking for some time and learning from these pleasant friends a great deal about the interesting things to

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see here, F. B. and I went with the others to a wee cinematograph theatre, which was quite amusing; but after that, being quite tired, I came up here to write, while the others went on to the Casino to begin the evening again, and enjoy cards for some hours yet, I suppose.

RIMINI, August

My dear M:

This is my first experience of an Italian seaside resort, and so far I like it immensely, though the sea and I are never the best of friends; however, here there is no fog nor any dampness whatever.

This afternoon the Duchess Marianna had a party for her five lovely children, and the beach was gay with merry games and laughter for two hours or more after the sun had ceased to burn. The Duchess was a regular field-marshal, arranging one game after another, so that there were not the usual waits for childish decision as to what the game should be. Carrying eggs on a spoon at a run up and down the sandy beach was not so easy; to rush up and down in turn with lighted candles, and make sure the flame did not blow out, seemed to be one of the favorite amusements. Potato races and other games much like ours made the little ones happy, and tired enough for bed at an earlier hour than usual. Italian children do not go to bed as early as our babies, and even nine, and a half after, finds them buying tuberoses or camellias from the peasant boys, who bring in great baskets of these flowers after dinner. Sometimes the Duchess is

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the favored recipient of these little flowery tokens of good-will; now and then one of the elder Visconti girls has brought the flowers gracefully to me; but they are oftenest given to the Duke, who seems to be the great admiration of all the children, to whom he is always charmingly kind.

After luncheon to-day the women of our little circle brought out their handiwork: Princess Imogene Colonna, who is very good-looking and whom I like very much, was trying to learn a new pattern of "reticella" from Countess Castelbarco, who is very clever in handling the tiny shuttle; and the Marchesa Visconti-Erme was doing some pretty filet lace in a frame. In woman's work woman's nationality is accentuated, and I was sorry all my embroideries were left in Paris, for I think our American silk needle-painting of flowers is really lovely when well done. It seems as if many Sicilian nuns must have been in America, or that Spanish influence found its way from Florida and the West Indies farther north than we thought; for grandmamma learned her beautiful lace-making in Sicilian stitches, and our so-called needle-painting is done in the same way, though much less accurately than the graceful figures and beautiful flowers that we find on the church vestments in the cathedrals of Spain and Sicily.

Toward three o'clock one by one the women left the circle for the daily siesta, and I enjoyed a long talk with the Duke about his extensive trip to America two years ago. Visconti is an extremely intelligent man, the possessor of a large fortune inherited from his father, but increased, I am told, by his own excel-

lent business ability. Through his generosity as president of the Scala Opera House, Milan is able to enjoy as fine opera as is to be heard in Europe anywhere. "You in America have robbed us of so many of our shining lights," said Visconti, "that sometimes we get rather discouraged; but fortunately we have new talent coming up all the time, and at least we always have fresh young voices, which you in New York often sadly lack"—a remark that is only too true. Visconti travelled West through Yellowstone Park; saw San Francisco, California's and Colorado's wonders, a bit of Canada—Montreal and Quebec—but unfortunately, was cabled to return to Italy on business before he could visit Washington or Boston. He seems to have seen a great deal, and seen intelligently, which is a great thing, for so many people travel with their eyes shut. He told me of some very amusing experiences that he had with newspaper reporters, who besieged him at every turn; but judging from the clippings he showed me, the newspaper men must have found him very agreeable, for their accounts are all aglow with admiration for the "tall, mediæval-looking Italian nobleman, who talks English so well, is up to date on finance, who seems sharp as a whip in every way, and whose flashing eyes miss little of all that comes within their vision." The Duke has helped me a great deal about my book, and has told me of some interesting old castles near here, and also of some friends who have palaces in the vicinity, that I am sure I shall greatly enjoy seeing.

To-morrow we are going to the famous Republic of San Marino, thirteen kilometres from here. It is

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the oldest republic in Europe, and the smallest in the world, so I am most desirous of seeing its quaint capital. Senator Frye told me that he had helped to arrange a treaty with this republic, and asked me the last time I saw him in Washington if I had ever been there. I will write you all about it in a day or so.

Much love to all at home.

T.

RIMINI, August

My dear M:

San Marino was all that I expected, and more; for combined with its historic interest are the glorious natural beauties of its situation on the top of the great jagged Monte Titano, which on the east commands a glorious view of the sea twelve miles away, on the north the picturesque valley of the Mareccia, on the west the mountains of Montefeltro, and on the south the distant peaks of the Apennines are clearly to be seen with Monte Nerone rising in the midst.

There is a rather pretty legend of a young Roman matron who was converted to Christianity by a young stone-cutter from Dalmatia, afterward known as San Marino, to whom she gave the isolated crag as a safe refuge wherein the holy man could continue unmolested his religious devotions at the time of the persecution of the Christians under Diocletian in 366 A.D. Whether the legend be really true, no one can know, but certain it is that a convent or monastery existed here as early as 885. At first the miniature state consisted of the rocky cone of Monte Titano alone, but later



REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO

"The three castles," as seen from Rimini

in the fifteenth century its territory was extended to include a part of the surrounding plain and the castles of Faetano, Fiorentino, Montegiardino and Serravalle, through an alliance with the Piccolomini Pope, Pius II, and Alphonso of Aragon, King of Naples, against the Malatesta. Fortunately for the tiny colony, it was always able, through the cleverness of its citizens and on account of its situation, to make itself a sort of buffer state between the great and powerful feudal lords, the Malatesta on the one side, and the more cultured, but still more powerful, Dukes of Urbino on the other; though with the latter power the republic was always on friendly terms. When Napoleon came here he thought this tiny plant of freedom should be allowed to grow. To the great man, whose desire for improvement for everything with which he came in contact has been given that vaguely misunderstood term, ambition, it seemed that the wee republic should be given a seaport and a chance for communication with the outside world.

But Antonio Onofri urged his fellow Sammarinesi to refuse the offer, and to content themselves with "well enough," which they did. So the great Napoleon left them to their own devices, and Onofri is now called the Father of His Country.

The mountain is to be seen from a great distance, and it seemed to us impossible that "Antonio" could ever climb this jagged cliff; but round and round we circled, and at last entered at the city gate of San Francesco, and then went almost straight up into the air by the nearly perpendicular street that leads into the main public square, the Piazza del Pianello. It is

evidently not common for a big limousine to accomplish this feat, and a great many of the populace rushed to inspect our valiant car. The square is ornamented by a statue of Liberty in the centre, presented by an Englishwoman named Ottilia Wagner, who was given by the republic the title of Duchess of Acquaviva, from a suburb near San Marino that takes its name from a neighboring spring at which the patron saint is said to have baptized his neophytes. The statue faces the really fine modern Palazzo del Governo, built in the style of the thirteenth century palazzo comunale by a Sammarinese "patrician," Francesco Azzurri, and dedicated the thirtieth of September, 1894, with a discourse by the great Giosuè Carducci of Bologna, entitled, "Perpetual Liberty of San Marino." A bronze statuette of the patron saint, with a tablet marked "Felicita, vale in Deo," recalls the religious beginnings; and the country's essentially devout tendency is shown in the fact that only a religious marriage is necessary, no civil ceremony whatever being required within the limits of the republic. The high tower proudly shows a fine transparent clock and statues of the three patron saints of the republic: San Leo, San Marino, and Sant' Agata.

The republic has solemn treaties of extradition with Great Britain, Holland, and Belgium, and a "convenzione di amicizia e buon vicinato col Regno d' Italia" (convention of friendship and good neighborliness with the Kingdom of Italy). Great Britain sends a consul, as does Italy, and the republic has its consuls in many countries. Goods not Italian entering the place pay the customs duties at the entrance

of Italy; the Italian Government, however, reimburses these duties to San Marino. Money is no longer coined here, Italian coinage being used through arrangement with the Italian Government. The republic is duly governed by two Capitani Reggenti (I thought of your D.A.R. titles), selected twice a year from the sixty life members of the Great Council, which is composed in equal proportions of representatives of the noblesse, the landowners, and the burghers. Just why there should be a nobility in a modern republic I am unable to understand, but they are all assisted by the Small Council of twelve members of the Great Council. Every man from sixteen to fifty-five, excepting the students, has to be inscribed in the rolls of the Civic Guard, or the citizen militia. A company of about sixty individuals selected from these wear the uniform of service, and may assist the police for the public safety. From the citizen militia the military band is formed and the national hymn is taken from a theme of Guido Monaco.

The Guardia Nobile, which sounds to us more papal than republican, escorts the Regents in all cases of ceremony. There is also a Guardia di Rocca in charge of the fortress now used as a prison. The first of the two Regents is chosen from the nobles; the second from the other two classes of citizens. Their authority is equal, but the nobleman has, from custom, a precedence over his colleague, who always gives the place at the right. They are elected for six months, and cannot be elected again for three years. They are paid thirty dollars, and cannot refuse election without paying a heavy fine of one hundred dollars.

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The sovereign power is, however, always in the Council, of which the Regents are representatives and presiding officers. Up to the middle of the seventeenth century every citizen could enter the Council when he had something which seemed to be of public usefulness or private interest, but of late years the sittings are secret, much to the Council's comfort I should imagine; for, in spite of all that is said of women, almost all men love the sound of their own voices, especially politicians.

The inauguration ceremonies must be very interesting. In any case, they are unique.

Every March and September twelve of the Council are nominated, from which six are chosen again, who go two by two, one noble and the other not, to the cathedral and proclaim the two newly elected Regents. The procession marches at one o'clock in the morning by torchlight, and the Regents take their authority before this midnight assembly. Immediately following their instalment in office, the bells of all the churches of the republic ring loudly, a military concert follows, and the musicians conduct the future Regents to their homes, where felicitations are presented.

As to-day is the Festa of San Marino, all the soldiers are out "in their best bib and tucker" and the peasants in the brightest obtainable handkerchiefs for their heads. Someway, the little place was so fascinating, so gay, so picturesquely utopian, so entirely unlike anything I have ever seen, that it seemed much more like a delightfully pretty comic opera than a remarkable reality. The band played in the

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little square; the chorus assembled in gay peasant dress; the church bells rang, and in a house door stood what might easily have been the prima donna, with her white dress and coquettish red rose in her hair, talking more with her dancing eyes than audibly to the husky peasant lad, whose eager devotion and earnest attitude proclaimed all too plainly the tendency of his mission to the damsel's doorway.

We bought a set of stamps, and then wandered up the narrow hilly street to the cathedral, where high mass and imposing ceremonies in honor of San Marino were going on. The building is modern, and not of any special interest beyond the tomb of the patron saint, and the stone upon which the holy man is supposed to have slept.

The interior of the Palazzo Comunale is very well done. There are busts and tablets to the various celebrated Sammarinesi, and records of the republic's successful repulsion of advancing enemies. The distinguished cardinal about whom I wrote to you from Piacenza, Giulio Alberoni, surprised the republic in 1739 with a large force, representing to the Holy See that the Sammarinesi desired to come under the direction of the Church, but Pope Clement XII, on learning of their opposition, and that they desired to maintain their freedom, restored liberty, and a large painting commemorates this restitution on Sant'Agata's Day, February 5, 1740.

The celebrated numismatist, Bartolomeo Borghesi, lived here all the latter part of his life, and arranged his world-famous collections in the house that now takes his name. There is also a bust of the

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Maestro Puccini, who in 1867 inaugurated a series of concerts here, and I was immensely surprised and interested to see that my dear old teacher, Bimboni, with other orchestral directors, helped in the success of these concerts. Between two doors in one of the halls is a medallion given by Victor Emmanuel II, two bronze busts, the gifts of King Umberto I and Queen Margherita, whom they portray, and a bust of Queen Victoria; all of whom were made honorary citizens of this curious and altogether fascinating republic.

After strolling round the town we climbed up to the first tower of the great rocca (fortress), now used as a prison, though the death penalty has been abolished. Criminals condemned to over six months' servitude are placed in the penitentiaries of Italy, whose government is reimbursed by the republic. There is a quaint little chapel dedicated to Santa Barbara in the first courtyard, and we were shown two mortars given by Victor Emmanuel III. In the second courtyard, which is really part of the top crag of the mountain, the view is magnificent beyond all description. Toward the sea the towns of Cattolica, Riccione, Rimini, Bellaria, and even the great pine forest (pineta) of Ravenna, are plainly visible. To one side Monte Scudo, Serravalle, and the high stone fortress of Verucchio made another picturesque landscape. The air was as clear and cool as our days at home in October, and I smiled at the sympathetic letter I received from an American friend who condoned with me for being in Italy in summer. We did not climb across to the rocky second Fratta tower, and the far-distant one at the other end of the huge rocky Mon-

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tale (737 metres high) is not accessible, being used formerly for signal purposes only.

Three green mountains, each topped by plumed towers on a blue ground, surmounted by a closed crown (symbol of independence) with the motto, "Libertas," form the coat-of-arms of the republic.

We bought one of the pretty blue and white San Marino flags, and fastened it to one of our front lights to prove to doubting friends that "Antonio" had really gone to the square of the little city where the flags are sold. I ventured to ask three of the Guardia Nobile to pose for my camera, and I send you the result of their beaming assent.

As we are to be some time in Rimini we shall surely come up here again, both for the glorious air and to renew our pleasant appreciation of this unique little place. Already we have planned numerous excursions, and to-morrow are going to the little old walled town of Gradara. In talking over my theatrical impressions of San Marino this evening with the Duke Visconti, I find I am not alone in my serio-comic idea of the Republic, for he said it affected him much the same way.

T.

RIMINI, September

My dear M:

This morning F. B. hired one of the little bath-houses with a tent adjoining in front, and we followed the prevailing custom of spending the morning on the beach. There is a special staircase in the hotel arranged for bathers, and after the bath they put on rather elab-

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orate bathrobes and stroll about the beach paying calls from one little tent to another, where the ladies who do not go into the sea, have small sweet cakes and Italian cocktails to offer the hungry bathers. The vermuth and selzer is an excellent drink, and I mean to introduce it to our friends at home. The children are on the beach early, and live in their little bathing suits all the morning, playing "diabolo" and romping in the sand. The beach tents take the place of an American hotel piazza at the seaside, and each one is fitted up like a summer parlor: pretty willow furniture, bright cushions, heavy grass mats on the sand, and flowers on the tables. There are always flowers everywhere in Italy; they seem a contiguous part of every occasion and all places, though Melle. de Favre (Pierre de Coulevain) does give us Americans credit for having first started the hotel proprietors to put flowers on the tables of their restaurants.

I made a number of calls from one tent to another, and send you some pictures I took of the various friends. The altogether informal and jolly way in which the men let me take their pictures in their bathrobes is only one of the many instances of the real good humor and utter freedom from self-consciousness of the Italian nobility. The Englishman is outwardly reserved and generally bashful, and the thing he most dreads on earth is being bored, and he talks so much about his fear that he often realizes it for himself. The Italian, on the other hand, is so concerned with making other people comfortable that he forgets all about himself, and he has the art of amusing himself down to the finest point. He is born in a land of sun-

shine, and his nature naturally follows the climate. He enjoys fine riding and fox-hunting as much as his Anglo-Saxon brother; he can shoot with the best shots in the world; he can enjoy the races, breed his fine horses, and win or lose as much money as anyone; in fact, the Italian gentleman is a good all-round sport; only, he is not really dependent on some sort of excitement as the supposedly more quiet and stolid Anglo-Saxon seems to be. The Italian can retire to his country house with his family and entertain in a luxurious way from time to time, but he can be perfectly contented and happy for weeks, yes, for months at a time, in the bosom of his family, with no other amusement than that of looking after his estates, with now and then a day's hunting in the autumn. The Italian's domestic life means a great deal to him; he adores his children, and generally makes an excellent husband. In the whole family life there is a sense of repose and love of the home, and of Nature, not only for out-of-door sports, but for trees and flowers and Nature's quiet side that in this modern age of nervous rushing about is quite unusual and altogether delightful.

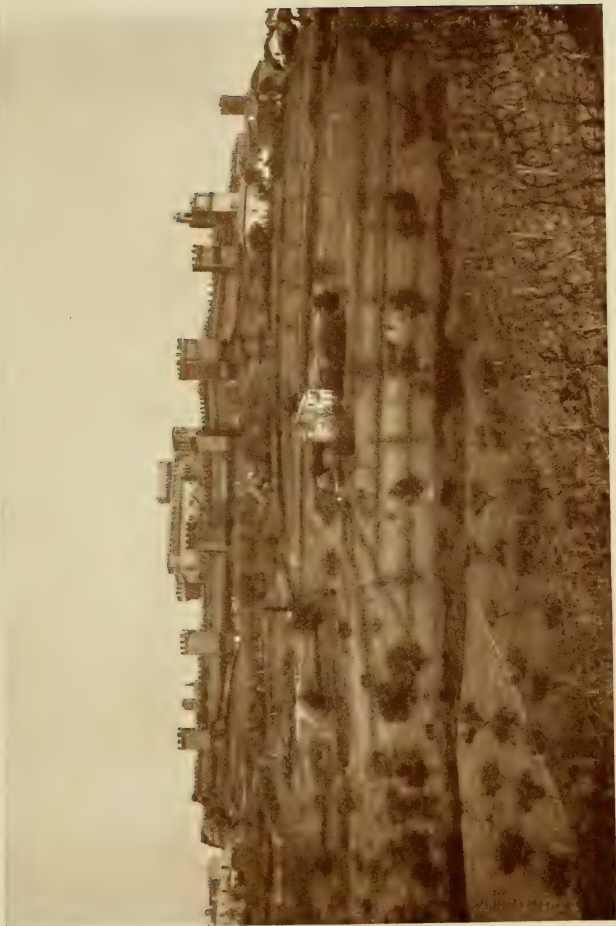
I spent but a few moments in my own "cabine" this morning, for Donna Imogene Colonna asked me over, almost as soon as I came on the beach, to meet her mother, Madame Forti, who has come for a little visit of a few days here at the sea. Imogene was looking very "chic" this morning in a white linen, with a most artistic Leghorn hat ablaze with red poppies that set off her black hair and eyes to perfection, and made a lovely bit of color on the beach. After lunch we took Donna Imogene and her mother down to

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Riccione, another similar but less attractive watering-place near here, and while they were paying their visit to some friends, we ran on a few kilometres to see the most fascinating, mediæval, old walled town of Gradara, where there is one of the finest pieces of Luca della Robbia's lovely works in terra cotta. It is often said that the blue and white is the work of Luca, while the yellow and other shades were added by his nephew and his nephew's sons; but this is not correct, for one of the greatest works of Luca, the medallion commemorating Renée of Anjou's visit to Florence in 1444, is decidedly polychromatic.

Great was the excitement when our auto swung into the gate of the tiny city, but one of the men quickly came forward, hat in hand, and offered to show us all about. There was a beautiful Madonna by Giovanni Sanzio, Raphael's father, in an inner room of the Municipio, and some excellent furniture, that I should love to have bought, in the keeper's rooms on the first floor. We signed our names in the visitors' book that is placed in the little family chapel of the castle, where the della Robbia forms a wonderfully beautiful altar-piece. As we turned to go, the custodian, looking at our signatures, exclaimed, "Their Excellencies are really from America!" I assured him that we were, and after several grunts and ejaculations of surprise, he said, meditatively, as if trying to convince himself, "Well, well, I never thought any Americans would come here. What a long journey you must have had! But our della Robbia is very beautiful, of course."

Although from the ramparts we had a glorious and



WALLED TOWN OF GRADARA

Showing old Castello Forte in the centre

extensive view, the peasants' views had evidently been confined to the old towered wall that still encircles, unbroken, this small city of the Middle Ages, once the domain of Giovanni Sforza, the unfortunate first husband of poor Lucrezia Borgia.

As we looked toward Pesaro, the town by the sea from which Giovanni Sforza came, I could not but think of the one year of tranquillity of poor gentle, ill-used Lucrezia's youth. The recent researches show her to have been such a different character from that portrayed by Victor Hugo and others, and all our scorn turns to pity when we read how her dreadful father, Pope Alexander VI, and more dreadful brother, Cæsar, used her gentle personality to cloak their terrible crimes. She, poor child, was powerless to do aught but accept the calumny heaped upon her, but once given a chance, she seems to have been a model of sweetness and amiability. The Chevalier Bayard says of her, after his visit to the court of Ferrara: "The good Duchess is a pearl in this world. I venture to say that neither in her time nor for many years before, has there been such a glorious princess, for she is beautiful and good, gentle and amiable to everyone, and nothing is more certain than this: that although her husband is a skilful and brave prince, the above-named lady by her graciousness has been of great service to him." Certain it is that her husband, Alphonso d'Este of Ferrara, fainted from grief at her funeral, and men in the Middle Ages did not faint easily or from sham emotions. It is comforting to think that at least at Gradara, in this very old castle, she probably spent many quiet, happy hours, far from

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the licentious excitements and gayeties of her father's court at Rome. She studied Greek here with Diplovazio of Corfu, and had evidently made herself much beloved at Pesaro and hereabouts, when, with the fierce suddenness of all the Borgia horrors, she was recalled to Rome, and before she could realize the trend of events, was ruthlessly divorced, and even forced to help her own distress and separation by humiliating statements. There was but one penalty for disobedience to the will of the Borgia, and Lucrezia knew her father and her brother too well to disobey. The story goes that once when her infamous brother came to see her one day in Rome, she bade Sforza's chamberlain to hide behind a screen; Cæsar calmly announced that he should soon murder her husband, but she was able, through this man, to give timely warning of Giovanni's approaching danger. It was Holy Week, and through some pretext Sforza made his way to the church of Sant' Onofrio, where he threw himself on a Turkish horse, and rode in twenty-four hours to Pesaro, where the beast dropped dead. Poor Giovanni could hardly foresee, when he stood in proud array with his bride by the side of the great pope (Lucrezia's father) at Whitsuntide in 1496, that but a few years would pass before this dreadful nepotist, Cæsar Borgia, would have robbed him not only of his gentle and beautiful wife, but also of his fair domains. No wonder Cæsar was greedy for the fair country round about here! It seems to me one of the most attractive parts of all this glorious Italy, and judging from the way men fought for it in the Middle Ages, it was then so considered. My pity for

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Giovanni wanes, however, when I think of how, in his fury, he slandered his wife whom he fought so hard to keep; he deserved to lose her, for had he ever loved her he could never have vilified her name. At last, however, Cæsar and his horrors came to an end; Sforza's land was returned to him, and he lived out his last days and died a peaceful death in this old castle of Gradara, in 1510.

We could see, also, from the ramparts the once gorgeous villa on Monte Accio called the Villa Imperiale, so named because the corner-stone was laid by Emperor Frederick III when he was returning from his coronation as Emperor of Rome. Here Donna Lucrezia also spent a few weeks of her one peaceful summer, and here also, a generation later, came Eleonora Gonzaga, wife of Francesco Maria della Rovere of Urbino, into whose possession the dominions of Pesaro finally came. It was to this charming Eleonora and her court that Tasso read his *pastorale*, "Aminta," in the gardens of this villa.

Our friend, the Duke of Lante della Rovere in Rome, that I wrote you entertained us so beautifully, is a descendant of all these interesting men and women of Urbino where we are going to-morrow.

It is like your picture puzzles at home to fit in all the relationships of these great families in Italy, but it is worth while to do it, because the picture is interesting and wonderfully dramatic when all the puzzle is done, and the romantic individual lives are interwoven into one great history of this unequalled peninsula of the world.

The present owner of the castle, a young nobleman,

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Count Pietro Morandi Buonacossi, is quite in touch with his century, and practises law in the neighboring city of Padua. He keeps an apartment of the castle fitted up with modern comforts, and generally comes to his stronghold for a few weeks in the autumn to look after his vintage and other land products. The galleries on the outer part of the ramparts still show the holes down which boiling lead and hot water were poured on the heads of all intruders within reach, but their usefulness has passed, as has also that of the great kitchen where bread was once made for the numerous soldiery of the castle of old, in size and quantity hardly dreamed of nowadays.

I was sorry to leave this dear, picturesque little town, with its narrow, grass-grown, stony streets, its old feudal castle in the centre, which had been the scene of angry battles of the Visconti, Sforza, and others, but which now smiled over the broad, waving fields of grain as if no one had ever had anything but good-will toward it and its fertile surroundings. We stopped for the Princess Colonna on our way back, but her mother is going on the interesting pilgrimage to the shrine of Loreto, and thence to her villa near Padua, where she has made us promise to come later in the autumn, when Imogene and the Prince are giving several house parties.

This evening there was a ball for the children given by the hotel management, with favors and candies, and while the little ones had all the fun possible, I think the "grown-ups" stole a waltz or two, and thoroughly enjoyed the occasion, as well.

I must say that I have never seen such perfectly

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mannered children as these darlings of my Italian friends, and each one vies with the other in beauty and grace, yet they all seem absolutely as unconscious of their dainty laces as of their beautiful eyes and hair.

The Marchesa Visconti-Erme-Casati and Imogene have arranged to go with us up to see Ulderico Carpegna at the old family palace far up on the mountain, some little distance from here. The family takes its name from the town, which is not on any map nor in any guide book that I can find, but Imogene has been there, and I liked the Prince very much in Rome, and promised to come and see his country palace, if possible, when I came to Italy this summer.

So I will write again to-morrow.

T.

RIMINI, September

My dear M:

This morning I had another jolly time taking pictures, visiting, strolling, and chatting with the friends in their various "cabines" (tents). They rather scolded me for getting one of my own, for they said I should have known I should be welcome always to come to theirs, and of course theirs are very "comfy" and *personally* fixed up, while mine is just as stiff as all "ready-made," "to hire" things always are; but as F. B. is going to try the Adriatic bathing, a hired tent was indispensable.

As we started off on our "gita" this afternoon Count Bulgarini spied the military cape that I had made at the Army Stores in Rome. I asked at the

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time if it were all right to have the stars on the corner of the collar, and was assured that it was, first of all for a woman, and especially for one not an Italian; therefore I could have for my pretty blue cape all the stars I wanted; but Bulgarini did not at all agree with this decision. He is a Captain of Cavalry at Florence, and laughingly promised to arrest me when I came to that city later in the fall. We shall see. Anyhow, I shall not remove my stars at present, and the cape is my constant comfort, for the evenings are very cool.

We started on the road that leads to San Marino, but turned off and climbed one steep ascent after another till we reached the town of San Leo, where we came the other day to see the splendid old fortress, used for a time as a prison, but now kept only as a government monument. The room where the impostor, Cagliostro, was let down through a hole as the only entrance, and where he died in 1795, gave me the "creeps," and the little old Romanesque church that the sweetest, bright-eyed old peasant woman led us to see, pleased me much better than the grim castle. The choir and main altar were raised after the manner of the early Christian church over a spacious crypt, where the silver sarcophagus of the patron saint, San Leo, is placed. A flight of steps on the left leads up to the choir, completing the old Romanesque arrangement of the interior. It was extremely simple and lovely.

I talked with the woman, who asked many questions about America, where one of her sons has gone. The son was evidently "getting on," as her bright eyes

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danced as she spoke of his progress, and proudly drew forth a letter with the stamp bearing our great Lincoln's likeness. "If I were not too old, I too would go," said the old woman with a sigh.

The Italian peasants grow old quickly because they begin life so young and work so hard. They are often married at fourteen, and by the time they are twenty have many cares, and already a numerous family. They have few, if any, of the luxuries of life, but they have what no poor of other countries have to the same extent — a glorious climate. The Italians practically live out of doors, and the fresh air and their naturally wholesome diet is their salvation. In the mountain districts they are bright, sturdy and strong, and though people at home do not generally realize it, our immigrants come mostly from these mountainous sections; for there are mountains in almost every part of Italy. But strong and healthy as the women are, they use their strength to the utmost. They give but a few days to childbirth, and a week finds them again doing their housework, and washing in the river; at the age of forty they are old and tired, while many of the upper classes, who have practically all the luxuries, remain young and handsome way into the sixties.

To-day we did not stop at the rocky height of San Leo, but went on and up until it seemed to me we were climbing literally to the clouds. The road made such continual turns that it seemed again and again that we had at last reached the "jumping-off place," and must turn back the way we had come, but always on reaching the curve "Antonio" would swing around to another glorious view of the mountains, and castles here

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and there, until I felt we were a part of a circular cinematograph, with the mountains of Montefeltro and the Apennines for a subject. All the way up we passed men driving numbers of big, beautiful, white cattle, which are, however, immensely inconvenient for a motor car, and insist at all times on putting themselves just where the automobile wants to go. All the cattle and men were going in our direction, and presently as we swung around one of the sharp curves of the road I spoke of, we came upon an Italian "Fiera di bestiame" (cattle show) at the small town of Polignano. Thousands and thousands of cattle were scattered over an immense field that broadened out into a great plateau just below the town to which we had climbed and climbed for so long a time. Everybody, with his grandmother, his sisters, and cousins and aunts, had arrived from far and near to assist in selling the family stock; and such a collection of sheep and pigs (black and white), hens and cows, oxen and horses, and animals generally I have never seen together. Added to the general noise of the occasion were travelling gypsies who offered to tell your fortunes in wee tents; and venders of sweetmeats, pottery and other kitchen utensils were not backward about announcing the worth of their things to sell.

And now in the midst of all this, imagine the commotion we made as we climbed, tooting and blowing, through the collection of all the livestock of the district. I do not exactly think we were welcome, but Vincenzo talked Spanish to the unobliging and obtrusive cows, who seemed to understand, for they moved leisurely off in the right direction.

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The peasants were frankly interested, and I send you a picture of a specimen pair of oxen. Are they not lovely? In this part of the country the cattle do practically all the farm work, the cows, except the few kept for the little milk used, working as well as the oxen. A horse-drawn plough is an unheard-of thing in this region. The horses really only deserve the name "pony," and are not much larger than our broncos, though apparently as strong. They are driven only in little two-wheeled go-carts hardly bigger than the lusty red-cheeked women who ride in them. "Surely we cannot be far from Carpegna?" I asked of a peasant, wondering if he had ever heard of the place, and if it had not been a dream of Imogene's of a trip to the clouds. "Pochi kilometri più avanti, sempre dritto" ("A few kilometres farther on, straight ahead"). "Sempre dritto" (straight ahead) was the most curved proposition for a straight line I have ever experienced, but we finally did toot into a small town, and lo and behold, there was the splendid, altogether citified-looking palace of generous proportions of Prince and Princess Carpegna. A ring at the door brought a big major-domo, who told us that the Princess and her son, together with their guests, were all up at the cantoniera. "Up?" I gasped. "Can anyone go higher than this?" But on we went, a kilometre into the air. The cantoniera is the small house occupied by the guardian of the road, and here we found the most surprised and yet the most joyous welcome from dear old Princess Carpegna, her daughter Countess Thun-Hohenstein, (a relative, probably, of the handsome Life-guard officer, Count Leonard Thun-Hohenstein,

whom we know in Vienna), her niece, their children, and her handsome son, Ulderico. When the younger members of the house of Carpegna come into the title they must assume the name of Horazio, whatever they have been called before. They begged us to come back to the palace for tea, and smilingly scolded us for not having come earlier to luncheon; but we preferred to leave the car, and walk up to the summit of the mountain with the party, gathering the most beautiful flowers of various kinds, but singularly enough, all of the same shade. Once at the top, I can hardly describe to you the magnificence of our view. The Apennines seemed like a veritable ocean, one wave of peaks following another. The little stream of the Mareccia seemed to belong almost to another earth, so far away was its silver course in the valley. The air was absolutely inspiring, and we felt well repaid for the long climb up here, especially as our good friends seemed so very glad to see us. We stayed for some time, feasting our eyes on the view, and our lungs on the air; but the sunset came at last, and we had to start homeward. With our hands filled with flowers, and the vases in the automobile fully decorated with more blossoms, we waved a regretful good-bye, promising to come again at the first possible opportunity. "And next time to luncheon" called the Princess as we started on the road round the mountain homeward. The whole way was one succession of beautiful views, and the immense power and importance of the family of the Malatesta was brought home to us as we passed one rocky stronghold after another, at Scorticata, and later on Verucchio, and many others.

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It takes eight hours in a diligence to go from Rimini to Carpegna, and we left Rimini at half-past two this afternoon, and were back in time to dress for dinner easily at eight o'clock. Such are the possibilities of the automobile!

T.

RIMINI, September

My dear M:

This has been a red-letter day, and the memories of all the beautiful things we have seen, as well as the glorious views we have enjoyed, will linger long in my mind. The trip to Urbino is one of the most picturesque about here, though my adjectives for beautiful scenery are all over-tired, yet inadequate to the occasions.

Entirely different adjectives, however, are necessary when speaking of Cæsar Borgia, though he did one good thing in securing the services of that all-round genius, Leonardo da Vinci, as a skilled engineer, to improve this province of the Romagna (which has nothing to do with the country about Rome, as supposed); particularly about this beautiful old castle and town, which he treacherously seized from the Duke Guidobaldo and his beautiful wife, Elizabeth Gonzaga, one of the most cultured and altogether attractive characters of the women of the Renaissance. She was a sister of the Duke of Mantua, who married the handsome blonde Isabella of Este, who later was to be a sister-in-law of the fair Lucrezia.

As we passed from one room of the great castle to

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another, our wonder grew at the magnificence of the great stone casings bordered with marvellous sculpture, and framing their inlaid doors of surpassing beauty and skilful workmanship. It was easy to imagine the lovely Elizabeth sitting with her ladies, in richly embroidered gowns and sumptuous jewels, her hair drawn over the ears and held by the jewelled "lenza," which we see in the portraits of so many of the women of that day, listening to Ariosto and others of the most noted scholars of the time, and viewing with interest some new work of Giovanni Sanzio; perhaps, too, watching the progress of the seven-year-old boy Raphael, who came sometimes to help his father at the castle.

Federigo Montefeltro gave his daughter Giovanna in marriage to Giovanni della Rovere, a nephew of the Della Rovere pope, Sixtus IV, who created him the first Duke of Urbino in 1474. His wife, Battista Sforza, won universal admiration by her virtues and many talents. She was, like her mother, Costanza Varano, a poetess, an orator, and a philosopher, and gathered about her the most distinguished men of her age. After her there follows a series of lovely women who drew about them many of the artists and learned men of their times, and whose husbands seem to have been as wise and virtuous as they were prosperous. Thus the great stronghold of Urbino became one of the centres of culture, and one of the most famous castles of the Renaissance. The townspeople must have gathered special inspiration from the atmosphere of so much refinement and education; for the little town has given birth not only to the



DOORWAY IN THE CASTELLO OF URBINO

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immortal Raphael, but to many other distinguished and noted men.

During the Renaissance a learned woman who wrote books, who could carry on intelligent discussion in several languages, was not called, as she often is by the men of to-day, a bluestocking. On the contrary, a woman was still more admired if, with beauty and grace, she possessed the added qualities of classical learning. Jacopo of Bergamo especially praises the combination of beauty, grace, and culture, and after lauding Ginevra Sforza's wonderful mental attainments, describes her "elegance of form, her wonderful grace in every motion, her calm and queenly bearing, and her chaste beauty." What was then called modesty was the natural grace of a gifted woman increased by education and association. Most of the women were versed in the classical languages, and literature, oratory, poetry, the arts of versification and music—even theology and philosophy—were cultivated by women, and debates on questions in these fields of inquiry were the order of the day at the courts, and in the halls of the universities, where women even acquired considerable renown by taking part in them. But these studies were followed generally for the purpose of perfecting and beautifying the personality. Conversation was made an art, and it was not thought necessary to stimulate it by the eternal fiddle of the present-day entertainment.

Gregorovius assures us that the women of the better classes during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were as well, or perhaps better educated than the women of to-day. Their education was not broad,

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and was limited to a few branches, for they did not have our almost inexhaustible means of learning to draw from; but at least, their education was thorough; and it is precisely to the many-sidedness of our modern thought that the superficiality of the education of our contemporary women is due. One author exclaims with satisfaction that during the Renaissance the piano was unknown; but then their educated women performed upon the lute, "which had the advantage that, in the hands of the lady playing it, it presented an agreeable picture to the eyes, while the piano is only a machine which compels the man or woman who is playing it to go through motions which are always unpleasant and often ridiculous." The Italians of the Renaissance did not believe that scientific knowledge destroys the charm of womanliness, nor did they believe that the education of women should be less advanced than that of men. This idea, like many others of present-day society, is of Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon origin. The influence which gifted women of the Italian salons of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and later of those of France, exercised upon the intellectual development of society, not only as beautiful personal inspirations, but as intelligent critics and earnest co-workers, was completely unknown in England and Germany.

The Italian woman of to-day can hardly be said to have kept her place by the side of the men; but while she lost ground for some years during the ascendancy of the Church — whose influence was to lessen her power and advancement, and, in some cases make her the tool of the priests — she is to-day gaining

ground, and the Italian woman of this generation and its immediate successor will show a marked improvement over the last hundred years. Certain it is that the Italian woman of to-day is fully up to the standard of other women of Europe, but it is to the New World that credit must be given for the great advance in the freedom of women. To give a woman freedom of action is to allow her individuality to find expression and her character to develop. Far be it from me to assume that the American woman is more intellectual than any others of her sex. First of all, there are too many very frivolous and superficially educated women about us to disprove at once any such statement; but there have been a sufficiently large number of intelligent American women who have had an earnest desire to cultivate their brains and talents to justify the ample and extensive means that have been provided for their advancement. I think any reasonable man will find many beautiful and altogether womanly girls in our colleges of to-day, who are not bluestockings, on the one hand, nor superficial butterflies on the other; and I venture to say that even to the average man the brains and beauty will have far more charm than the beauty, with all else lacking. Birds of a feather, of course, flock together, and mediocrity will always seek its counterpart to the end of time.

There are many interesting pictures here by Giovanni Sanzio, Ghirlandajo, Guido Reni, and some beautiful canvases by Timoteo Viti, Raphael's master after the death of his father, when the boy was but eleven years old. Viti had stayed long in Bologna

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with one of my favorite artists, Francesco Francia, and the budding genius of Raphael was grounded in the Francia manner, which I think is altogether beautiful. He is much more a pupil of the Francia school than of Perugino, to whose studio he went, not as a pupil, but as an assistant.

In the halls of the great mediæval castle is placed the fine collection of antiquities found about here, for Urbino is one of the most ancient cities of Italy, having acquired its rights of Roman citizenship in 89 B.C. It was in Urbino that the Medici family, driven from Florence, found abundant and magnificent hospitality, and the last Duchess of Urbino, Claudia de' Medici, carried off the marvellous tapestries to Florence. Cæsar Borgia, during the six years that he controlled the town, also made off with many of the rarest works of art, and the greater part of the magnificent library he transferred to Cesena, where he himself established a library. He was like a great monster devouring the lesser ones. He gained the great castle of Urbino by the most audacious fraud. Guidobaldo I, son of the famous Federigo, deceived by letters of Cæsar's father, Pope Alexander VI, disarmed himself in order to lend Cæsar the aid of his troops, when suddenly he saw the traitor appear before the castle as an enemy. He fled across the mountains until he reached Mantua. His young heir, Francesco Maria della Rovere, escaped by other routes. Cæsar occupied the whole of the defenseless city of Urbino, and seized all the objects of value in the great Federigo's magnificent palace.

Great quantities of silver plate were taken from

the castle at one time, and in all he is said to have seized of Federigo's treasures the worth of one hundred fifty thousand ducats. The policy of the terrible Pope Alexander VI, and of his more terrible son, was to preach goodness, a fine, careful rule, justice, and all the other virtues, and live the reverse; but the time came with the death of his father, of which he himself is accused, when Cæsar's flatterers deserted him, and Guidobaldo Montefeltro was able to come back to his estates.

The last duke, Francesco Maria II, in 1626 died childless, and the duchy was incorporated with the estates of the Church, but became a part of modern Italy in 1870. We were shown the room that was inhabited by Ariosto during the visit of the illustrious Ferrarese at the court of Urbino, and near this room is the private chapel of the Duke, a marvel of carving and artistic workmanship. His studio is the most magnificent specimen of woodcarving and inlaying I have ever seen. From its perfection of workmanship and design, one would almost believe the pictures to have been painted, and it seems a miracle that during the vicissitudes through which the old castle has passed, this private studio of the Duke has remained absolutely intact and uninjured, a precious souvenir of him who knew how to surround himself with the best men of his time. On the way down the staircase is an immense carving of the Montefeltro arms.

After leaving the castle we went to see the beautiful tympanum relief of the Madonna and four monastic saints, over the doorway of the church of San Domenico. Far fewer works of the great Luca exist

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than is generally supposed, for the majority of these reliefs are the work of some of the younger members of his family; but this is considered one of the finest of the master's productions. The whole is modelled with the most perfect grace and dignified simplicity. The heads are full of life, and the treatment of the drapery, in broad, simple folds, is worthy of a Greek sculptor of the best period of Hellenic art. I have always thought that Luca della Robbia decidedly excelled his contemporary Donatello in grace of attitude and beauty of expression. Though he was not the inventor of this process of covering the clay by an enamel formed of the ordinary ingredients of glass, and made opaquely white with oxide of tin, yet his genius so improved and extended its application that I think most of us speak of the ware as della Robbia.

There are some wonderful statues of Gianbologna (Jean de Boulogne) in the crypt of the cathedral, but we were eager to get on to see the modest house of Raphael, which has been bought by a committee of men, one Englishman being most prominent in the purchase. The house now belongs to the Regia Accademia Raffaello, and is situated on the steepest street I have ever seen. In the room in which Raphael is said to have been born there is a Madonna by his father, supposed to represent Magia Ciarla, Raphael's mother, and her baby boy.

The local guide, who was most assiduous in his attentions, now proceeded to lead us up a small side street to the church of San Giuseppe, where there is a very extraordinary group of "The Nativity" by

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Brandano, and we had a rather hurried view of the Oratorio di San Giovanni.

It was now time for us to return to Rimini, and after stopping for numerous postal cards in the little square, where we found Vincenzo discoursing on automobile driving to an evidently interested gathering of men and boys, we jumped into the car, and came back to this comfortable and altogether delightful hotel.

To-morrow we are going sight-seeing in Rimini, which we have passed through and around so many times already; but we have thought that we could run up to Rimini any time. As any time is usually never, we are determined to see all the wonders to-morrow, for we are already thinking of moving on.

Much love.

T.

RIMINI, September

My dear M:

To-day we have accomplished our resolve in seeing the sights of Rimini. Though the town is so old and so beautifully situated, it is difficult to disassociate it from the almost fiendish personality of Sigismondo Malatesta, who gathered about him poets and scholars whom "he poisoned during their lives, and for whom when dead, he built sarcophagi about the outer wall of his great church." Pope Pius II (Piccolomini) thought that the cathedral resembled a heathen temple rather than a Christian church; and considering the history of its builder and its peculiar structure it is generally called the Tempio Malatesta. The tomb of

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Sigismondo, who died in 1468, is most elaborate, as is also that of the clever and unscrupulous Isotta, for many years the mistress of this fierce tyrant, but afterward his wife. The elephant as the emblem of the Malatesta, and the rose of Isotta form a conspicuous and characteristic part of the decorations of these two elaborate monuments.

One would suppose that Rimini's beautiful situation on the Adriatic, surrounded by sunny hills and smiling valleys, cooled by the sea breezes and made livable by its fertile country, would have been rather the home of a great and good man; but the Malatesta tyrants, especially Sigismondo, are spoken of by men of that time, and by modern historians, as the most hideous of evildoers. The great church containing these tombs of his wife and himself, as well as those of many of the scholars and learned men who visited his court, strikes me as an ingenious curiosity rather than as a beautiful building. The arch of Augustus, which is really fine, and the five-arched bridge of Tiberius are worthy and interesting ruins of the time when Rimini was a Roman colony in B.C. 268, and was extended and embellished by Julius Cæsar and Augustus.

Rimini belonged to the famous five maritime cities (Pentapolis Maritima), which were ruled over by one governor, and included Pesaro, Fano, Senigallia, and Ancona. During the thirteenth century the lords of Verucchio (this same Guelph family of Malatesta) made themselves masters of the city and surrounding country. They were consistent and difficult enemies of the popes, and maintained their violent sway for

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several generations, but in the end their lands passed to the papal see in 1528. There is in the town a stone pedestal about which there are a good many different opinions, but this is supposed to have been placed by Sigismondo in restoration of a former landmark commemorating Cæsar's passage of the Rubicon. Near it is a chapel where dear Sant' Antonio once preached, and there is still another on the canal, which is said to mark the spot where the holy man preached to the fishes because the people refused to hear him.

The Municipio is in the main square of the town, and we were immensely interested in the famous tapestries that we saw in this old palace, belonging originally, so I am told, to the family of the Gamba-lunga. They are of great antiquity and real artistic worth. I asked permission to take photographs, and was brusquely refused by an under-official, but persevering in my request to the next man in authority, who applied to the sindaco (mayor) in person, I was not only allowed to photograph the tapestries, but the mayor came himself to assist me with my camera, and I promised to send him replicas of my pictures. When I had finished, he courteously bowed me out to the door, to the discomfiture of the rude individual who had previously refused me.

The great "rocca" (fortress) of the Malatesta here is in a very dilapidated condition, and is used now only as a local prison; the amphitheatre is of no special interest, for it is but a heap of ruins.

To the average person I think Rimini is closely associated with the sad story of Francesca and her ruthless murder by her husband, Giovanni Malatesta,

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called Lo Sciancato (The Lame), which accords perfectly with the other stories and ideas that one forms on coming here of the Malatesta family. But Francesca seems to me to be much more closely identified with her home and family in Ravenna, where all of her life was passed, except the short period after her marriage. I think, on the whole, that Isotta, who seems a sort of mediæval "Becky Sharp," presents the most interesting of Rimini's characters, and I mean to find a book about her in the town, or during my stay in Italy, if possible. All things considered, Rimini is I think rather an anti-climax after Urbino — perhaps because of the grewsome stories of the Malatesta — but I am thoroughly glad to have seen it, and should advise anyone to come here. The modern city, like all the smaller Italian cities, is making great strides toward commercial and industrial improvement. There is a large ship-building yard, the fisheries are extensive, and there are silk manufactories. In any event, since so attractive an hotel has been established, more and more people, Italians and foreigners, will probably come here.

This evening Count Visconti di San Vito came over to the hotel and was presented to me. He showed me pictures of his elaborate villa at Crescenzago near Milan, where he has extensive silk works, and amuses himself with the cultivation of bees. He is an indefatigable bicyclist, and gave me several pictures of himself, his favorite dog, and his villa, where he has asked us to come later on in the autumn. Count Pasolini, of the well-known Ravenna family of that name, is another of the visitors who come in evenings from the



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

DUKE UBERTO VISCONTI DI
MODRONE

In their Villa Belvedere at Macherio



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

DUCHESS MARIANNA VISCONTI
DI MODRONE

In their Villa Belvedere at Macherio

villas around about. He is a distinguished and cultivated man. Duchess Marianna was looking particularly well this evening in a white Worth gown. You remember that model with the Greek outlining of embroidery in gold. It suited the Duchess' slender figure very well, and with her bright empire-green scarf and big black hat, would have made an effective costume for a portrait. Before coming upstairs we went once more to the little Sala Edison, and saw the wonderful results of our great American's invention. They have carried the picture-taking to an extent where all the dreams of the children's fairy-tale are realized, and dolls seem to hop out of goose eggs and disappear into sticks. The Duke seemed much interested in my telling him of father's long and intimate acquaintance with Mr. Edison, and how he first was persuaded of the success of the phonograph by hearing his own conversation with Mr. Edison repeated to him just as he was leave-taking from the great man's studio.

Prince Giovanni Torlonia has gone on to Rome. The automobile race at Bologna is over. Those who went up to the city came back looking wearied and worn to a thread. The prospect of rising at three in the morning, and sitting through a possibly very hot day, to see hundreds of whizzing machines, followed by awful dust clouds, did not particularly appeal either to F. B. or me. The Duke and Duchess did not go, and Donna Imogene said she much preferred to stay and go with me on some of our excursions. It was rather nice, however, that the FIAT came out so triumphantly, and Vincenzo, I am sure, is crowing over all the other chauffeurs in the garage. It is nice,

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too, that there were so few accidents, though there must have been a great deal of damage to those machines that tumbled into the deep ditches that are on both sides of the roads around Bologna. It seems to me those ditches should be fenced off, or some device arranged for the protection of vehicles, for they are certainly very dangerous.

It is rather late, so

Good-night.

T.

RIMINI, September

My dear M:

All good things must come to an end, and so we feel that we must leave dear Rimini. Yesterday morning Marianna Visconti and her five children departed for Milan. The Duke and Duchess are going up to Paris for a few days, and Marianna has taken several addresses from me. I think it is always so difficult to recommend places for shopping to other people, and I do hope the immortal Creed will do well by her. The Marchesa Visconti-Erme with her dear little boy, who has been with us on numerous excursions, is also making plans for leaving. The Countess Visconti and her family go in a few days, so I have asked Imogene Colonna to go up as far as Bologna with us, but I cannot persuade the Prince to join us. Don Marcantonio has a horror of automobiles, and refuses to enter one. He says that he has nothing against the poor machines, but unspeakable things against the people who drive them; consequently, he and his little son, Giachino, will go by train and meet Donna Imo-

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gene at the station in Bologna, whence they go to Padova, and on to their villa near by. I feel that I know Imogene very well after all our pleasant days together, and I am sure I shall enjoy my visit with her very much, later. We are planning to go from here by way of Ravenna, and Imogene is to be our "cicerone" (guide) for the day. I have many good-byes to say, and many things to do; all excuses for a short letter.

Love.

T.

ÆMILIA, BOLOGNA, September

My dear M:

THE unpleasantness of partings and saying good-byes was very much lessened by the numerous bunches of lovely flowers which the children presented me on leaving Rimini, and it was extremely nice also to have Donna Imogene go with us. We felt much more as if we were going on one of our many "gite" (excursions) than as if we were leave-taking from our friends, and the place where we have enjoyed so much.

The road from Rimini to Ravenna skirts the seashore and is most attractive, though Don Marcantonio told us as a parting menace that there were six (I think it was) "passagi a livello" (railroad crossings). Fortunately, the trains were either on time or very late, for the gateman of each crossing let us by. The coastline of Italy is ever changing, and where the sea has receded there are now extensive salt works. On nearing Ravenna we had a complete and beautiful view of the great pine forest (la pineta) of Ravenna, which is as beautiful, unique, and majestic as Dante would have us believe, and situated as it is, far from the city, on the edge of the misty marshes, one can easily imagine that the murmur of the great spreading branches might seem to tell the story of Ravenna's mad love, as well as of the tragedies and triumphs of which this famous city has been the scene.

Majestic, stately, and sombre are the tall pines of

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this poetic, yet fatal forest, their stems rise tall and strong like the pillars of a great basilica, and at the top their branches spread out broad and heavy till they meet, forming an almost solid roof of shade. Standing in vast, dark lines on the seashore, flanked on both sides by green marshes, with the old picturesque Basilica of Sant' Appollinare in Classe not far away, they make indeed a beautiful picture that Dante may well have recalled in his *Paradiso terrestre*.

“Tal, qual di ramo in ramo si raccoglie
Per la pineta in sul lito di Chiassi,
Quand' Eolo Scirocco fuor discioglie.”

Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells,
Through the pine forests on the shore of Chiassi,
When Æolus unlooses the Scirocco.

LONGFELLOW.

Ravenna has been called “The City of the Love Drama.” Nastagio degli Onesti is scorned by the beautiful but haughty daughter of Paola Traversari and rushes off, first with the idea of self-destruction, and afterwards seeks to drown his sorrow and disappointment in a life of wild excesses. Weakness and remorse follow his feasting and revelry, and wandering one day in this very pineta, he seems to hear a sudden rushing in the trees, followed by a shriek of distress. A woman of surpassing beauty, naked, and with streaming hair, is rushing toward him for help, while two fierce hounds pursue her. As Onesti is about to offer his protection, a black knight rides up on blacker steed, ordering him to stand off; for, “With the sword wherewith I slew myself,” he shrieks, “I must give this

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wretch the martyrdom she inflicted upon me, deriding my love and my despair." With that, as the story runs, the knight rushes upon his victim and cuts out her heart, but the wound heals by magic, the heart is renewed, and the phantom chase begins afresh. There is a grewsome painting descriptive of this scene, which places the combat and the persecution in a garden of a villa where a feast is being given. The story that the heart renews itself is another way of saying the same old story; the one loved, the other loving though scorned. Daphne fleeing from Apollo, and the country swain disdained by the haughty village maid, are all the same to the end of time; but many great people, men and women, whose lives have made history, seem to have sought and lost both their loves and lives in this fatal city of Ravenna!

On the coins is written, "Ravenna felix," but Boccaccio speaks of the city as bathed in the blood of martyrs. Attila, seeking to win the beautiful Honoria, shatters the peace of the Roman Empire; Honoria's love for her chamberlain brings him to his death. Rosamond bribes Almachild to slay her husband, and with her guilty lover seeks refuge in Ravenna, where she poisons her lover, and he her. In later days, the love of Francesca for her husband's brother makes Giovanni Malatesta a fratricide, and the love for the marvellously beautiful Samaritana, brings about the downfall of Antonio della Scala; and finally, Byron, mad with passion, pursues the Countess Guiccioli, only to leave her and die in Greece. In Ravenna the Cæsars, the Roman Empire, the barbarian kings, the Goths, and Exarchs — all pass away, and later,

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Dante Alighieri, despondent and unhappy, finishes here his exile from his beloved Florence, completes the greatest of his poems, and dies. In the Middle Ages, Francesco Maria della Rovere of Urbino slays in Ravenna the infamous Cardinal Francesco Alidosio. But soon come the armies of Julius II and Ferdinand of Spain, fighting against those of Louis XII of France, and Alfonso of Este, whose armies win the great battle that imposes a new term of foreign rule upon the fateful city. We saw on the way to Ravenna, on the bank of the river Ronco, the column of Gaston de Foix, who died at this battle the eleventh of April, 1512, where twenty thousand soldiers lost their lives. Ariosto, who is said to have been present, speaks of the battle in the following way:

*"Io venni dove le campagne rosse
eran del sangue barbaro e latino
che fiera stella dianzi a furor mosse."*

I came where the broad fields
were red with the blood, alike of
Latin and barbarian, whose destinies
a fierce star seems to have guided.

After this battle the French ruthlessly pillaged and plundered the beautiful city. It seems that this great, swaying, ever-increasing forest is an instrument in the hands of Fate to mark events that are of real moment to the world, for it was here that the great Garibaldi made his remarkable retreat from Rome, only to have his exhausted wife die in his arms.

I have sent you a picture taken in the church of

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Sant' Appollinare in Classe on our first visit to Ravenna several days ago, when the Marchesa Visconti-Erme and her son went with Imogene and me. That awful Sigismondo Malatesta stripped the walls of this church of their marbles for his great structure in Rimini, but the spacious interior is rich in its beautiful proportions and its twenty-four wonderful cipollino columns. In the nave there is a remarkable altar which is said to have been erected by Maximian, though some speak of the altar as that of Sant' Eleucadius. It is beautifully carved, and faces the great altar built over the high crypt after the manner of the Roman basilica; but most of the glories of the church have departed. The apse, however, is adorned with sixth century mosaics, and high up in the vault there is a great jewelled cross surrounded by numberless golden stars on a background of deepest azure. The solemn charm of the interior of the church rather does away with, or makes amends for, its somewhat melancholy exterior and surroundings, and the round campanile standing apart and by itself gives an entirely unique appearance to the church.

We decided to stop at the old church of Santa Maria in Porto Fuori, and have our picnic luncheon under the big trees near by. Afterwards we went to inspect the frescoes but recently disclosed from under the whitewash of this old church, which has recently been declared a national monument.

It was built in 1096 by Pietro degli Onesti, self-named "Il Peccatore" (The Sinner), and hither the angels are supposed to have brought over the sea the image of the Virgin, who has looked down for centuries on

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numberless pilgrims, some of them, even, wearing the papal tiara, and others the imperial crown. Dante speaks of the church:

“In quel loco fu’ io Pier Damiano
E Pietro peccator fui nella casa
Di Nostra Donna in sul lito Adriano.”

In that place I was Pier Damiano
And Peter the Sinner I was in the house
Of Our Lady on the shores of the Adriatic.

The campanile rests upon another large square structure, which tradition believes to have once been a lighthouse.

The frescoes are really lovely. That supposed to be the portrait of Francesca of Polenta and her cloistered sister, Chiara, were most interesting to me. Francesca's face is mild and beautiful, and she seems to be looking over the balcony for Paolo, whom Boccaccio tells us she had been tricked into believing to be her future husband — which makes her story all the more poetic and sad. In another part of the church there are supposed portraits of Dante and the famous Guido da Polenta, Francesca's father. The paintings have something of the mystic interest of Giotto, but painters of the Romagnola school are supposed to have been the artists.

After making numerous children wildly happy with our odds and ends of cake and sugar-plums, we went up the road along a canal bordered by tall poplars, which seemed as deserted as the church we had just visited.

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It was only five kilometres back to Ravenna, and there is so much of interest there, so many beautiful and unusual things, that I shall only briefly speak of those which particularly interested and appealed to me, for to do this great and ancient city justice one would need several volumes.

But little remains of all these ancient palaces of Ravenna except the things it was impossible for the succession of conquering soldiers to carry off. The old early Roman mosaics of the time of Theodoric in the church of Sant' Appollinare Nuovo are very beautiful. In the marvellous mosaics of San Vitale, which was built under the direction of the treasurer of the Emperor Justinian, one has not only a picture of the glories of the luxurious magnificence of the Byzantine court, but a detailed idea of the robes and jewels and mode of dress of the period of 534 A.D.

When Sarah Bernhardt produced her great play of "Theodora," she came to Ravenna to study these mosaics, and her costumes and those of her company were modelled from them. On one side are the great mosaics of the Emperor Justinian in purple, crowned with the imperial diadem, offering gold in a large basin for the construction of the temple, surrounded by his soldiers and Julian the Treasurer, San Maximianus; on the other, stands the Empress Theodora and the ladies of her court, in embroidered robes and jewels. They are made to seem like the setting of fresh colors; the blaze of the gold is intensified under the vault of the apse, which seems from the light above to kindle into flames behind the altar of precious alabaster—as one writer says, "Where enamel and

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mother-of-pearl sing in high, clear notes above the subdued harmony of porphyries and serpentines."

In the early days of Christianity baptism by immersion was the only form acknowledged, and consequently many times the thermal chamber of the Roman baths was converted into a baptistery. It was the act, and not the place, which in those days was considered, and from the banks of the rivers the ceremony could be transferred to the *Thermae*. Special buildings were afterward assigned for this sacrament, or existing ones used to advantage, which explains the typical form of the baptistery, usually an octagonal building, with the cistern in the centre for immersion; and it is probable that in Ravenna's elegant little Baptistery with its beautiful mosaics, Francesca and all the other wonderful children of the city were baptized.

We found few pictures to interest us in the museum of fine arts, but the statue of the beautiful and tragic Guidarello Guidarelli, "dear at once to Mars and to Minerva," as his inscription reads, is one of the most beautiful of Lombardi's sculptures. His face seems still to wear the expression of suffering bespeaking his violent and tragic death at Imola, where he is supposed to have been treacherously murdered by Paolo Orsini. The mouth is half open and the hands pressed to his breast with the sword that has made him famous, while the eyes are closed heavily as if in an effort to end the intolerable anguish. This is the greatest work of the Renaissance left in Ravenna, and one of the most pathetic of that tempestuous period.

The palace of Theodoric has been stripped of all

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its beauties save a few delicate columns and decorative arches, but although this building is not regarded as having formed more than an outer building to the Royal Palace, it is still an original and interesting monument to all students of art. It was probably once surrounded by porticos and stood among gardens, adorned with precious marbles and frescoes, many of which, in the year 774, Charlemagne carried off with the consent of Pope Adrian I to Aix-la-Chapelle. Theodoric died execrated by the orthodox church, not so much for his Arian beliefs as for the cruel persecutions attending the closing years of his life. But the Roman mausoleum shows that the spirit of the Teuton had been transformed by contact with Italian culture. This tomb, with its great unequalled monolith on top, measuring one hundred seven feet in circumference, is a fitting reminder of this man of strength, power, and cruelty. The story goes that it was foretold that Theodoric would die by lightning, and he consequently built this mausoleum, and roofed it with this huge stone, that he might take refuge there whenever a thunderstorm threatened. But relentless Fate sent the thunderbolt, split the block, and struck the great king dead. It is certain, however, that Theodoric was not allowed to rest long in the tomb he had prepared for himself, and in which he probably thought the royal line of his successors would repose, for his body was secretly removed and buried, no one is quite sure where. As late as 1854 a beautiful gold ornament set with garnets was broken into fragments by workmen clearing a canal, and nearly every year brings some buried treasure to light.

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Ravenna seems to me the one town that I have seen in Italy in which there is no modern touch, no modern awakening to new interest; but the very mediæval atmosphere of its streets and its buildings, the beauty of its ancient mosaics in the church of San Vitale and the Baptistery, the dignified and sombre tomb of the great Dante, the poetical associations and vast interest of the past history of the town, make it quite easy to understand why Lord Byron preferred Ravenna to all other towns of Italy, whether he were in love with the Countess Guiccioli or not.

It is already arranged that I shall go to visit Imogene after our visit to Bologna and Venice. I left her at the station, and went to the school of the Bologna laces (*Æmilia Ars*) to meet Countess Cavazza, who had asked me to come there, as she was in Bologna for only a few hours to-day. It was very nice to see her again, and I greatly enjoyed going over this altogether remarkable school which she has founded, and worked for so successfully and intelligently. The most complete system prevails, each piece of work being numbered, as well as each design. Every girl takes to her home a given number of metres of thread, of which she must give complete and careful account with the work rendered. Countess Zucchini, Madame Chantre, about whom I wrote you at Gressoney, and other ladies of Bologna spend several mornings of each week in giving out and criticising the work. An elaborate system of bookkeeping and auditing is directed by the ladies, and already the work of the school is being sought for in Paris and London, while those who took stock in the little company are

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beginning to realize small but ever-increasing dividends. Countess Cavazza taught the first girls herself, for she is one of the most expert needlewomen in Italy, and has devoted a great deal of time to studying out old lace designs in the museums throughout the country.

I am going to the school again, and Countess Cavazza, although in mourning, has very kindly asked me to spend the day at her country castle near here, day after to-morrow. To-morrow her son, whom you remember I just missed seeing in New York last year, is coming to take me about the city.

This is a long letter, but not nearly as long as that I should have to write, if I told you even a part of all the good times and many lovely things I am seeing these happy days.

Good-night. Love to all at home.

T.

BOLOGNA, September

My dear M:

We have just returned from a call upon Countess Aldrovandi. I sent my card yesterday, and a big bunch of orchids and white roses came this morning with a note of welcome which also asked us to call to-day.

You liked Aldrovandi in New York, and I am sure you would like his lovely mother, who is a woman of great distinction and graceful charm. Her voice is like a song, and her smile, though a trifle sad, is so gentle and sweet that I felt at home with her at once. She offered us a dainty glass of rare old wine with some sweet Italian cakes, and had her two little granddaughters come in to see us. On the table was



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

SALON OF PALAZZO ALDROVANDI, BOLOGNA

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her son's picture, and we had a nice talk about Aldrovandi's success in his Venezuelan mission, which, however, caused the fond mother much anxiety, as the papers here represent Castro as being, what I suppose he really is, rather impossible. Her daughter, the mother of the two darlings, is away at Baden-Baden for the summer, but I hope so much to see her in the fall, when we expect to return — for all roads lead to Bologna in Italy, whether you go in or out.

The Aldrovandi palace is very handsome. The staircase is majestic, and the furniture in the rooms is of that elaborately carved, gilded Baroque period. The dear Countess is rather an invalid, but is going with me to San Petronio one day to show me herself the famous Aldrovandi chapel, built by Cardinal Aldrovandi, whose tomb is there. When the chapel was finished the cardinal (Pompeo Aldrovandi) wished to take there the body of San Petronio (Patron Saint of Bologna) from the church of San Stefano, but great objections were made by the priests of that church. The matter was referred to the Pope, and ultimately the Cardinal removed the head of the holy man with papal permission to the Aldrovandi chapel, where it now is, and for many years on the saint's day a procession of priests carried the head of San Petronio to rejoin its body in the church of San Stefano, solemnly replacing it at night amid the splendors of the Aldrovandi chapel; but the Countess tells me this custom has been discontinued. It is interesting to remember that under a canopy of the choir of San Petronio the great Charles V of Spain was crowned emperor by Pope Clement VII February 24,

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1530, this being the last occasion on which a German emperor was crowned in Italy. Charles, like Napoleon who followed him, placed the crown on his own head.

I shall write much more of Countess Aldrovandi later, for we have made many plans already to see one another often.

Love.

T.

BOLOGNA, September

My dear M:

How very little things in our lives sometimes lead to pleasures and unexpected happenings a long time afterward!

When we were in Rome three years ago I met Countess Cavazza at the dinner which the Marchese de Viti gave for Joachim, and Count Cavazza sat next me. Afterward, in the evening, you remember I sang and Joachim played with the Mendelssohns, and so forth. Countess Cavazza said some very sweet things about my voice, and we had quite a little talk during the reception which followed the music, but the party was large, we both met many friends, and as I was waiting for my carriage, I remember, feeling rather disappointed that I had not had a chance to say good-night to the attractive lady from Bologna. Just then a belaced and befurred person stepped by me, and was about to enter her carriage when she spied me, turned and came to where I was standing, with the charming grace that is characteristic of her, saying, "I am so glad to find you again! If you ever come to Bologna

I hope you will surely let me know, for I shall be delighted to welcome you."

I was much disappointed not to have been able to entertain the Countess' son, Filippo, when he came with the geological congress to America last year, but by the merest chance, and by the misunderstanding of a friend, I missed him in New York. This morning, however, he came to call, laden with a huge bunch of flowers, which have made the sombre room of this queer old palace, fixed up as a hotel, bright and really quite livable. Cavazza proposed seeing some of the interesting things in the town, and we started out first to see the exquisite Francia painting in the Bentivoglio chapel in the church of San Giacomo Maggiore. The monument of Antonio Bentivoglio is wonderfully fine, and is the work of Jacopo della Quercia, the man who was so sure of getting the prize, and of doing the baptistery gates in Florence; but he was destined to see the goldsmith Ghiberti win in his place. Della Quercia had splendid consolation, however, for the great central doors of Bologna cathedral, San Petronio, have made him duly famous and brought him lasting honor. We greatly enjoyed the paintings of Francia and Lorenzo Costa in the Oratorio of Santa Cecilia, but I much prefer the Francia pictures.

So few people seem to stay long in Bologna, yet to me it is the most unique and one of the most delightful cities of Italy! There is a special atmosphere here, perhaps due to the numbers of students at the university — a university town has always a little air of its own; but the history of the city, so strong, so self-willed, yet so buffeted about by an uneasy

Destiny, is to me fascinating in the extreme. I suppose it is useless to say how old is Bologna, for the Bolognese claim their city to be of more ancient date than even Rome. Certainly the Ligurians and Etruscans are quite far away enough to satisfy my desires, and ancient Rome appreciated the value of Bologna's central position just over the Apennines, overlooking the vast and fertile plain, for it made the city one of the great Roman headquarters. During the Middle Ages the Bolognese were made subject for a time to different local and foreign families—the Pepoli, the Zambeccari, the Milan despots, Visconti; later the city was subdued and ruled by the Bentivoglio family; finally, tired of oppression, the people of the town “jumped from the frying-pan into the fire” and gave themselves over to the Church, against which they rebelled frequently, but were freed from papal subjection only when Napoleon I united Bologna to the kingdom of Italy.

You remember Elisa Bonaparte was married to Felice Baciocchi, and I dare say you recall seeing with me her monument in San Petronio. In all, the city has survived about one hundred and ten governments, and yet, no sooner was it united with modern Italy in 1859 than it began to assume once more its industries and progress.

The strange church, or collection of churches which go under the name of San Stefano, is most interesting. The so-called second church, or Santo Sepolcro, looks as if it had been originally intended for a baptistery, and contains the tomb of San Petronio, which dates from the twelfth century; but the Romanesque basilica

AND COUNTRY SEATS

of SS. Pietro e Paolo dates from the fourth century, and contains the sarcophagus of the martyr San Vitalis, which is ornamented by a cross and two peacocks, the early Christian emblem of immortality; while in another place the Lombard king Luitprand (744 A.D.) is mentioned on an inscription. The combination of these eight churches, so different in architecture, so distant one from the other in point of time, is like a mystical labyrinth of shrines and altars, each decorated according to the age in which it was built, and I was almost startled by coming suddenly upon the life-size figures in painted terra cotta, representing the adoration of the magi, in one of the many chapels. Another turn, and we descended some steps to the old Romanesque "confessio," or crypt, until I really did not know which way to go, or how we were ever to reach the street again, for we seemed to have stepped down and out of the world of the twentieth century into the dimly lighted mystical tombs of the shadowy past. Cavazza proved a fine guide, however, and we were soon in Italy's bright sunshine once again.

Just as we were to be whirled off in the machine, a very grand policeman stepped up to the car, and said he should like to know by what right we were "circulating" in *Bologna* (this with an added air of importance) without the regulation "piombo" (lead). As I had never heard of a "piombo," I was at a loss how to respond. Most unfortunately, F. B. had left our touring club regulation papers, allowing us to "circulate" in Italy for three months, etc., at the hotel, whereupon "Mr. Grand Policeman" announced that he should arrest us. I foresaw long delays, cross

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judges, and was anything but comfortable, when Cavazza came to the rescue. He explained that we were his friends, that he and his father would be responsible for us, and that hereafter we should surely have the papers, and so on. Count Cavazza senior has much too high a position in Bologna to be questioned by any policeman; but all the same we had to solemnly promise to send Vincenzo with all the regulation documents to the Municipio before two o'clock. The policeman was young, tall, and tremendously self-important, and he looked thoroughly disappointed not to be able to carry us off, or let us carry him, rather, to the station to be punished properly like careless children. As a matter of fact, we were perfectly innocent, and had taken the greatest care to have our papers strictly made out at Paris; but it seems that it is customary, though not obligatory, for the customs officials to affix a seal of lead to a part of the guiding wheel on every automobile, to show to all inquisitive government officials that the car is well within the ruling regulations of Italy. Fortunately, we had not planned to do any more sight-seeing in the city, and Cavazza directed Vincenzo out through the narrow Via Mazzini along the road which leads to Florence. We had gone but a short distance when the car swung into a great gateway and rounded one curve after another of a beautiful natural park, made picturesque by the noble pines — not the Italian pine, but the pine as we know it in America. Indeed, this is the first park we have seen at all like ours at home. Here and there a statue of Pan or some other deity of the forest was appropriately placed, and the broad,



VILLA CROCE DEL BIACCO
*Belonging to Count Malvezzi de' Medici near
 Bologna*



VILLA HERCOLANI-BELPOGGIO, BOLOGNA
Belonging to Prince Astorre Hercolani

well-kept avenue, cooled by the soft perfumed breezes of the pines, brought us quickly to the door of the famous and beautiful Villa Belpoggio, to me one of the most attractive of the villas in Italy.

It was built originally by the Bentivoglio in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and commands a fine view of the city; for the word "poggio," meaning hill, is very often suffixed to the names of villas. Belpoggio has the same significance in regard to Bologna in that famous book of Sabbadino degli Arienti, "*Delle Clare Donne*" (The Illustrious Women), that the famous Villa Palmieri near Florence has in the "*Decamerone*"; for it was to Ginevra Sforza, who became the wife of Giovanni II Bentivoglio, that the great humanist dedicated his book. Certainly this beautiful woman had most lovely surroundings for the development of her wit and culture. The villa is rather older than many of the summer palaces of my friends, though it was remodelled by a prince of the house of Hercolani, into whose possession it came in the eighteenth century. Its plain, straight lines, with the two towers at each end, and the immense coat-of-arms in the centre, give a majestic and stately appearance that is greatly enhanced by its elevated situation and its beautiful setting of forest trees.

The young owner of the estate, Prince Astorre Hercolani, gave us a graceful welcome, and helped me to take many photographs of his beautiful villa, inviting us afterward on to the terrace, where we had a splendid view of Bologna and the broad plain of Æmilia beyond.

Prince Hercolani is quite different from any of the

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Italians I have met. He is tall, finely built, with clear-cut features, and resembles, it seems to me, the members of the Royal House of Savoy, especially the Duke of the Abruzzi, to whom he is related, and the Royal Princes often visit him. The greater part of his schooling has been in England; consequently his English is remarkably pure and correct. He invited us into the villa, and we greatly enjoyed seeing his exquisite statue of Canova representing Venus and Cupid, made by the great sculptor for the Prince's grandmother. Cavazza told me that Prince Hercolani was very much admired and respected, but warned me that he was very exclusive and rather of an "orso" (bear) — this expression the Italians use very often for a man who keeps much to himself; therefore I was somewhat surprised when the Prince very naturally, and evidently gladly, accepted Cavazza's invitation to join our party this afternoon to his castle at San Martino. We are to meet the Countess at the lace school, where the Count and Prince Hercolani are to join us.

Hercolani is one of Europe's proudest names, and different members of the family have played important parts in the history of Bologna and Italy. At the battle of Pavia in 1525 it was one of the Hercolani to whom Francis I of France surrendered his sword. In 1485 a noble of this house was a Podestà in Perugia, and in 1699 the Emperor of Austria conferred upon Filippo Hercolani the title of High-born Prince of the Holy Roman Empire. Each member of the family has the right to the title of Count or Countess.

It is time for us to go. Au Revoir. T.

BOLOGNA, September

My dear M:

Count Cavazza has proved a friend in deed as well as in need, for Vincenzo returned from the Municipio saying that all the difficulties about the automobile had been settled satisfactorily, and that we are now free to go and come as we like. To make assurance doubly sure, however, we started out armed with all the automobile documents we possessed, and found Countess Cavazza and her party waiting for us at the dainty little shop of her lace school in the Via Ugo Bassi. There was no time to-day, and I had but a glimpse of the many lovely laces, dresses, cushions, etc., that are made here so beautifully. I shall have several things sent to Paris; among them a fan of rare design, which is the only lace I have ever seen sufficiently beautiful to put into the exquisite enamelled sticks that Her Highness Princess Louisa Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein was kind enough to make for me.

The country of this province of Æmilia is beautiful now, and we greatly enjoyed the run to San Martino. On arriving at the castle we were met at the entrance by the family priest, the next younger son, Count Gian Luigi, and a handsome boy of fifteen whom the Countess introduced as her baby. They all call each other by their first names, so I shall speak of them in that way to you, for convenience. Zizi, a nickname for Gian Luigi, is a handsome young fellow with light brown hair, and gray eyes that are bound to make havoc with feminine hearts in due course of

time. He is tall and well built, and has but recently returned from some school in France. His linguistic talents must be exceptional, for he has picked up English by himself, and talked very well to F. B., who likes him immensely.

The Castle Cavazza is the oddest mixture of modern comfort and mediæval fascination that it has ever been my good fortune to see; for it is hardly possible to term a machicolated walled castle, that one enters by a portcullis, a villa. I was like a child in a fairy-book, and felt an irrepressible longing to open every door of the spacious courtyard with its picturesque Bolognese arcades. In good time my kind hostess gratified my wish, and numerous salons with splendid old fireplaces, ornamented with cinquecento irons, rare tapestries and pictures; sitting-rooms with sofas generously supplied with dainty bits of the Bolognese lace cushions; spacious, sunny guest-rooms with fine bathrooms, electric bells, and all modern conveniences were, one after another, disclosed to satisfy my curiosity. Miles from the nearest town, these comforts seemed to be the work of a magician; but practical questioning, and a trip over the castle with the Countess, brought out the fact that one tower hides the electric batteries, another a stove to heat the water in the tank close at hand; while other mysteries are equally simple when once unravelled.

The castle was built in the fifteenth century, and as we mounted the main tower to get the beautiful view over the vast fertile plain, we could decipher on the walls markings commemorative of the advance and seizure of Bologna in 1506 by Pope Julius II.

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Every year in October, on a given saint's day, come the farmers from far and near, and on the broad, smooth lawns surrounding the castle, establish a great fair, similar to what we in America would term a cattle show. Few country gentlemen of America would grant their lawns and carefully tended gardens for any such purpose, but in Europe tradition, and not individual wish, takes precedence, and Count and Countess Cavazza seem only too glad to act as amiable patronesses for the country folk for miles around. "Why do you let them come?" I asked. "Oh, we must, you know. The people around here have held a 'fiera di bestiame' (animal fair) for centuries, and they cannot change now," replied the Countess. Fancy any place in *our* country being used for a cattle show for fifty years, let alone centuries!

We in the New World are ever changing, almost to the point of fickleness; but Europe is held back by that mighty force, tradition. In America we have the tradition of morals only; our customs have had to adapt themselves to time and place, and who shall say if our marvellous rush on the road of invention and progress is the better for its rapidity, unshackled by the chains of centuries of custom, and free from the restraints of tradition! Too rapid progress is not always improvement. Our Western minds, however, have often jumped the barriers of the so-called impossible, and the mad determination to succeed has made Mother Necessity produce marvellous children, in many ways. Nevertheless, Italy is more like us than any other nation in the world, and for this reason: ever since the earliest times Italy has been the world's

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treasure-house of soil and climate. To it have come the peoples of all the earth; sometimes as friendly visitors, sometimes as conquering armies; but always remaining for a time, leaving only to return. These people have invariably intermarried with the Italians; the blue-eyed Norman with the dark Saracen in Sicily; the fair Greek with the dark Roman in Rome; the proud Austrian with the brilliant Italian beauty; the Spaniard with the noblewoman of his own rank. The vast armies quartered in various parts of the peninsula during its unparalleled history have brought foreign customs, new blood, made new and often lasting ties in this land of sunshine; with the ultimate result that there are many strains of blood from many lands in the veins of the people to-day called Italians. All the world knows that children of mixed races have the finest beauty and the quickest brains, and I believe these facts to be the reason, largely, for the exceptional brilliancy of the past, as well as of the present-day Italian; for if Bologna of old produced great men, has it not in our day given us Carducci and Marconi?

After all, are we not composite in America, even those of us who count our ancestors' tombs in England? Do we not find that those same ancestors often married Scotch women? Is not much of our New England thrift due to our canny Scotch forebears?

People, I think, do not realize how much the American of to-day is essentially like his Italian contemporary. True, it is said of us in New England that we feel that, to be really an American, our ancestors must needs have come, if not actually in the dear old

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“Mayflower,” at least in the next ship; but even so, we Puritans are in the minority, and the men born in Europe who have come here, with their way to make, feel, and properly, that when that way is made, and they are contributing their brains and their fortunes to the good of the land of their adoption, they should be reckoned good Americans also. Indeed, they are so reckoned, respected, and honored, but they cannot be quite the same as those whose ancestors bled and died for liberty in 1776, and again for its maintenance in 1861, though their children are in every sense the children of America. The vast immigration that is bringing to us men and women from many lands is making us in America to a great extent what the Italians have always been and certainly are: a race of cosmopolites, with many customs from many sources, many creeds and much tolerance, broad minds and alert brains. The mother of Prince Hercolani was a very beautiful Belgian noblewoman, while his father counts his ancestry back for centuries in the history of Bologna. The young Prince, however, was sent at a very early age to school in England, and learned his first words of Italian only when he returned at the age of fifteen to complete his education at the Mondragone College in Rome. What is the result? A composite character, broad, high, intellectual, tending to Anglo-Saxon prejudices rather than to those of his own country; a distinctly English bearing, but with decidedly graceful Italian manners.¹ All children are

¹ This is only one example of the many marriages made by the Italian noblemen with the women of birth, beauty, and wealth of Austria, Spain, England, America, and other foreign countries.

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said to have their general point of view and main habits of thought established between the years of nine and fifteen, and I remember meeting in Rome an elderly English gentleman, who apologized for his broken English with the explanation that his boyhood years were spent in Rome, where he spoke only Italian, which had never left his tongue free for his own language.

I am very sorry that our limited time does not permit us to accept the Countess' charming invitation for a visit to this delightful castle later, but we hope to come back, as she has so kindly urged, another year. We had tea in one of the smaller, cosy rooms of the castle, and the sweet Italian cakes and sugary things that seem to form a part of all Italian teas were especially toothsome. My friends seemed very enthusiastic about my Gressoney pictures, and even Prince Hercolani seemed to think them excellent; indeed, the young nobleman seems very genial and altogether charming — not at all stand-offish and reserved, as Cavazza had intimated.

I took the "five o'clock" as a chance to ask about Abetone, where I want so much to go, and the young men not only told me all about it, but promised to be our guides for a two days "gita" into the mountains. After tea we went to see the beautiful little private chapel of the castle, and the last door of the courtyard was thus opened. The altar is decorated with needlework copied from some ancient piece, discovered by the Countess in her long and arduous lace and embroidery studies.

We returned to Bologna at a much later hour than



CASTELLO CAVAZZA AT SAN MARTINO
NEAR BOLOGNA



COURT OF CASTELLO CAVAZZA

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we had intended, and Zizi and Prince Hercolani came to dinner, after which, in true Italian fashion, the men took us to a café for coffee and ices. To-morrow we are off to Abetone, and I have telegraphed the Marchesa de Viti de Marco of our proposed trip. As I write, an invitation to dinner comes from her, though her villa is still in progress of building.

Already many plans are being made for me by my good friends when we return to this fascinating town.

We like the Hotel Baglioni very much, and I was attracted to the name not from its Perugian fame, but because of our nice courier of years ago. I shall not write again until we return from our mountain trip to Bologna. The hour is too small to inscribe, but is beyond two.

T.

BOLOGNA, September

My dear M:

Try to think of all the beautiful pine forests you have ever seen, and then imagine them all put together in the midst of high, high mountains, where the air is rare and cool, and you will have a good idea of "The place of the big pine," Abetone.

The journey from Bologna is most picturesque, and skirts the border of the river Reno for a long distance. At Sasso the valley narrows, but broadens at Vergato, the steep rocky peak of Mount Vigese rising high above us. "Antonio" climbed bravely on, and the air became fresher and crisper as we went higher and higher. We passed Bagni della Poretta, near

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where the singer Bonci's villa is situated, and the road led through a romantic and picturesque ravine from the sides of which rushed, now a filmy veil of water, now a wide, foaming torrent. The human element in this bit of Nature's grandeur was given by a group of peasants, each carrying a lighted candle, following the robed priest over whose head was borne the canopy. Some one near was very ill, my friends explained, and the priest, followed by the sympathetic neighbors, was going to administer the last sacrament. I begged Vincenzo to wait until the solemn little company had reached the house, but the kindly priest, hearing our motor close behind, quietly led his little band to an open place at one side of the road, and motioned to us to go on. As we passed, the men's hats all came off, and I felt a distinct desire to conform to the custom of all Roman Catholic countries, and cross myself. Respect for the dead — the passing of a funeral procession, or going by a cemetery — is always marked by uncovering of the head by the men, while the women make the sign of the cross. To me it seems a most suitable and dignified custom.

At San Marcello Pistoiese (2045 feet) Hercolani suggested tea, and while we were waiting for the "kettle to boil" Cavazza went to see somebody about his geological interests, for he is a diligent student of his favorite subject, as his room at the castle testified the other day. Cavazza told us some of his American experiences, and I asked the Prince when he was intending to visit us in the New World, for he has travelled widely over Europe. Cavazza at once proposed a wager that Hercolani will never go to America. I at once

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accepted it, and invited the Prince to come and see us in the country, which he prefers, or town, if he comes in winter. We shall see who wins. I surely hope Destiny will be on my side.

Up, up we went, the mountains themselves seeming to grow higher as we tried to climb to them. It was twilight, and the lights on the mountains were beautiful, while the sky caught all the sun's yellow rays, only to make havoc of the colors and throw them down to us in purple and pale pink tints. It was still, clear, and cold; but we were well supplied with wraps, so on we went, feasting our lungs on the bracing pine air and our eyes on the great violet peaks around us. Of a sudden we were rudely awakened to the prosaic realities of a broken tire, but none of us seemed to mind much, not even Vincenzo, who ordinarily detests being a "gommista" (tire fixer); because, in spite of F. B.'s protesting, both Cavazza and Hercolani insisted upon helping; and Vincenzo was so flattered by the "*illustrissimo ajuto graziosamente dato*" (illustrious help graciously given) that I think he took longer than usual.

Hercolani is as fond of Nature as I am, and although he knows all this country well, he joined with me in enthusiasm over the beauties of to-day's scenery. During the last pumping and preparing to get under way, he found for me a bunch of dainty mountain erica, of which I have often read, but which I had never seen before. The flowers are small, of a soft pink color, clustered into a tiny spray, and altogether lovely in shape and tint.

It was quite dark now, and we were obliged to light all the lamps to see our way; presently we dis-

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covered someone standing by the roadside, and on reaching the place who should it be but the Marchesa de Viti herself, bundled up in a shawl, waiting for us. After an affectionate greeting to me, her compatriot, she greeted the men, and we promised to hurry on to the hotel, and to come back to her at eight for dinner. It was only a little farther to the quaint Albergo, and we hurried out of our motor clothes, and after a bit of prinking and a look around the hotel, we went down in the car to the Marchesa's villa. The open fire in the big living-room was very welcome, and we all did full justice to the excellent dinner. We had some berries which look very much like our huckleberries at home, but with more of a pungent taste. The Marchesa said that the people here thought her very odd to eat them, but they seemed to her a bit like home, and she asked "if they appealed to me" (as Charles says at home). After dinner we talked lace (you know the Marchesa has also a flourishing school in the south of Italy), friends at home, and books, with a crackling fire for a cosy accompaniment, and at a much later hour than we thought possible we betook ourselves to the car, and once at the hotel, hied ourselves to bed, having promised the Marchesa to lunch with her on the morrow, and mutually agreeing to rise early to get the full benefit of the views and of this gorgeous, invigorating pine air. . . . Think of it, Mother! Breakfast came in to me at 6.45 A.M., and I was already up drinking whole lungfuls of this wonderful pine tonic, and feasting my eyes on the distant mountains and those near by, covered everywhere by the great and famous pine

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forest, reserved by the government of Italy, and so forever saved the wretched axe of the ruthless woodman. After my coffee and rolls (honey added this morning) Hercolani and I took a long walk while F. B. waited for Cavazza, and I send you a picture of one of the many fascinating paths all about this country.

Just in front of the little hotel are two large pyramids of stone which were placed here in bygone days to mark the boundary line between what was then the Grand Duchy of Tuscany and that of Modena. They are very odd and rather imposing looking. Elisa Bonaparte exercised a good deal of influence about here, and had a special road to Florence built for her, which is still in use.

Luncheon found us at the Marchesa's villa again, and as we were having coffee on the terrace, "Antonio" astonished us all by spinning up the steep climb from the valley and stopping at the doorway — a feat no other "auto" has yet performed. It seems that Etta's husband has felt that no car could get up here, so I promptly photographed Vincenzo in front of the villa, and I hope to be able to send the Marchese, who is now in Rome, the picture proof of dear "Antonio's" excellence.

How shall I tell you of our ride back to Bologna over a road which had for its culminating beauty the great Monte Cimone, the highest point of the northern Apennines, 7103 feet! It was like being in a balloon or an aeroplane, for the road skirted the tops of the great sea of mountains all about us, which seemed to look up in homage to their great parent, Cimone. We stopped at one place and walked up a little hill to

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see a strange hole in the ground from which a natural fire rushes, while blue flames break out from the ground on both sides of the opening. There were a few houses near, and some children came with buckets of water and emptied them one after another into the great hole. Of course the flames were quenched and disappeared, but the smoke had scarcely cleared away when one little red tongue after another appeared and the whole place was soon blazing away merrily, and the children, as always, were waiting for their little "mancia" (tip).

On and on the road seemed to wind along the crests of the mountains, and always we saw the great Cimone looking benevolently down upon us. The air was fresh and cool, and we all began to look longingly toward the lunch basket. I assure you that our simple bit of mountain bread and cheese, flavored with a little good "chianti," tasted better than many a fine dinner — so high were our spirits and so keen our appetites in this mountain climate.

Prince Hercolani suggested turning off at Monfestino and going home by way of Vignola, the town from which the famous Italian architect, G. Barozzi, takes his name. I rather wanted to go that way, but Cavazza urged a better road (by the regular route), so on we went by Maranello to Modena. The men also suggested seeing some fine pictures here, but I said we had revelled in some of the most glorious of Nature's paintings all day, and filled our lungs with such good ozone, which I had no desire to exchange for a close gallery this time. After the wonders of Nature's great horizon I think a canvas would have been difficult to appreciate.

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We reached Bologna in time for tea, and the Prince and Cavazza went off to a stag dinner that Hercolani is giving at his villa this evening. He explained that it had been arranged for some time; otherwise he would have added ladies for my benefit. The Prince and I have had some talks on American financial affairs, and he evidently was rather surprised to find that I am a business woman, as well as an ardent "good-time-haver." He seems exceptionally well informed as to our industrial and business conditions in general, and I was much interested in discussing the differences in Italian ways of business procedure and management from those in America.

To-morrow Count Cavazza senior is kindly going to show me some of Bologna's wonders, and in the evening we are going to a small opera house where a new opera by a young Bolognese composer is to be sung by a young and aspiring tenor, also a native of this dear old city.

Good-night. Much love.

T.

BOLOGNA, September

My dear M:

We have done so many things and seen so much, that I am beginning to think that the Bolognese are regular "American hustlers," however mediæval their fine old town may look. Here, apparently, appearances are deceptive, for this is the part of one day that I think will interest you, to say nothing of all sorts of complicated and amusing arrangements for

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to-morrow, which I suppose you will hear of in due course of time.

First of all, I went with dear Countess Aldrovandi to the Church of Santa Maria della Vita in the little narrow Via Clavature, to see the Pietá of terra cotta on which her son has discovered the signature of Niccolò dell' Arca. Aldrovandi's article regarding this work of art, which is one of the most violent and realistic works of the Italian Renaissance, has been of real value to the artistic world, and is quoted by all modern art critics. The Countess went also with us to see Camaldoli, the beautiful summer palace formerly owned by the Aldrovandi family. It is quite different in architecture from the other villas near here, and indeed Æmilia seems to have a more varied architecture than any other province of Italy.

I am becoming extremely fond of the sweet and dignified Countess, who seems to reciprocate my affection, for she is so very lovely to me. Her manner of speaking is ever so much like her son's, and Luigi resembles her in many ways. We have had a charming morning together.

After lunch some of the men came in, and at three Gian Luigi, Prince Hercolani, and Count Cavazza senior started out to show us some of the most interesting things in this dear old town. Count Cavazza is personally much interested in the restoration of the church of San Francesco, built by Marco da Brescia in 1246, and one of the first churches erected by the Franciscan Order, even older than that of their rival in Florence. Most unfortunately, it was used for some time as a military magazine, but was made a

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place of worship again in 1887. Restorations are being carried on in the chapels about the church; some of them are elaborate, but much of the modern decoration is of questionable taste. In one, dedicated to Peace, small scenes from the different great capitals of the world have been introduced, and a pretty bit of the capitol dome at Washington seemed to find itself quite at home even in this old church in an older world. We surely do stand for "peace with honor," but it is easier for us to maintain that peace than for some nations, because in war we have been successful and in peace generous friends. One of the stately marble tombs in the church was that of an ancestor of Hercolani, and another that of Pope Alexander V. The large marble altar is magnificent and is said to be the earliest known work of the brothers Massegne of Venice (1388).

We stopped outside the church to see the strange tombs of the great jurists, Accursius (1230) and Odo-fredus (1265). They are peculiar in shape and placed on marble standards supported by stone pillars, and covered with a curious marble canopy. Another of the same sort, that of Rolandino dei Romanzi, was destroyed in 1598 and again in 1803, but it has now been restored from Rubbiani's designs. From here we went to see the Casa Isolani, one of the oldest, oddest dwellings in Bologna, dating from 1200; the great beams of wood that support the third story are nine metres high, and the arrows still in the ceiling bespeak the woeful times during the civil wars of the Middle Ages.

There is evidently the greatest interest here in

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Bologna in the restoring and preserving of these most interesting and unique buildings. On the outside of one strange old house, ornamented with elaborate carvings, one may read the tablet of restoration made by a noted singer in memory of her mother. There are many of these old, high-beam houses in the narrow streets, and the whole look of the place is so mediæval, yet the whole appearance of my friends so up to date, that I have great difficulty in reconciling myself to the fact that all this jolly time is not a dream; but the contrasts seem to work out beautifully — certainly for my comfort and enjoyment they are perfect. The two famous towers Asinelli and Garisenda are all that remain of the great number that were here in the days of old, when every man tried to build himself a tower just a little higher than that of any other man. Near the towers is the handsome Mercanzia, and we passed no end of beautiful Renaissance palaces, the Malvezzi de' Medici being especially lovely and classical in line. We are to meet the son of the house to-morrow at tea, so Hercolani tells me.

There are gorgeous great statues of the strength god all along the superb staircase of Prince Hercolani's magnificent palace on the Via Marini, which would be appropriately called Via Hercolani, I should think.

We next went to the church of San Domenico; the shrine of the saint, by Niccolò Pisano, is really wonderful, and the Apotheosis of San Domenico by Guido Reni very lovely. Of the two angels, one is a graceful early Renaissance work by Niccolò dell' Arca, and the other an early work of Michael Angelo, made at the command of Giovanni Francesco Aldrovandi.

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In the choir are magnificent inlaid stalls by Fra Damiano da Bergamo, and the large Cappella del Rosario contains the tombs of Guido Reni, who died in 1642, and the talented painter, his pupil, Elisabetta Sirani, who was poisoned at the age of twenty-six (1665). The frame around the altar-piece consists of small paintings of Guido Reni, Carracci, and the unfortunate Elizabeth. Outside, in the shadow of the church, are the Gothic tombs, under quaint stone canopies similar to those near the Church of San Francesco, of two distinguished Bolognese: Rolandino Passeggieri, the teacher of law, and of Egidio Foscherari. No wonder this fascinating city was first called "La Dotta" (The Learned), later "La Libera" (The Free), and still later "La Grassa" (The Fat One) from its wealth. It has much of interest that no other city in the world has in the same way or to the same degree. The beautiful Renaissance terra cotta decoration used so effectively in the brick construction of the buildings, and so much admired by Ruskin, is quite unusual, but effective in the extreme.

After San Domenico we left Count Cavazza at the door of his palace, but went on with Prince Hercolani armed with special permits and introductions to the great orthopedic hospital of San Michael in Bosco, which was formerly an Olivetan monastery. The late afternoon sun made lovely the old cloisters, which are adorned with frescoes by the Carracci brothers and their pupils, representing scenes from the lives of the saints, Benedict, Cecilia, and Valerian. I was much interested in going over the perfectly appointed hospital. All that modern science can do in the way of baths,

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electrical, Turkish, Roman, etc., electrically equipped gymnasium apparatus, has been generously supplied here through the munificence of Professor Rizzoli, who left a large sum of money to this institution.

We strolled about the grounds, and I gathered some of the beautiful cyclamen that abound. The flora all about Bologna is very beautiful and deservedly noted. "Antonio" brought us quickly back to town, and we have just had tea in the little "tea place," with all the sweet, frosted Italian goodies. After tea we went to the Piazza of San Stefano, which is one of the most characteristic spots of the ancient city. There stands on one side the basilica of the same name, and here one sees in the quaint courtyard those relics of that monastic peace which surrounded itself with Byzantine art. Across the square stands the mediæval palaces of the Pepoli, once fortresses, but later transformed into residences for the rulers. With these constructions of church and tyrant in the open square is still shown the spot where once stood the great oak, under whose spreading branches law was taught and, with law, science and liberty. About 1077, books of Roman law made by the Emperor Justinian were brought from Ravenna to Bologna, and from these books were made commentaries (*glossæ*). The Germanic conquerors later came into Italy with their own standard of law, and the fusion of these northern laws with those made and elaborated from the "Studio" of Bologna found at last its most complete expression in the Code Napoleon. In Bologna "Il dolce stile nuovo" (the new literary style), the real foundation of Italian literature, had its first expression; indeed Bo-

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logna, in the realms of literature, medicine, and science, gave many famous men to the world, and received the teaching of many others who came to the university from all countries. Here taught Guinizelli and Brunetto Latini, the master of Dante; here Luigi Galvani (1737-1798) made his great discovery. Bologna, too, gave to the world that great natural scientist, Ulysses Aldrovandi, who devoted his life and fortune to scientific investigation and to the founding of the first museum of natural science.

Bologna gave to the world the first university, and having become learned, its people became broad-minded. The many foreign students brought new ideas and customs, and it finally became one of the first free communes. Education, understanding, freedom—these were the watchwords of Bologna, and bravely and hard has she fought for her own during the troublesome and contrary fortunes through which she has had to pass. It is hard to realize that about 1260 there were some ten thousand students at Europe's first university, and the graceful porticos or colonnades which are everywhere, are believed to have been built for the comfort and benefit of the many students who preferred to study in the streets, sheltered in this way, than in their own crowded rooms.

We went this afternoon to what is now the library, but which was formerly the main building of the great University of Bologna. The librarian was most courteous, and gave me special permission to take photographs wherever I liked, but seemed inclined to think that the amphitheatre, which is finished in fine old cedar wood, would be hardly worth trying; for, he ex-

plained, previous attempts had generally proved failures. However, it is very amusing to try something that other people have failed to do, and I am going to-morrow morning to take pictures of this wonderful and unique room. The anatomical statues that uphold the lecture desk are marvels of woodcarving, and in niches about the whole room are statues of the men who have made many of the great discoveries in surgery and medicine. It was here that Harvey, who later was physician to James I and Charles I of England, and who discovered the circulation of the blood, studied for many years. Here Copernicus studied, and it was here also that Arantius explained to the wondering students his discovery of the valves of the heart. One of the statues, beautifully carved, represents Gaspare Tagliacozzi (Taliacotius) holding the reproduction of a nose; for it is to him that we owe the rhinoplastic method of restoring lost lips, ears, noses — all of which he explained in his surgical work published in Venice in 1597, two years before his death in Bologna.

Close by, in an adjoining niche, is the statue of Bartoletti, who discovered the action of the breath; but our attention was particularly called by the guide to the finely wrought statue of Malpighi, who was born in Bologna in 1628, and for years held the chair of medicine here, going later in life to the universities of Pisa and Messina. In 1691 he was called to Rome by Innocent XII (Pignatelli), whose physician he remained until his death on November 29, 1694. Malpighi was the first to apply the newly invented microscope in the study of anatomy, and performed the first autopsy in this amphitheatre of the University of



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

THE GREAT LECTURE DESK
OF CEDAR
In the Amphitheatre of the University of Bologna



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

THE AMPHITHEATRE OF THE OLD UNIVERSITY
OF BOLOGNA

Bologna, though his fame is due, principally, to the discovery of the transmission of the blood from the arteries to the veins, described in his work "*De Pulmonibus*" (1661); indeed, various parts of the epidermis, spleen, and kidneys still bear his name.

High up in a niche near the ceiling is the one monument to woman in this place of learning, but the bust of Baveria Baveri, who taught medicine here in 1428, marks one of the most important beginnings of woman's higher education. To Bologna, women should send their gratitude, for it was here that women first found every door of learning opened to them, every talent fostered and helped, and not only encouraged but appreciated. Women were given equal rank with men in the university and occupied professorial chairs. In the fourteenth century Professor Novella d' Andrea, a woman of great beauty, lectured on mathematics, but so great were her personal attractions that it was found preferable to screen herself by a curtain in order to keep the attention of her students to the subject in hand. Anna Mazzolini (d. 1774) taught anatomy and was the first woman to perform an autopsy. In later days Laura Bassi (d. 1778) taught mathematics and physical science, while more recently, in 1817, Clotilda Tambroni was professor of Greek. But it was not only in the university that Bologna has given to the world beautiful and learned women; for Ginevra Sforza-Bentivoglio was one of the most accomplished and admired women of her time. The education of the daughters of the great nobleman of that day, while limited to a few branches, was based upon classical antiquity, and was much more complete and thorough

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in many ways than that of the woman of the present time. Such women as Ginevra Bentivoglio and Caterina Sforza are referred to by the authors of that time as "viragos," "a word that meant a woman who, by her courage, understanding, and attainments, raised herself above the masses of her sex, and who was still more admired if, in addition to these qualities, she possessed beauty and grace." In the world of art Guido Reni's pupil, Elisabetta Sirani, proved herself quite worthy of her great master. Almost the only successful sculptress of history was Properzia de' Rossi, and Lavinia Fontana's portraits won her European fame and riches.

But to return to the wonderful amphitheatre. The ceiling is carried out in the same cedar scheme, and is really a masterpiece of woodcarving. In the centre is a complete figure of Apollo, representing the sun god; in adjoining circles studded with stars are placed statues representing the various planets of our solar system; but these statues are curious in effect, since they are not strictly bas-relief, but entire in form, being attached at the back to the ceiling. As we went down into the courtyard of this impressive building, past all the hundreds of coats-of-arms that line the walls, and call to mind the families of various students of distinction who, throughout the ages, have taken their degrees here, I stopped for a photograph of the large and elegant tablet placed here last year in honor of the three hundredth anniversary of Ulysses Aldrovandi, the great natural scientist, who was born in Bologna September 11, 1522, and died May 10, 1605.

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His Majesty the King gave his patronage to this celebration, and Count Luigi Aldrovandi made an eloquent and excellent address. It must have been a proud moment for the dear Countess Aldrovandi to see her son so worthy a successor of his famous forebear. We greatly regret that we were not able to accept his kind invitation to be here on this occasion. "Science is Liberty" is written on the wall over the entrance to the university, and the figure of Ulysses Aldrovandi stands out boldly in the past, as one who stood not only for civil liberty, but for the liberation of the mind through a more complete study of the laws of Nature. In response to the eulogies pronounced by famous men from all parts of the world gathered to do honor to the great man of the past, Aldrovandi said:

"The new hall about to be dedicated will prove, let us hope, a perennial resting-place for the collections of Ulisse, who gave the same enthusiasm to his investigations as a warrior of old to the conquering of a province; though these grains of his objective instruction ripened for their best harvest many years later beyond the Alps," etc.

Bologna is ever true to the memory of her famous sons. In 1888 was celebrated the eight hundredth anniversary of the legal instruction of Irnerius; to this celebration also came men of intellect from all countries to do honor to his jurisprudence and to the fame of Bologna's university.

Bologna is unique, too, in that it has become modern in thought and action without destroying its beautiful picturesqueness, for though mediæval externally, internally it is thoroughly alive, and its inhabitants,

particularly the men and women of the nobility, are widely travelled and highly cultured. As her sons bled and died for liberty, so to-day her children are reaping the golden benefits, for Bologna is going ahead industrially by leaps and bounds, to take the proud place that its situation demands. By its central position in the heart of Northern Italy it is the natural meeting-place of many railways, which greatly facilitate its commerce, and the broad fertile plains surrounding the city in every direction give every possible agricultural advantage.

The little opera was altogether charming this evening, tuneful and vocal, and if the young tenor keeps on, he should soon rival Caruso, for his voice is really wonderful, with the same sweet, warm quality that makes the famous Neapolitan's voice so delightful. The book was novel, too, the story of Raphael and the Fornarina being prettily arranged, but the girl who took the rôle of the great painter's beloved only looked her part, and her pretty young face hardly atoned for her shrill, harsh notes. Fortunately, however, she had more to be seen than to be heard, so her voice did not really mar the performance.

I must not speak of the lateness of the hour; but you know the Italians turn night into day, and the opera did not begin until nine or after; then the Prince came in for a few minutes to talk it all over around the tall glasses, and to plan our excursion for to-morrow; so the time flew. I am greatly anticipating going out to the villa of Aldrovandi's friend, Marchese Malvezzi-Campeggi, and to meet him with Count Malvezzi de' Medici to-morrow.

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Good-night, I must stop. I am a night-owl myself, but like my morning nap, and as it has been morning for some moments I will say

Au Revoir.

T.

September, BOLOGNA

My dear M:

To-day we met the two Malvezzi. Count Aldobrandino Malvezzi de' Medici, is very good-looking, much-travelled, with just the tiniest shade of assumed English boredom, a shadow perhaps from his recent London visit; but his handsome eyes and altogether attractive manner belied the English terror at once, for one felt he was far too clever to have ever allowed himself much boredom. He speaks English perfectly, has travelled all over the world, his last trip having been made with Her Majesty the Empress Eugénie, whom he frequently visits at Farnborough, England. He has taken, I cannot remember how many degrees from the university, has written really fine works on philosophy, and is a regular contributor to several Italian periodicals of standing. His fortune is ample and his life luxurious, but here is an excellent example of what I call a man of leisure who is not lazy; a man who is not obliged to do anything, but does something that the workingman, toiling for his daily bread, cannot do, and yet that the world needs to have done; a man that it is a delight to meet. His youth, good looks, and subtle humor are big assets in his favor, and we had a very jolly tea.

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Marchese Camillo Malvezzi is blond, with blue eyes, and quite as vivacious as de' Medici is quiet; such a warm-hearted, enthusiastic, voluble man I have not met in many a day. I wonder if all the men here in Bologna are so attractive! Certainly my summer is fortunate, for I cannot remember to have met one homely man in Italy, yet. Quite a record! But perhaps I am allowed to meet only the best—the Italians have such subtle ways of achieving their purposes. They know everything about everybody in their own small, high-class world, and if anyone is foolish enough to misstate things, it is only a few days before everyone knows the error, who made it, very likely why he made it, and all about it. It must be very difficult to keep an unfortunate secret in Italy, for they seem to all have mental Marconis.

I took Countess Aldrovandi for a drive in the car this morning, and then to the “giardini pubblici” (public gardens), where her little grand-daughters had the time of their lives feeding the deer and ducks. I never tire of the beauty of the central Piazza del Nettuno, with its great Neptune fountain by Giovanni da Bologna.¹ Its wonderful Palazzo del Podestà, built originally in 1201, was rebuilt in early Renaissance style in 1492, and the great hall in which the election of Pope John XXIII was held (1410) is called the Sala del Re Enzo from the young and gifted King Enzo, who was kept a prisoner here by the Bolognese (1249–72). Enzo is said to have solaced his imprisonment by his attachment to the beautiful Lucia di Viadagola, from whom the Bentivoglio family is descended. The

¹ So called, but properly *Jean Boulogne* of Donai, in French Flanders.

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story goes, also, that each day three of the city's most prominent nobles took turns in going to keep their Royal prisoner company. This square is unquestionably the most stately of any in Italy.

Good-bye for this time.

September, BOLOGNA

My dear M:

This noon Prince Hercolani and Malvezzi de' Medici came to luncheon, and afterward Malvezzi showed us his wonderful collection of Indian pictures, taken on his world-tour trip. Later we all went out in the car to his villa at Bagnarola, which, like so many of these Italian estates, is situated a long way from the main road in the centre of a vast park.

Bagnarola is one of the seventeenth century villas, but is quite different in its surroundings from many, in that it has no formal garden, but a long stretch of smooth, green lawn, bordered on either side by avenues of old trees, which form a picturesque aisle that continues almost to the length of one's vision. It is very like the Villa Poggio at Cajano, where the "Magnificent" of the Medicis entertained so lavishly with his wife, Clarice Orsini.

Just now Malvezzi and his parents are at another villa, called La Croce del Biacco, which we enjoyed seeing a few days ago. His father has recently been made senator by His Majesty, and was for a time Minister of Agriculture. The name itself tells its own famous and historic story. The family were consistent and forceful enemies for many years of the Bentivoglio.

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The chapel here at Bagnarola is not a part of the villa, but a separate building placed at one side of the park, and the relics of some saint who had to do with the history of the family are kept here. On the outer porch of the villa there are four statues representing the main continents of the world, and I have sent you a kodak I took of Malvezzi's tender embraces and Hercolani's reverence to the statue of America by way of compliment to me.

We went in town for tea with Hercolani to Maiani's, a typical Italian "patisserie" — candyshop and tea place all in one. Anyhow, the tea was excellent, and F. B. likes so much these little Italian sugared cakes that they bring out on all occasions. As we had not been here at the time of the motor race, Hercolani suggested that we take a spin over the course. His brother, Prince Antonio, joined us, and I think *our* "Antonio" made very good time for a limousine over the hard oiled roads of the race-course. It certainly is very beneficial to the highways of a country to have, from time to time, in different sections, these automobile races; for it is impossible to have a good race without good roads, and if each year there is a race in a different part of the country, in time the general standard of the highways will become well-nigh perfect.

More to-morrow.

T.

September, BOLOGNA

My dear M:

To-day we have had such a nice time. First of all, Hercolani supplied me with a list of the towns through

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which we were to go. I give it to you, to show you how many places we passed in half an hour's ride, which will give you an idea how thickly the country is settled: Bologna, Pontevicchio, Due Madonne (fancy calling a town Two Madonnas), S. Lazzaro, Idice, Ozzano.

At last we came to Maggio, where instructions said to "turn to the right." We did, but could see nothing before us but the little grass-grown lane, that looked for all the world like a bit of England. On and on we went, and without the thoughtful instructions of the Prince we should have never found the way; but suddenly the large tall gates, then the beautiful villa "Palazzina," with its flowers and gardens, came into view, and there was the Marchese Malvezzi-Campeggi rushing down the path, his bright blue eyes flashing with pleasure, crying, "Evviva l'America! Evviva l'America!" while he frantically waved a tiny "Old Glory" by way of compliment to our arrival. It was only a little flag, only a little thing to do, but it expressed the same sentiment as that of our noble flag, — welcome and hospitality to the stranger. I laughingly thanked him, but inwardly was much touched and pleased, for naturally, what looks better to any of us, especially in a foreign land, than the dear old "stars and stripes." The Marchese's parents, his sister and his wife, together with other people in their house party, came out to greet us, and we went into the big main hallway of the handsome villa for tea. This, again, was quite different and most attractive. Giant caryatides upheld the high portals of the passage from the main hall to the adjoining part of the

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villa, which, though begun about 1600, has never been quite completed, according to the old water-color designs that the Marchese's father showed to me.

I can hardly tell you of the genial feeling that surrounded me. Here I was in this lovely home, among people that I had never seen before; yet everyone was so cordial, so natural, so genuinely interested in hearing of my project, and in helping me to accomplish it, that I felt as if I had been in the habit of coming to "Palazzina," and that this was only a renewal of many good times, and of warm welcomes that had preceded it.

After tea we strolled about the grounds, which are elaborately laid out, a most attractive vista being ingeniously arranged from one great gate through the open doors of the villa to another gate on the other side of the grounds. These gateways, surmounted by lions, are very much like those at the villa Falconieri at Frascati, and like the pictures of the Marchesa Casati's villa near Milan, where we are going later. I took some photographs of the assembled family, and then, as Marchese Camillo and his wife were leaving on the train this evening for Rome, we carried them into town. The Marchesa has been strenuously opposed to a limousine "auto," and Camillo suggested to me that he much preferred a car like mine, and wondered if I could persuade his wife that one can get all the necessary air in a limousine as well as an open machine. As this is one of my special hobbies, I quietly had all the glass dropped in the car, so that we literally blew into Bologna, the Marchesa hanging on "for dear life" to her hat and veil. When we

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drew up before the railway station, she announced her conviction that in *some* limousines one could get just as much air as in uncovered cars. The Marchese wrote a rather pretty verse from Dante by way of signature in "Antonio's" book and autographed to me.

"E dà per gli occhi una dolcezza al core."

"And she gives through her eyes a sweetness to the heart."


He is building in the new part of Rome an elaborate villa, and has cordially invited us to visit him next season should we be in Italy. He is on his way to Rome now to look after the details of architecture, etc. We have decided to go from here to Venice, before going to Donna Imogene Colonna's villa for our promised visit there, and we have asked Hercolani to go along with us. As Venice is delightful at this season of the year, many Italians go there for a few days at least, so we are likely to meet many of our friends.

T.

VENETIA, VENICE, September

My dear M:

HERE we are in this glorious, fascinating Venice! Surely there is nothing like it in all the world. I had feared that we should have some difficulty in finding storage for our car at Mestre, where, of course, we were obliged to take the train for the ten-minutes run across the railroad bridges into Venice, but Hercolani arranged everything very nicely and quickly for us. We found an excellent garage, and had no difficulty in getting our trunks through the city customs at Venice, and into our spacious rooms in time to dress for dinner. How different one's impression is of a place if one's physical creature comforts are looked after! I always think of George Eliot's expression, "It is hard for us to live up to our own eloquence, and keep pace with our winged words while we are treading the solid earth and liable to heavy dining." Anyhow, we are much more comfortable than we have been before in Venice, because Hercolani comes to this Hotel de l' Europe every year, and sent his special instructions on to the proprietor to look after our comfort. We have made arrangements to have a private gondola for the week we are to be here, and I think the complete change from the car, and a breath of the sea, will do me a great deal of good. But I must not forget to tell you how perfectly beautiful the road was on the way here.



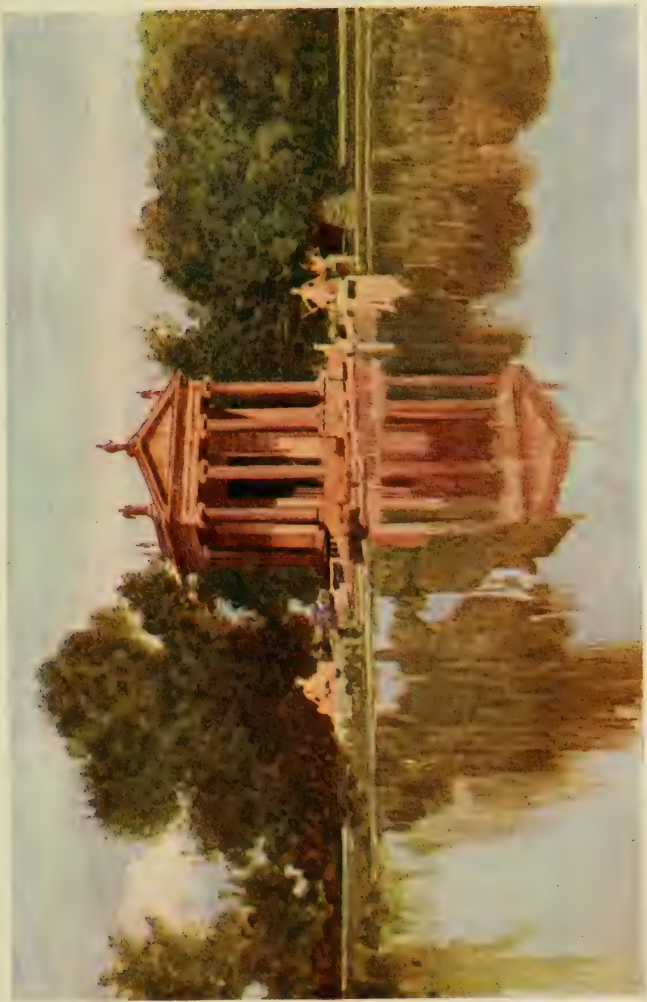
TEMPLE IN THE (VILLA BORGHESE) VILLA
UMBERTO PRIMO AT ROME
(SEE PAGE 373)

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VENETIA, VENICE, September

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The morning was rather warm when we left Bologna, but in the car we did not realize it until one of the tires announced with pistol-shot noise that the heat had certainly been too much for its endurance.

Much of the way the road lay beside the broad canals which the Venetians put back through their picturesque Venetia in the old days. In places the country is what we, at home, should call mountainous, but here is considered merely rolling. Every now and again we could discover on the hillsides stately villas, and Hercolani pointed out one near which he says is a boiling spring, that by means of careful piping, heats the whole villa in the late autumn.

We took our lunch in historic Ferrara, and I feel one could almost write a book about the castle alone. I took a photograph of one of the grim towers of the castle, where the beautiful, pleasure-loving, young, artistic, athletic Marchesa Parisina Malatesta, wife of Niccolò III, was made to expiate the crime of her guilty love with Ugo Aldobrandini, her stepson. Two of her ladies and a courtier were put to death with her and her lover by the enraged and avenging husband, and one sighed with relief that this terrible Tower of the Lions could not unfold the secrets of its walls. She was married at the age of fifteen to Niccolò III, whose first wife, the Marchesa Gigliola Carrara of Padova, had died in 1416 leaving him no children. Niccolò's mistress, the beautiful Stella dell' Assassino, a lady of noble Ferrarese family connected with the Tolomei of Siena, had borne him many sons, who were brought up in his palace like princes. However, his dissolute life and countless amours made him notorious even in that

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loose age, and the most careful historians have found it impossible to exactly number his children. "Di qua e di là del Po, tutti figli di Niccolò" (Here and there on the banks of the Po, children all of Niccolò), sang the people of Ferrara with double meaning. With the tolerance of the age Parisina accepted the care of the Marquis' large family, and from all we can learn governed his household with great discretion, wifely knowledge and skill.

She liked to wander, as did many of the great ladies of the Renaissance, from one of her husband's castles to another. One summer it was decided that she should go upon a journey into the Romagna to visit her kinsfolk at Rimini, and she was accompanied by Ugo, who was already her lover. The very name of Malatesta seems to spell misfortune for lovers, and like Francesca and Paolo of Parisina's house long before, this journey of love was conducting them "ad una morte," for some time later a resentful servant, who had been severely punished, betrayed the guilty secret. A new Marchesa succeeded Parisina — Ricciarda di Sallusto — by whom the Marquis had his only legitimate sons, Ercole and Sigismondo, and it was from their birth, and under their steady and enlightened rule, that Ferrara entered upon the long era of peace and prosperity that culminated later in her "age of gold."

As if born to ever live as the centre of admiration, riches, culture, and splendor, we see Lucrezia Borgia taking the centre of the stage in this golden time of Ferrara, for it was here that she lived out her life of justification; here, as the wife of Alfonso d' Este, she

AND COUNTRY SEATS

proved herself to be, not the vile woman of the story-books, but the freed woman of intelligence, character, and goodness.

These princes of Este were not always, as often quoted by their countrymen, paragons of heroic nobleness, but in the history of art and science the renown of the House of Este is immortal.

"Who'er in Italy is known to fame
This lordly House as frequent guest can claim."

It is interesting that this family of Este, so closely associated with the wonderful castle of Ferrara, should in one of its younger branches, Count Welf, have founded the younger branch of the famous House of Guelph; and that his son, Henry the Proud, became the founder of that family of Guelfs of Hanover that are now the sovereigns of England. It was here that the famous poet of the sixteenth century, Ludovico Ariosto (1474-1533), was in service to the reigning family for many years. One recalls here, too, Goethe's charming picture of this celebrated court of Ferrara; but many romances which are given the halo of history by brilliant and ingenious authors are not based upon fact; and there seems to be little foundation for the attachment of Tasso to Eleonora, the youngest unmarried sister of the Duke.

It was here at Ferrara that Lorenzo Costa (1460-1535) was born, though his study and work was largely directed by Francesco Francia, the chief master of the Bolognese school. Indeed, Correggio received his first artistic training here at Ferrara.

A look at the cathedral recalled that it was here in

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Ferrara that Saint Catherine of Bologna first professed religion, and one wonders if the tragic circumstances of her mistress' (Parisina) fate did not make the horrible and permanent impression that induced Caterina dei Vigri to retire from the world and seek comfort in the seclusion of the cloister. Certainly Catherine was to Bologna what Anthony was to Padova, although Ferrara also has disputed the right to claim her as its own.

She was the only child of a wealthy man whom Niccolò III was pleased to honor with his favor. She was selected as the companion of the Princess Margherita, one of his (Niccolò III) three hundred or more illegitimate children, and came into close and unfortunate understanding of the details and import of the death of her mistress. It was in the age of plain speaking and brief childhood, and Caterina's book, "*Le Sette Arme Necessarie alla Battaglia Spirituale*" (The Seven Necessary Weapons for the Spiritual Battle), mystical and mediæval as it is in sentiment, is essentially one of the first productions of the new feminism, and was written when the girl was but twenty-five. For a woman in the early fifteenth century to venture to write on theology showed the temerity and daring of the explorer of the New World; and though there had been accomplished nuns before Caterina's day, who had excelled in manuscript, poetry, philosophy, and even some miracle-play writing, none of them attempted to deal with the keynote of their own existence, religion.

The façade of the cathedral is an imposing and elaborate example of Lombard decoration. It dates,

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I believe, from somewhere about 1130, but of course we did not have time to see everything, because if one should really see all the things of interest in Italy one would have to live a thousand years and go nowhere else.

We passed through Stra and Padova, where we are to go later, but just now I am looking forward to going out after dinner in our gondola, and hearing the musicians sing their tuneful folk-songs on the Grand Canal. There is a fascination, an *allure*, about Venice that is irresistible. I have been here many times, but for once I am going to do no systematic sight-seeing, and am promising myself the pleasure of revisiting many of my pet places; also I hope to buy some beautiful lace.

T.

VENICE, September

My dear M:

Venice is certainly the place of all others to rest and lounge in. I like this hotel very much, although it is a strange arrangement of the old palace Giustiani, and I really need a guide to find my way from the dining-room, up some stairs, down other stairs, across the small canal by a bridge that connects the two parts of the hotel to our rooms, but they are quiet. Last evening our gondoliers turned out to be young and handsome Venetians, who took us up and down the Grand Canal with great ease and much more speed than one usually has in a gondola. It seems almost an insult to Venice to bring motor boats into the canals,

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and the "put-put" of their motors is as disagreeable as the clanging of the modern tram. I suppose it is necessary for the people who live here to be somewhat practical, but Venice is too beautiful, too dreamy, too ideal for any outward appearance of practicability to meet with anything but disapproval from the outsider. The canals here are given the same name that the Spanish use for streets (*calle*), and one wonders if both words came originally from the East, for Venice seems to have always been regarded by the East as a sort of relation, or at any rate a coveted prize. This morning Hercolani went off to a shooting contest at the Lido, where a number of his friends are competing for the prize. He shoots very well, I believe, but said he rather doubted if he should go into the tournament, as he has not been shooting very much of late, and fears his form will be below his usual standard.

After a good rest and luncheon, we enjoyed the terrace of the hotel, where we took our coffee and watched the boats coming and going. We have met many of our friends already. Pretty Princess Antuni, with her stepson, sits near us at table, and Marchesa Casati, her husband, and her Russian friends are here for a few days; I saw Sir Seymour and Lady Blane get out of a gondola and come into the hotel this morning. Hercolani asked us to come down for tea to the new Excelsior Hotel, that has been built at the Lido this year. It is a very elaborate and immense affair, very nice to go to as well as to stay in, and the view from the upstairs terrace over the water is beautiful. This evening, after a bit of a turn in the Canal, we

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took a box for the light opera that is being played here at one of the principal theatres. I was surprised to see at this season so good a company and such fine mounting of Offenbach's "Little Grand Duchess."

I thoroughly like the Italian idea of keeping late hours, especially in Venice. After the opera we went up and down the Canal, enjoying the musicians who were still singing in their gondolas at 1 A.M.

To-morrow morning I am going to devote to shopping and the lace schools. Hercolani professes ignorance as to lace, but a desire to learn. He discovered Prince Potenziani in the theatre last night, and brought him to our box. He is one of Hercolani's best friends, and certainly one of the most agreeable young noblemen in Italy.

I will write again in a few days, but it is very difficult to do any sort of work in Venice. It is the one place where I think I could learn to be lazy.

VENICE, September

My dear M:

We went this morning all over the palace of the Princess Giovanelli, whom I have known in Rome, and whom we expect to see on our way from here to Lake Como, for she has a lovely villa at Lonigo. She is one of the prettiest and most charming of the Queen's Ladies-of-the-palace, and her villa in Rome is one of the spacious and elegant modern houses in the new part of the city. The palace here in Venice is very elaborate, and the ballroom is particularly attractive.

In the entrance there is a large, life-size picture of

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the Prince on his favorite English hunter, for it is a well-known fact that the Venetians are particularly fond of horses, and generally are splendid drivers and riders, often having large estates in the province of Venetia, back from Venice. Since that is the one thing of luxury that the Venetians cannot have in their own city, I suppose that by the contrariness of human nature, just that one forbidden joy is their chief amusement.

We lunched to-day at the Lido, and on our way back had a rather amusing experience. It seems that as we approached the Lido, F. B. wished to see the Italian forts, which here protect the harbor, and as the gondola passed along in front of them, we sighted another gondola with a peculiarly picturesque white canvas hood. Both Hercolani and I took out our cameras, but fortunately for me, as it turned out afterward, my films were exhausted, and of course I had no picture. It was but a few seconds later when we heard the cry of "Gondola, gondola" from the fort, and discovered a soldier calling through a megaphone. He motioned to us very emphatically to draw up to the official landing, and the larger part of the garrison, I should think, ran down quickly to await our arrival. For what we were wanted we had no idea, but it seemed wiser to go and find out. The same soldier, who proved to be the officer on guard, that had called us with the megaphone, quickly advanced as our gondola drew up to the wharf, with the astonishing statement that he was going to arrest us. It seems that there is a very hard and fixed rule that no one shall take any photographs of the fort.

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I quickly produced my camera, and showed it empty of films, which was proof positive that I was no offender, but Hercolani could only explain that he had pointed his camera in the opposite direction, and that he had no intention or desire to have any photographs of the fort. More than all that, he was quite willing, if they wished, to leave the roll of films in their possession; but this did not at all suit the vigilant young officer, who was only too pleased to have a chance to show his activity in defending the fort, even from photographers. He therefore ordered us over to the Italian man-of-war lying out in the stream but a short distance from the wharf.

It was getting rather late, and neither Hercolani nor we enjoyed the prospect of waiting under arrest the return of the commanding officer, Admiral Presbitero. At last, after some discussion with the men on board, Hercolani made up his mind to explain his identity, and of course, when they knew his rank and his position in the army, they accepted his proposal to take the films and let us go. It is very amusing to the Prince, for he says that many times when he has been on duty in the mountains with his artillery, he has been obliged to make some arrests, to prevent people from photographing the mountain defences. This morning the films were returned untouched, with the Admiral's compliments and regrets that we had been annoyed, and now that all is over it is rather funny; but it would not have been at all amusing to have waited there until well into the night at the orders of this over-vigilant soldier.

T.

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VENICE, September

My dear M:

This morning we have been to all the various lace schools and lace shops, and I found a most beautiful piece of "punto di Milano," or Milan point as we call it. Hercolani proved more interested than I supposed in the lace, and made an excellent guide for my walk, for I was determined to investigate the narrow streets, or rather alleys, that permit one to go on foot from one part of Venice to another.

Venice is the land of honeymoons. This morning we unexpectedly came upon several American brides and grooms with interlocked arms and affectionate attitudes, which were not expected to be seen when the narrow corners of the narrow path had been turned. I have been rather interested in learning something of the construction of the houses of this strange water city. The foundations are not as unstable as one imagines, for they are laid on a firm, stiff bed of clay, below which is a bed of sand and gravel, which in turn covers a layer of peat. Recent borings to a depth of about fifteen hundred feet for artesian wells have shown a regular succession of these clay, gravel, and peat beds repeated again and again as far down as the borings have run. The process implied in this geological foundation apparently is still going on, for the present level of the Square of St. Mark has been raised artificially about twenty inches above the old brick paving shown in Bellini's picture of 1496. The houses themselves stand on footings or piles of white

poplar ten to twelve inches in diameter, over which a platform is built of two layers of oak trees. They are rebuilding the Campanile, and for all the houses lean a bit in some instances on the canals, I think it will be a good while before Venice will collapse, as some people believe.

Many of the important manufactures here in Venice are now run with English capital, and I am sorry that we are not to have time to run down to Burano, the quaint little island where the famous lace of that name is made. We have had unhurried enjoyment, however, of our beloved Titians. I cannot get used to calling him by his real name, Vecelli. How wonderful are his women! But I love better the works of Tintoretto (Robusti), who came, in a way, after Titian, as Beethoven came after Mozart, with a firmer touch and perhaps a little harder hand. He is sometimes spoken of as "the most terrible brains that art ever had"; though Titian understood better than anyone, except perhaps Giorgione, how to portray the soul through the expression of the eyes.

I suppose that no one would ever leave Venice of his own free will; there is so much that is wonderful, beautiful, and interesting here, and its history is as picturesque and dramatically brilliant as the place itself. Yet, with all its ups and downs, with all it has endured and seen, Venice seems like an imperial old lady, comfortably protected by the now strong hand of the country to which she naturally belonged by geography, by race, and by language; and so much is left of her past grandeur, and so much is still being done to perpetuate and continue at least the wonder-

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ful afterglow of the art that was hers, that she can never be anything but a glory to the world, and beloved, not only of her own country, but of all the world beside.

If, however, we are to make one-half of our visits we must tear ourselves away. To-day, at the Lido, Don Marcantonio Colonna came down with his little boy, and made us promise that we will come to-morrow to his villa for our visit. Hercolani is obliged to return to Bologna to look after some matters of his estate, and so to-morrow we shall take a sad farewell of beautiful Venice. We are going again to the opera to-night, and I shall not let the gondoliers take us in until the wee small hours.

VILLA FORTI, NOVENTA PADOVANA

My dear M:

ALTHOUGH we were up rather late last night the air is so fresh and beautiful this morning, and the view so exquisite from my window, that I could not help getting up and talking to you about it for a bit before breakfast.

We found Vincenzo at Mestre, very eager to hurry our trunks on to the car and to get under way. A chauffeur is like an actor; he seems never to wish to be far away from his profession, and I think a week's rest has been all Vincenzo could stand.

We left Venice after lunch, and ran quickly to Padova, which seems a most interesting and picturesque place that we shall probably see much more of in our excursions from the villa, for we are here only five kilometres from the city.

The villa is one of the best examples of Palladio's architecture, and I am sending you a photograph giving you some idea of its beauty. The formal gardens are beautifully laid out, and when we arrived the whole family and other members of the house party met us at the doorway, as if we had been Royal visitors. Certainly Italian hospitality is charming in every sense of the word. A large and attractive suite has been assigned to us, in which our little motor trunks seem quite lost.

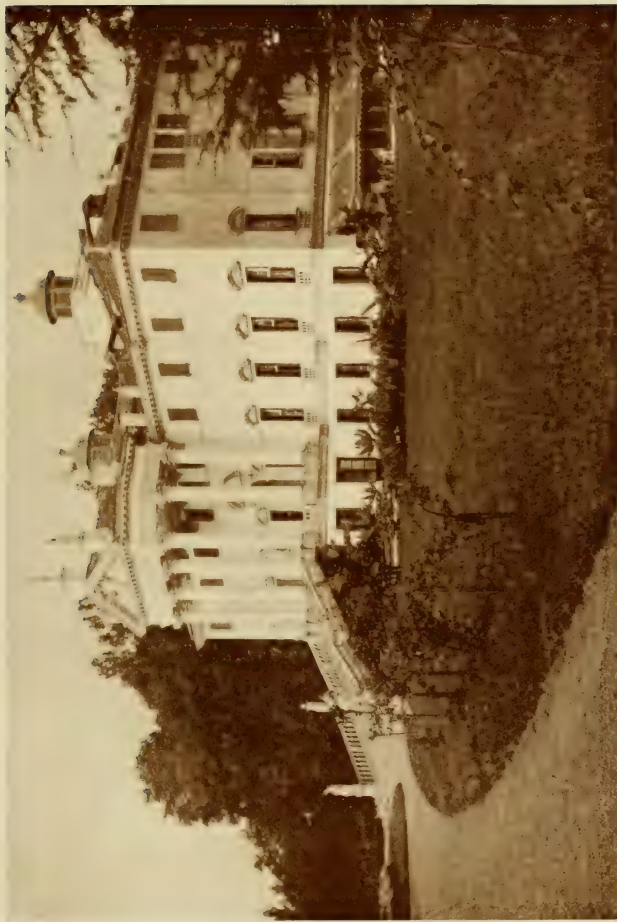
Sunshine, flowers, and friendship should be the

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motto of this hospitable household, for our rooms are a bower of blooms, and wherever we look, in whatever direction, there are always the same lovely gardens. Beyond the formal garden is a long, broad sweep of finely clipped lawn, and you will appreciate its size the better when I tell you that it takes a kilometre of gorgeous great forest trees to encircle it, and one cannot imagine a more beautiful walk than one has in the morning between two rows of trees, planted here long ago for the promenade of some great Venetian noble.

Prince Colonna-Stigliano, our host, belongs to the Neapolitan branch of the great family of that name, and it is Donna Imogene who is the "Veneziana," for she was born in Padova. Their little son Giachino is quite as Neapolitan, though rather darker than his father, whose constant companion he is each day. Under his father's instruction he is becoming a wonderful shot, and we often have the result of his bag at dinner. He is also very artistic, and in his study room his governess showed me some really excellent drawings he had recently finished.

I had no idea that the province of Venetia was so beautiful, and had so many definite characteristics quite apart from any other portion of Italy. The architecture is distinctly different. The highways are lined with trees beside which are great, deep ditches. Here and there and everywhere are cut canals, which made it possible for the proud Venetians to leave their palaces in Venice, and make their triumphal journeys into the country without stepping from their gondolas. Inside the villas one finds a special kind



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

VILLA FORTI AT NOVENTA PADOVANA

of stucco that is strikingly effective, and our dinner-table at night is frequently set with the priceless Murano porcelain of this province, while many of the elaborate glass mirror frames that are given the same name hang on the walls.

My room is done all in blue, and large old paintings by Venetian masters are set into the walls, an elaborate stucco forming graceful and attractive frames. I was somewhat at a loss to know what the tall blue cylinder in the corner was meant to be, but on examination it proved to be a stove, which, however, I shall probably not need at this season of the year. No one expects me to appear at breakfast, and one is left very much the same freedom as in English houses; but introductions, once you are invited to the house, are never omitted or forgotten, and we feel already perfectly at home, even though it seems a bit odd to be the actual guests of a Marcantonio Colonna, who is generally connected in our minds with the famous hero of the Battle of Lepanto (in 1571). This Don Marcantonio, however, is a genial host, and an accomplished cook as well, and by way of showing his personal hospitality, he insists upon cooking one course himself for me each night at dinner. Last night he told me that he had driven to town with his pony, and personally bought fish and various vegetables with which he garnished an elaborate Neapolitan dish that he prepared for me. It was certainly delicious, and I tell him he should publish the cook-book that his friends know, and which he admits that he has written.

Destiny is good to us in point of weather, for each day seems more perfect than the one before, not too

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hot or cold, and I am greatly anticipating the Concorso Ippico, or open-air horse show, which Donna Imogene tells me is one of the characteristic autumn amusements of Italy, especially about here.

I wish I could find the counterpart of the maid whom Signora Forti, Imogene's mother, has kindly put at my disposal during my visit. She certainly is a paragon, and has put me in wonderfully good order already. Italian servants seem not only to be well trained, but to have a real pride and interest in their work, and if I can find another such jewel as this girl I shall be sorely tempted to bring her home.

To-day Imogene, her mother, F. B., and I motored over to Castelfranco-Veneto, on the way to the promised tea with Countess Morosini, in order that we might see the famous Madonna of Giorgio Barbarelli, who is generally called Il Giorgione, and who lived about 1477-1512. There are many paintings ascribed to this first great master of the late Renaissance, but this altar-piece in the town of his birth is one of the few thoroughly authenticated as his work, and I believe it is generally claimed that the picture "*Famiglia di Giorgione*" in the Giovanelli palace, where we were the other day in Venice, is also genuinely his. Certainly this Madonna at Castelfranco, about which Signora Forti has been so enthusiastic, is worth while going a very long way to see. There is a peculiar charm to Giorgione's coloring, an unusual life and poetic feeling in his treatment of figures.

To Asolo, very near here, the widowed Queen Catherine Cornaro of Cyprus retired, after her abdication and giving over of her island to the Republic

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of Venice. Many stories are told of her latter years spent here in dispensing charities, and listening to the cultured Cardinal Bembo's conversation.

It was a fine road all the way to Treviso, and but a short run from this town to the villa of the beautiful Countess Morosini. I always dub her the "lady of electricity," because her eyes are so brilliant and beautiful that when she enters a room it is as if extra electric lights had been turned on. We found the Countess surrounded by a number of friends in a corner of one of the large rooms of her villa. Saturday is her reception day, and motors rolled into the park during all the afternoon from various directions. Among others, Admiral Presbitero was presented to me, and I fancied I detected just a bit of a quizzical smile as he greeted me. As I was a foreigner I imagined perhaps he would not venture to say anything of our comic arrest the other day in Venetian waters, but as I knew him to be the commanding officer of the Naval Station at Venice, I felt he must know all about it. "Perhaps it is to you, Admiral, that I owe my freedom, instead of languishing in an Italian prison," I laughingly said; whereupon there was a hearty laugh all round, and the Admiral's handsome English wife at once came to me and said, "We are so relieved that you have spoken first, for we feared you might be annoyed, not only at the adventure and mistake, but at any reference by us to it." They seemed very much interested in the photographs I have taken this summer, and in the book I hope to write about all these good times. Most unfortunately, our first shower came this afternoon, just in time to pre-

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vent my taking pictures of the grounds and the villa. My camera works obligingly in what ordinarily is considered very poor light, but after five o'clock, in the rain, it would have been useless to try for the photographs I wanted.

The situation of this villa is unusually picturesque and charming, placed as it is close to a running rivulet, which is lined on both sides with tall, graceful grasses, and dotted here and there with stately purple iris and other water flowers. So many vistas are arranged so cleverly in the gardens all through Italy, that unless one stops to think, one is completely deluded into believing that there has been no arrangement, but that all these unusual beauties "just happened." Of course, that is just what the mind of the designer intended, and the apparent naturalness of everything lends double charm to all these extensive parks. At Treviso a colossal basket is arranged as the principal feature of the formal garden in which numerous beautiful roses and other flowers are growing. I am hoping that the Countess will send me a picture of herself taken near it, and that she will include in the picture her splendid big Russian greyhound that is always with her.

The word Morosini is indissolubly attached to Venice, and the properties about Treviso have for many years belonged to the family, and were probably acquired in the war with Milan, for Venice was not content with her unparalleled prosperity and wealth brought her by her commerce with the East, but carried on at first successful wars with Padova, of which she made herself mistress, acquiring later Verona, Vicenza, Bassano, and later even pushed her dominion

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as far as Brescia and Bergamo. But in spite of the wise warnings of the Doge Mocenigo (1423) these policies were continued to the detriment of the commerce of the Republic during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The power gradually drifted from the people into the hands of a powerful aristocracy, and the westward advance of the Turks, who captured Constantinople in 1453, was a fatal blow to glorious Venice. The Morosini family is mentioned by historians as early as the seventh century, but nothing authentic is known of the two branches referred to in history, until we find them settled as one family in Venice in the eighth century. The Morosini belong to the Casevecchie, or twenty-four families of Venetian nobility, who were descended from the tribunes of the federated islands before Venice became united in one centre at Rialto. They engaged in extensive commerce with the East, and the wealth and importance of the family may be gathered from the fact that in 1379 no less than fifty-nine Morosini subscribed toward the fund for carrying on the war of Chioggia. The House of Morosini gave four Doges to Venice, and numbered among its honors two Royal marriages, two Cardinals, twenty-four Procurators of Saint Mark, besides numerous generals of the Republic. One of the most distinguished of this family, however, was Giovanni, who in 982 founded the monastic establishment on San Giorgio Maggiore after the order of Saint Benedict. Domenico the Doge (1148-56) reconquered the rebellious Pola of Istria; Tommasina Morosini, the sister of Albertino Il Grande, married Stephen, Prince of Hungary, while her cousin Costanza married Ladislaus,

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King of Servia. Andrea Morosini, the distinguished historian, was born in 1558; but perhaps the most noted member of all was Francesco, the celebrated Captain-General of the Republic, who led the Venetians against the Turks and conquered the Morea. It was at the time when the ambition of Louis XIV excited troubles all over Europe, so that the envious of Venice were so busy with their own difficulties, and the Republic knew so well how to preserve its own neutrality, that these years of European warfare were for Venice a period of profound peace.

But the continued enmity of Turkey menaced Venice, which already was financially weakened after the great single-handed fight she had carried on for so many years against the East. At this crisis the Senate called Francesco Morosini to command the fleet, a post in which he covered himself with glory by his bold offensive operations in the Peloponnesus. For fourteen years the contest was bravely maintained on both sides, but the fortune of war was against the Turks. The Venetians not only occupied the Morea, but laid siege to Athens, Morosini bombarding the Parthenon, which had been made a powder magazine. The campaigns, which were renewed every spring, were marked by a series of victories; Prevesa, Navarino, Modone, Argos, Lepanto, and Corinth — all added glory to the name of Morosini, who was then called "Il Peloponnesiaco."

Just as we were leaving the villa Morosini, an open automobile whizzed up to the door, and who should jump out but Prince and Princess Potenziani, enveloped in rubber coats, though the Princess' stream-

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ing wet locks, which had escaped from her hat, and the dripping garments made them look for all the world as if they had been just rescued from the waves. The Princess is an excellent sport, and although she had a frightful cold, she did not seem to mind in the least taking this open-air douche, as it were. She is a handsome woman, so she can afford to wear rubber caps and other usually unbecoming things that most women would hesitate to don.

It was getting very late, but what with all the cordial greetings and welcomes that had been given me I found it hard to say good-bye. The Countess asked us to return another Saturday, but I doubt if we shall be in Venetia so long. The Admiral promised that I should be immune from arrest when I came back to Venice, and the whole party waved us a merry farewell.

We came back a little late for dinner, and Don Marcantonio was rather uneasy for fear something had happened. He does not approve of automobiling, and always fears an accident.

I have told you before of his views regarding automobilists, and his uneasiness, too, was increased by the fact that he had carefully prepared a most elaborate dish for my delectation at dinner, and we all enjoyed and did full justice to his culinary art. We found Imogene's sister, Countess Lazzara-Pisani, and her husband, who had come over to spend the evening, and to invite us to pass the day to-morrow at their altogether charming villa at Stra, a few kilometres from here.

I remember the great gates of the Royal Palace as we went through the town rapidly on our way to

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Venice, but to-morrow we are going through the grounds and all over the palace, after the luncheon party at the villa Lazzara.

We met the Count and Countess at the shooting tournament in Venice, and I believe the Count came out very well and among the first winners. After dinner to-night Don Marcantonio sang us many of his beloved Neapolitan songs. He has the fair hair and bright blue eyes that are common to so many Neapolitans and Sicilians, due probably to the large infusion of Norman blood in Sicily and Naples at one time. No one but a Neapolitan can sing those lovely songs with just the same intonation and expression, and I greatly enjoyed the impromptu concert. F. B. and Imogene made up a table of bridge, and after the music Don Marcantonio wanted me to discuss the American trust question with him.

A great many Europeans have an absolutely false idea as to what a trust really is. Indeed, I think that many of our own countrymen have an entirely erroneous idea as to the facts. I tried to explain to the Prince that an incorporated company or companies, conducting a legitimate industry in compliance with the laws of the country, was a trust that met the commendation and approval of most intelligent business men and politicians; but there were many people who thoroughly disapproved of existing laws in our country because of their unfair restriction to the better workings of trusts; however the Sherman law was too local a matter to discuss with a foreign prince.

The Prince was apparently much interested, but we found the conversation getting rather serious, when

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Lazzara came up to tell me something about the Concorso Ippico that we shall see to-morrow at Vicenza.

It seems that the "borghese" (country gentlemen) all come together and arrange for a series of riding contests. They are joined almost invariably by the cavalry officers of the neighboring garrison, and in many cases the most noted riders of the country's cavalry go with their horses from one to another of these autumn meetings.

We have decided to postpone the lunch with the Lazzaras until the day after the concorso, as it seems we are all to motor to Vicenza, where a luncheon has been arranged. The intervisiting of this part of the country is perfectly charming. Everyone seems to have a motor, and distances between villas are thus annihilated, with a result that all the people for miles around see one another constantly, and we hardly have had tea in the same place two days in succession.

NOVENTA PADOVANA, October

My dear M:

You must prepare for a long letter to-day, and do not begin to read this until you have a quiet half-hour, because I have not been able to write for several days, we have had so much going on.

The Concorso Ippico fully came up to my expectation, and we had the jolliest kind of day at Vicenza. The courtyard of the little hotel there, where we had luncheon, looked like a veritable garage, for I think there were not less than twenty beautiful limousines lined up on both sides. Our luncheon table extended

to fifteen, and young Marchese Clemente Theodoli sat next to me. He is very tall and lithe, and I had been told one of the best horsemen in the crack cavalry regiment of Italy. The officers in this Cavalleria di Genova are mostly taken from Italy's best nobility. Theodoli is one of the most distinguished names in Roman aristocracy, for it is one of the five marquises which rank the same as princes. Theodoli's mother was a princess of the House of Altieri, and is a charming woman. We are going to see their villa in the Campagna near Rome, next spring. During luncheon I asked Theodoli all about the riding contests, who was going to ride, about the horses, and so on, and then I said, "Well, I do not see why you should not have the prize to-day, for you have as good a reputation as a rider as anybody, and you certainly are going to have the best horse. Indeed, I will make the prophecy that you will get the prize." I think the whole thing was regarded rather as a joke on both sides, and after the meal we strolled about the town, which is really most interesting and picturesque.

Vicenza was the birthplace of Andrea Palladio (1518-1580), the last great architect of the Renaissance. We saw his house and admired the beautiful palaces of his designing. Certainly the villas in this beautiful Venetia, built, if not directly by him, at least under his influence, are most attractive in their impressive simplicity of form, and give a distinguished, individual character to the whole province. Theodoli got me some very good pictures of the Basilica Palladiana and its grand colonnades, and another of

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the unfinished Loggia del Capitano, also by Palladio, which is rather overladen with plastic ornament and belongs, I believe, to the Municipio.

Before it was time to go to the horse show we took a look at an exhibition of modern industry that is being held here. I must say I do not care for this new-fashioned, so-called *art nouveau*. In its simplest form, in some places, it is endurable, perhaps even almost pretty, but its exaggeration is anything but pleasing. The reproductions of the murano porcelain work were very attractive, and all these modern expositions show everywhere in Italy the local as well as the general impetus toward trade, commerce, and industrial progress. Some of the men went on ahead to see that the very best places, on what we should call the grand-stand, were reserved for us, and when we arrived, the end seats beside the entrance for the horses had been kept for Imogene, her sister, and myself. Nothing more picturesque can be imagined than this natural amphitheatre. In the distance one could discover the towers of the town screened by the trees. A long semi-circular stand was filled with gayly dressed women in smart summer attire. Here and there and everywhere were the brilliant uniforms of the cavalry officers, who were arranging the last details of each event. Back of us in the paddock were the beautiful English hunters, with all the various riders. The day was obligingly perfect. Of course our seats were among what the programme called "posti distinti e pesage," but there were other good places for three lire, others less advantageous for two and one, and finally, the small-boy seats for fifty "centesimi," or ten cents.

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The show began at two o'clock, and the first event was for officers and gentlemen; horses of any age, race, or country. It was to show the rapidity of covering about twelve hundred metres under three minutes, at the same time successfully surmounting a series of fixed obstacles — fences, ditches, etc. The horses were obliged to be at full gallop; for every refusal a point was lost in the general classification. The first prize was seven hundred lire, of which five hundred was offered by the People's Bank of Vicenza, and the other two given by Her Majesty, the Queen Mother; the second prize, three hundred lire, given by the Prefect of the town; third prize, two hundred lire, and the fourth, one hundred. Gold medals were awarded to all the competitors who had successfully gained, within the three minutes, the necessary points, but had not sufficient perfection to win a prize. Generous arrangements for everybody, it seems to me.

Conspicuous among the horses was the beautiful "Moonlight" of Baron Gino Morpurgo, the large white horse that has won his master so much fame; but all the same, I still felt that the wonderful, lithe, Arab-looking "Vissuto" that belongs to Lieutenant Arrivabene of the Genoa Cavalry was the better horse for the high jump of my prophecy. From the names of the horses one would hardly imagine one's self in Italy: "Queen of Hearts," "Jupiter," "Miss Betty," "Summer's Dream," "Little Princess," "Bleak Boy," "Black Prince," "Darling Grace," "Moonlight," and "Honeymoon" sound rather English for an Italian horse show.

Morpurgo carried off the laurels in the first event

and won them easily. I went down into the paddock between times, and while I was talking to Morpurgo, Theodoli brought up Count Giacomo Antonelli, who is said to be one of the three best riders in Italy, and I believe is a teacher in the Tor di Quinto cavalry school at Rome. The Italian officers certainly do ride magnificently, and rather astonished the world with their wonderful exhibition in London at the London Horse Show this last June. One always thinks of the English as being horsemen par excellence, but the Italian cavalry officers called forth from all England unqualified praise, and carried off nine out of the fourteen prizes offered. It is surprising to me that Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, who interests himself so much in horses, should not bring the Italians to New York as well as the Englishmen for the autumn indoor horse show at home. When the Italian cavalry officers were in London this year they were given a brilliant luncheon by the members of the polo club of Hurlingham, and they in return, with the authorization of the Minister of War, gave an exhibition of their riding, and jumping of walls and palisades; in fact, during their stay they were the objects of general admiration and praise. They were invited to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, presented to His Majesty King Edward VII, invited to a garden party at Windsor, and included in the festival of the raising of the colors at Whitehall. After to-day I am not at all surprised, for not only the officers, but all the participating gentlemen riders, gave proof of far more than ordinary horsemanship, thus proving the Italian method of equitation to be well-nigh perfect. Of course, they could show their

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skill very much better in these broad and beautifully arranged out-of-door meeting-places than in the narrow ring of a closed amphitheatre, where the obstacles are equally high, but where there is necessarily much less space in which to approach them, and where shadows from the electric light often cause errors of direction.

Indeed, it was said in London that after the Italians had once accustomed their horses to the arena, they gained each day steadily on all the other nationalities, although they had many fewer horses at their disposal; however, the ultimate result, as I told you, was eminently satisfactory. "Vissuto" was particularly ugly to-day, which would either make him surely win the prize, or as surely lose it. The first time the jump was perfect, and somehow I cannot help tightening my muscles and holding my breath when the exciting second comes that those lagging hind legs must get over the last bar. But get there they did, in splendid shape, three times in succession; and when all the others had done less well, what did Theodoli do but come, hat in hand, before the whole grand-stand, and making a low bow before me, say, "Signora Batcheller, I bring my homage to you; you are a prophetess." It was a rather trying moment for me, but everybody was having a good time, and I do not think many people, beyond our own immediate friends, paid much attention to anybody but the victor, who, however, insisted upon my going down with him for an introduction to the horse, whose merits I had foreseen so correctly. It was not, perhaps, very polite, but it was only after I had patted the nose of "Vissuto" that I turned to meet the owner, who is



A Mrs. Duchessa Barchetta a corso Sella
 fatta a Vicenza il 27 Settembre 1908
 Clemente

MARCHESE CLEMENTE THEODOLI, RIDING "VISSUTO," AND MAKING
 THE TWO METRE JUMP THAT WON THE VICENZA PRIZE

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supposed, I believe, to be one of Italy's handsomest men.

The automobiles now came down from the town, and just how it was ever accomplished I cannot tell, but the fact is that fifteen of us got out of our car at the café in the town, so I suppose somehow we must have been "packed in," in the excitement of leaving. Of course Theodoli came with us; indeed we carried the conquering hero back to dinner at the villa, and afterwards danced until the wee small hours in the long living-room, while patient and amiable Signora Bonamico played one waltz after another. Theodoli dances as well as he rides, so you can imagine what sort of time I had. "Venetia for me" in September and October, and I hope we shall be able to accept Donna Imogene's invitation to come back again another year.

NOVENTA PADOVANA, October

My dear M:

If one should motor through Italy, beautiful as the country is in itself, one would have no idea of the beauties that are hidden behind high walls and park gates. On our way to Venice we passed the imposing and magnificent Royal Palace of Strà, and perhaps that distracted our attention from the villa on the other side of the canal, which runs from Venice up to Strà and beyond; but to-day, when we approached it from the other side of the water, and entered as guests at the park gate, we saw one of the prettiest, most attractive villas of this part of the country. Its general plan reminded me of the pictures of our Southern planta-

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tion houses, for the villa is a long, low building, with projecting wings arranged for the servants' quarters, kitchens, etc. We had a very jolly luncheon, and Countess Lazzara is begging us to come and stay with her for a time, when our visit with Imogene is finished, but our plans must be rather hard and fast if we are to visit all the places we have promised; consequently we have agreed to come back some other year, and I am assured a special dance in the Countess' newly finished ballroom. The villa is an old one, but has been entirely redone by the Lazzaras, and the stucco work has been so carefully and successfully reproduced from the old designs that art dealers from London have been sent here begging for permission to photograph the rooms. Theodoli, who has joined our party again to-day, and has been jumping Lazzara's horses for him all the morning, took me about the park, and showed me the place where they put the horses over the bars.

The view from the upper hallway of the villa down the Canale di Brenta, overhung with groups of graceful willows, is too pretty to make description easy, and the old clock tower, seen from the other end of the same corridor, standing between two tall, guardian-like poplars, makes another attractive picture. After I had taken numerous kodaks, we all went over to the Royal Palace at Strà, which is now the property of the Italian government. We were shown the room and bed occupied by the great Victor Emmanuel II, also that used by Napoleon I, who seems to have left his trace for good nearly everywhere in Europe, and I have succeeded in getting an excellent picture

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of the ceiling of the great ballroom, which represents the glorification of the Pisani, painted by Tiepolo. The chiaroscuro, which are particularly lovely, were done by Jean B. Tiepolo, but many of the decorations are by G. Mengozzi Colonna. We made the whole "gira" (tour) of the castle, Theodoli and the other men kindly carrying all my photographic apparatus. On the walls of several of the rooms we saw fine engravings of the Pisani family, for whom this palace was first built about 1740 by Frigimelica and F. M. Preti. Count Lazzara's full name is Lazzara-Pisani, and these august gentlemen of the engravings are his proud ancestors of old. Had it not been for her great admirals, Vettor Pisani and Carlo Zeno, Venice would have been defeated in the war of Chioggia in 1378-81. The palace was bought in 1807 by Napoleon I for Eugène Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy. After a look at the over-gorgeous stables at the end of a great green lawn, which seems to be characteristic of these *Veneto* villas, we decided to go in for tea to Padova. As we passed the great palace of Strà, and later the deserted-looking villa of Malcontenta, we spoke of the romantic story of the Doge Alvisè Pisani and the beautiful daughter of the Venetian noble Labia, for love of whom he had this palace constructed, intending to make it a princely gift to his beautiful young wife. The girl, however, had misunderstood his proposals, and had shown more than usual interest in the villa for the reason that her lover was the architect.

It would seem that the palace was indeed built for naught, for though Napoleon I and Victor Emmanuel II stopped here for brief periods, it is now

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without occupants the year round, a beautiful, stately national monument, yet without apparent use except as a fine example of architecture and some excellent frescoes of Tiepolo.

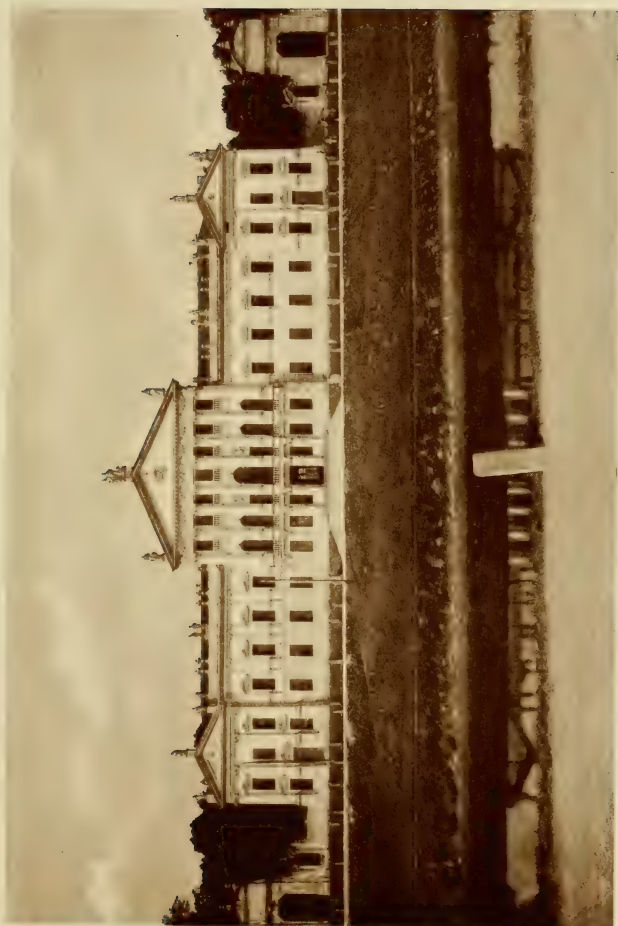
At Padova other friends of the Colonnas joined us. The little café, with its quaint velvet cushions, has an air of its own, and one imagines the learned doctors of the university having long discussions over their drinks here. This evening a number of people came in to the villa for dinner. Imogene and Baron Chantal, who invited us to his charming villa the other day, made up their customary bridge table, and after a few Neapolitan songs from the Prince we all had another good dance.

T.

NOVENTA PADOVANA, October

My dear M:

"Any time is never," therefore this morning, I devoted to taking careful photographs of *this* villa and the grounds, which are really superb. Signora Forti went with me to give the gardeners any directions that might help me, and this afternoon we all went over to Frassanelle to see Countess Papafava, where we had tea, and saw one of the most lovely parks in the whole *Veneto*. There seem to be no two villas alike, and yet each one has its peculiar charm and attraction. Here, as is so often the case, the average traveller would never dream of the beautiful place beyond the simple park gates on the highway, and I think the distance from the gate to the villa must be



PALAZZO PISANI AT STRA

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fully two kilometres, through a wooded park that reminded me very much of our own at home. We climbed and climbed, turned and turned again, and when at last we drew up before the villa, one of the most magnificent views in the Venetia lay stretched before us.

The Italian women have drunk at the fountain of eternal youth, and it was indeed difficult to believe that the young and pretty Countess Papafava was the mother of the tall young girl who came out with her to greet us, for she looked much more like an older sister. The head of the house, now an old gentleman, offered to show us about the whole park, which he has had laid out under his personal direction.

At first we went on in the car to the top of what they call a hill, but what we should call a mountain, back of the villa, to get a more complete view of the surrounding country. After tea we strolled about the grounds, and Theodoli and Countess Lazzara took a row on the beautiful lake that forms one of the chief attractions of this extensive estate. The rest of us remained in what I might almost call the crystal boat-house, for enormous pieces of plate glass formed the sides of an upper room built over the shed for the boats. This vista-room was so situated that in every direction particularly charming views of the mountains, the villa, the lake and the paths through the park could be had. Cameras, photographs, and certainly pens, seem hopelessly inadequate to describe the special charm of these places.

The name Papafava belongs to one of the great families of Padova, but it is here at this country estate

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that the members of the house are brought to be buried in the great and elaborate mausoleum in one part of the grounds. However grand a town house may be, by very force of a city's growth, the environments and general atmosphere change with time; but a country place, with its broad lands, which have belonged to one's people for many generations, seems like a part of one's self, and I think the word "home" belongs to the country, for at best a town house is rarely more than a street and number. The Papafavas have, of course, their ancestral palace in Padova, and spend much of their winter there when they do not go to Rome. Their name is linked with many of the main historic events of Padova, but it is at their country place here at Frassanelle that they really feel at home. The nearest village is Cervarese Santa Croce, and it would be perfectly impossible for us to find these villas if our good friends did not supplement their invitation by coming with us. The old Count has devoted much time and money to the building of an elaborate and artificial grotto, which is bizarre but rather pretty, forming a striking contrast to the complete naturalness of the rest of the park.

I am sorry to say that on our way home to-night "Antonio" was very impolite; a tire on one wheel and an air chamber on another, so delayed our homecoming that Count and Countess Lazzara were obliged to telephone from the nearest town (at least the car had the decency to break down near a village) for their automobile to come for them, as they had a dinner engagement with other friends at another villa some number of kilometres in the opposite direction.



BALL-ROOM OF THE PALAZZO PISANI
AT STRA

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This evening Prince Colonna prepared a most elaborate dish, "bœuf à la provençale," and the table was particularly charming in its decoration of Venetian glass dolphins and the scarlet leaves of the woodbine, which they call here the American creeper. To-morrow we are invited to Conegliano by Gino Morpurgo and his sister the Marchesa Bourbon del Monte. Baron Morpurgo asked us to come for a ten-days visit, but again we were obliged to decline, for in a day or two we must say good-bye to the whole of this beautiful province, if we are to reach Lake Como this summer, as we have promised our friends all about the lake to do. I have always been told that very few people are invited to visit the Italians in their homes, but I can certainly bring my personal testimony to the contradiction of any such statement, for no more charming hospitality can be imagined than that which has been offered to us from all our Italian friends. I only wish the autumn would last for a year, that we might take advantage of the invitations we have received, and so complete our succession of visits; but there are other years coming and other autumns, and I hope Destiny will be good to us and send us here again. We are only five kilometres from Padova; consequently we shall probably see very little of it, because it seems so near that I suppose it is human nature to do all the important things that are farther away; but I have a real affection for Sant' Antonio di Padova, and to-morrow we shall devote to the city and its many interesting sights.

Padova recalls Bologna with its long streets lined with arcades (portici), and the same reason for them

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is given as in the older university city. Some of the main thoroughfares have been widened, but not improved, by the removal of these picturesque arcades. Padova is the capital of a most beautiful province, and it has been fought and struggled for by various robber princes of the neighboring sections. There were constant wars between its nobles and the Scaligers of Verona, and Venice finally seized it for the Republic in 1405, when it became a part of Venetia.

The university was founded by Bishop Giordano about 1222, and extended by Frederick II (in 1238), so that Padova became a famous seat of learning throughout the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Art flourished and received encouragement and patronage. Giotto, Donatello, and Fra Filippo Lippi left many of their best works here in the city's churches and palaces, and a school of art was founded here by Francesco Squarcione (1397-1474), who, although not a professional artist, made valuable collections of art during his travels, and had young artists draw from these models, which is perhaps a reason for the peculiar, rather severe style of the Padovan pictures. But the great Paduan who really influenced Venice in the fifteenth century was Andrea Mantegna, who also influenced the Vicenzan painters.

My first object was to visit the church of Sant' Antonio, who was born, I learned for the first time, at Lisbon, Portugal, and died in 1231. He was a contemporary of Saint Francis of Assisi, and is to me the most "simpatico" of all the saints. Just before we entered the church Imogene disappeared, but came back presently bringing a beautiful silver medal of

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St. Anthony, which she said she should present to his namesake that had carried her so many miles so comfortably. I was most interested to see the holy man's tomb, which is placed in a florid little Renaissance chapel begun about 1500. The walls are decorated with high reliefs of the sixteenth century, and represent scenes from the life of the saint. To almost every one of the saints are attributed similar miracles to those performed, according to the general belief, by Jesus Christ, and here we have as subjects: first, The ordination of Sant' Antonio, by Minello; The resuscitation of a murdered woman, by Giovanni Dentone; The restoration of a child, by Minello and Sansovino; The discovery of a stone in the corpse of a miser instead of a heart, by Tullio Lombardo (1525); and Saint Anthony giving speech to an infant that it might prove its mother's innocence, by Antonio Lombardo, which I liked best of all. The bones of the saint repose beneath the altar, beside which hang innumerable votive offerings: wax hands, arms, legs, feet, silver and gold hearts, bracelets, and other gifts of the many pilgrims, who come here each year on votive pilgrimages. On the altar are two magnificent silver candelabra borne by angels in marble, and the whole is very imposing. Imogene had the little silver medal blessed by a priest at the tomb; then turned and gave it to me. The marble screen of the choir is very beautiful; it was designed by Donatello, and the full-length statue of Saint Anthony is said to be his best likeness. I cannot begin to tell you of all the many interesting works of art we have seen to-day in Padova, for although I knew the city to be famous

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for many of the best of Giotto's paintings in the church of Madonna dell' Arena, I did not realize that there were so many other fine things here. We were taken to see the house of Dante in the Via Santa Francesca, and near it is a mediæval sarcophagus known as the Tomb of Antenor, whom tradition tells us was the brother of Priam, and the founder of the city of Padova. Although all the ancient monuments were afterward destroyed during the immigration of the barbarian hordes, and later in the Middle Ages the town fell into the hands of Ezzelino da Romano in 1237, there are still to be seen remains of the ancient Roman amphitheatre in the oval garden near the church of Arena. Maeterlinck would have us believe that all evil is good in disguise; or by a strange turn in the brain the same energy which produces hideous crimes might, if in a thoroughly normal state, be the means of producing the same amount of good.

Verci has defended Ezzelino, and perhaps it was more the spirit of the age that transformed these germs of the highest virtues into such hideous crimes, for surely Ezzelino has been immortalized as the Nero of his time. He was at last captured, and there was rejoicing by the crowd, who looked with delight upon this terrible captive in the Castle of Soncino, sitting like a silent monster amid the gibes of his onlookers. Ezzelino had no respect for God, man, or the devil; he feared nothing, not even the destiny that had been foretold him by the astrologers, but he died at Soncino October 7, 1259.

We had an opportunity, also, to enjoy the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele II, formerly called the Prato della

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Valle, with its unusual double series of eighty-two statues encircling a shady promenade. I remembered seeing them on our way to Venice, but we whizzed in, through, and out of the town so quickly that I was very glad to have another look at this spacious square, which is rather deserted, except in the time of the "fiera" that begins on the Festival of Saint Anthony, the thirteenth of June, and lasts for three days. We ran in for just a look at the beautiful Paolo Veronese that hangs behind the altar of the church of Santa Giustina. The choir stalls are very beautiful, and were done from drawings of Campagnola, about 1560, so Signora Forti tells me, and the same general idea of subjects from the New and the Old Testaments is carried out here as in so many other of the elaborate choirs of Italy. What things we have not seen to-day, we are going to try to do the morning that we start for Como. I cannot write longer now, as I must dress for dinner.

Signora Solms is coming over from her villa, the Lazzaras are motoring, and will stop here on their way home, and Theodoli is coming in from the garrison at Padova.

T.

NOVENTA PADOVANA, October

My dear M:

I am rather tired to-night, but we have had a delightful day. Theodoli joined us on our excursion to Morpurgo's really lovely villa at Conegliano. The roads all through this Venetia are beautiful, lined

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almost invariably with double rows of large shade trees, which keep the highways in such perfect condition.

We found Morpurgo, his mother, and sister, and the Marchese Bourbon del Monte, whom they all call "Pippo," together with an American girl, a young Belgian diplomat, and a Venetian nobleman, all assembled on the broad terrace before the villa. Italians certainly have the art of making one feel at home, and as it was rather warm, we were glad to sit under the shade of big garden umbrellas.

After lunch, as dear old Baroness Morpurgo is very musical, I consented to sing some ballads for her. They all were most appreciative and seemed to enjoy the music. The Marchesa took me over the house, and I took pictures to my heart's content. I have rarely seen more beautiful pieces of Venetian furniture than are in this villa, and Morpurgo's collection of cups and blue ribbons gives colored and brilliant proof of his many triumphs with wonderful "Moonlight" and "Honeymoon." I wish I could find some mirrors, like those at Conegliano in the drawing-room, of this beautiful Murano glass that one sees so much of about here, but the treasures that have hung in these old and stately villas are not to be easily found in the shops of to-day. As I went up with the Marchesa to her room, I cast an admiring glance at her bedspread, made of beautiful squares of filet lace alternated with squares of very fine "traforo" embroidery. "I made it all myself," she said. "Do you like it?" It was certainly beautiful, and this is only one of the many instances I have seen of the



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

LUNCHEON PARTY AT VILLA MORPURGO AT CONEGLIANO, VENETIA

Mr. Batcheller, Baroness Morpurgo, Marchesa Bourbon del Monte, Princess Donna Imogene Colonna-Stigliano, Marchese Bourbon del Monte, Marchese Clemente Theodoli, Baron Morpurgo, etc.

accomplishments of the Italian noblewomen. The Marchesa lives a very gay life, entertains a great deal at her spacious and elaborate villa in Rome, newly built a few years ago, and one house party follows another at Conegliano; but somehow these women seem to find time to accomplish a great deal and do it well. They invariably speak three or four languages fluently, are generally fine riders and drivers, and it is taken for granted that they are good managers, as indeed they must be, to prove such capable hostesses. Before we knew it, the sun was setting, and we had to say good-bye. Baron Gino tried his best to make us promise to bring our trunks and make a visit to-morrow, but letters are coming from Como insisting that we arrive at the lake, so we must wait another year to stay with the Morpurgos. I was sorry not to have had time to stop a moment at the cathedral, where Imogene tells me is a fine altar-piece by Giambattista Cima (1459-1517), who belonged to the school of Giovanni Bellini, but one cannot see everything, and friends are invariably better than sights.

The wonderful little maid had tucked all my belongings away in the motor trunk before I came upstairs from dancing this evening. They all did their best to make us stay over for the next Concorso Ippico, which is to be held at Bassano, about the same distance from here as Vicenza, in the opposite direction. Theodoli promises in addition to the luncheon and the fun we had at Vicenza, a box party at the little opera house, and I should love dearly to stay and go. He is going to ride, but I have taken good care not to make any rash prophecies, as I might not be so suc-

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cessful in my predictions the second time. It is left that he is to telegraph results. Good-night. My pen will not write another word, I am so sleepy. When we are well settled at Como, I will send you some more news.

T.

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HOTEL VILLA D'ESTE, LAGO DI COMO, October
My dear M:

IT is rather late, and I had thought to wait before writing you until I had seen some of my friends about here, but our journey has been so beautiful and to-night I feel so lonely, far away from dear Venetia, that I think I must have a chat with you before going to bed.

The Latins are certainly people of heart, of the kind that gives as well as takes, and one of their prettiest sentiments is the little expression, "Dire adieu c'est toujours mourir un peu" (To say good-bye is always a little bit to die), and when I said good-bye at the villa, with the whole family filling my arms with flowers and embracing me, making me promise to come again, and showing their real regret at my leaving, I assure you I was really sad to go away. The little maid that has been so devoted to me came rushing up at the last moment with an extra rose and a forgotten handkerchief, and kissed my hand with tears in her eyes. The old gardener had a bouquet almost as big as myself arranged in the automobile as decoration for "Antonio;" and as supreme compliment to someone whom he must have really liked, Don Marcantonio broke his life record, got up before nine o'clock and bade us a collarless good-bye, but gave us a hearty and charming invitation to return, though he parenthesized it with the remark that "another time you shall not leave so early in the morning." Had

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we not been carrying off Signora Forti with us, I am sure I should have had the "blues," but as our hostess was to make a visit in Vicenza, we were only too delighted to take her with us; and so, amid flowers and waving handkerchiefs and the entire array of servants, some fifteen or twenty, lined up to salute us at the gate, "Antonio" carried us hastily through the park and out of sight of Noventa Padovana.

Vicenza was quickly reached, and Signora Forti left safely with her friends. It seemed as if "Antonio" were conscious of a loneliness also, and were rushing to find new friends, for he sped over the highway to Lonigo, where we had a delightful little visit with the Prince and Princess Giovanelli.

As I have told you before, the Venetians are splendid horsemen, and Prince Giovanelli is devoted to his four-in-hand, his hunters, and his stables in general. It is really a pity that we could not stop there longer, for the Princess is hospitable and charming, and it is only one more example of the delights of Italian visits.

We decided to stop for the night in Verona, which F. B. had never seen before. I really had forgotten that it is so picturesque, with its old, yet almost perfectly preserved, amphitheatre in one of the main piazzas of the town. We took a stroll after dinner around the various streets, bought the delicious grapes of the country, numerous postal cards, and greatly regretted that we could not stay longer.

Verona is the capital of the province of that name, and is one of the eight that form "Il Veneto" (Venezia), the name that is given to the northeast part of



Marianna Giovannelli

PRINCESS GIOVANELLI

Lady-of-the-Palace of H. M. Queen Elena

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Italy. The Venetian dialect is said to be much softer than any of the other Italian patois. The Romanization of this province was attended with none of the violent struggles of Lombardy and Piedmont, but prospered greatly under the emperors. Verona has been a treasure fought for, bled for, and for which many hideous crimes have been committed. Verona headed the league of Venetian cities against Frederick Barbarossa. The merciless and terrible Ezzelino da Romano coveted and took possession of the riches of the town, about 1260, where he is still remembered for his cruelty. Not long after "his most satisfactory death" another Ghibelline was elected Podestà, or ruler of the city, and it was then that the great princes of the house of Scaliger della Scala succeeded to the dominion of the city, and inaugurated the brilliant period for which Verona is famous.

Romeo and Juliet are said to have lived and died in the reign of Bartolomeo della Scala (1301-1304), although I must say that I was very much disillusioned by the little back courtyard where rough stones — indeed, a sort of rough trough — filled with visiting cards is pointed out as the probable tomb of the two unhappy lovers of Shakespeare's imagination. The balcony too, that famous balcony, the golden aim of every young actress to make live again, is so high in the courtyard of what is shown as the Capulet house, that Romeo ran the greatest possible danger of breaking his neck, if he really ever did attempt to scale this height.

Of course I could write you stories all night of the illustrious and terrible "Can Grande I" (1312-29),

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the indomitable Scaliger who captured Vicenza, and added proud Padova to his domains. "Can Grande," like other despots, had two definite ambitions: to make his seigniory secure and to enlarge it. It seems terrible to realize that the beautiful country over which we have just come between here and Padova was for many years laid waste, and the poor peasants dragged to one city or the other and held for ransom.

The Guelphs in Verona and the Ghibellines in Padova were, alternately, persecuted, imprisoned, and put to death; but in the end "Can Grande," through his conquests and his forceful personality, became one of the chief powers in the whole peninsula. He was brave, almost reckless, steadfast in his policies, and Dante, who was frequently numbered among his guests, and who, in gratitude for "my first refuge and first hospitality," dedicated the "Paradiso" to him, celebrated his "carelessness of hardship and of gold, and his doughty deeds from which enemies could not withhold their praise." On his death he bequeathed his seigniory to his nephew Mastino (the family had a fondness for canine appellations — great dog and mastiff), who at first made a brilliant and aggressive career. Assassination of brother by brother darkened the last records of this family, and by 1500 even Verona was lost to them.

We bought photographs of the elaborate tombs of the Scaligers, whose stern Gothic forms immortalize the severity of their dynasty. The ladder, which their name bespeaks, and which was their family crest, is many times duplicated in the decoration of the iron railings. The architecture, too, of this proud city is

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very important, as it was the birthplace of Fra Giocondo (1435-1515), one of the famous architects of the early Renaissance, and Michele Sanmicheli (1484-1559) was also born here; you remember it was this latter who endeavored to combine the beauty of the Doric order with the grim strength of the military fortifications, and so adorned the city with a series of sumptuous palaces. Many of the façades of the houses are covered with paintings, as was customary. Here too was born the famous Paolo Cagliari, but whom we always speak of as the Veronese. It always amuses me to see how many pictures in various galleries are catalogued as his originals, but he loved the blue-eyed lady of the blonde plats too much to have ever painted her anything but well, and I think, if the truth were known, wherever her hair is less beautiful than it should be, and the eyes less full of expression, we can be reasonably sure that some pupil was trying his best to imitate the master.

On leaving Verona the road, which, by the way, I think is about the most perfect of any we have had in Italy, skirts for a short distance the lovely river Adige, and goes almost in a straight line to Peschiera, which was taken on the thirtieth of May, 1848, by the Piedmontese under Manno, after a gallant defence by the Austrian general, Rath. From here it turns along the shores of the end of the great and beautiful Lake Garda to Desenzano, where we stopped for luncheon at the little hotel near the landing-place of the steamers that ply up and down this lake. In the distance, on the island across the water, we could see the beautiful villa of Prince Don Scipione Borghese, and Vincenzo

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amused us greatly by telling how he astonished the servants in the hotel recounting his hairbreadth escapes and wonderful experiences that he made them all believe he has had, as Prince Borghese's chauffeur, on his world-tour journey; whereas, as a matter of fact, I believe he has never seen this nobleman.

Lake Garda, the largest of the north Italian lakes, is thirty-four miles in length, and belongs to Italy, except the northern extremity, which is Austrian. The vegetation is very luxurious all about the shores of the lake. The water is very blue, and the "carpione," or salmon trout, are excellent, as we proved at luncheon. The lake was formerly known as Benaco, and it is from the island on the western side, called Garda, that it takes its present name. Saint Francis of Assisi came here and founded a monastery. Before that it was probably inhabited by the Romans. Like all the other beautiful sites of this country, it has been desired too often by different people, and devastated by one successor after another. There is a tradition that Dante Alighieri, during the time of his stay in Gargagnago di Valpolicella, on visiting the lake, landed on the island, expressing his admiration for the saint of its foundation in his "Paradiso." In the first years of the fifteenth century San Bernardino of Siena inhabited the island, living for a form of penance in one of the grottoes cut out of the rock, still existing on the northern side at the edge of the lake, increasing thereby the fame of the place. In the beginning of the sixteenth century the celebrated Francesco Lechi, generally known as Lecheto, carried on his theological studies here, and a sort of

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amphitheatre was built, for the many students of religion came as well as many foreigners of distinction. In after years it was restored most elaborately by the new owner, and became an hospitable home. It was at this time, and from the frequent entertainments of Count Lechi that the island took the name that many still give it, "Isola Lechi." It served also as a meeting-place for many of those Italians who were planning their freedom; but in the summer of 1821 spies of the Austrian police entered the palace, and found many documents that caused the arrest of the owner. He was allowed to go back to his island only in 1825. At present it is owned by the Roman prince, Scipione Borghese. Once again the island has undergone, as by enchantment, great changes. From one end to the other are walks, winding paths, and bridges; flowers follow in their appropriate season to make the place a veritable paradise. To the back of the island rises the palace amidst a forest of palms, oleanders, magnolias, pomegranates, lime trees, peach trees, and holly. Completely restored, enlarged in 1894-1901 under the architect Rovelli of Genoa, it recalls somewhat the palace of the Doges in Venice, and is of a rather Oriental Venetian architecture, even to detail in decoration. A most lovely view is had from the terrace of the garden. To one side is the rolling plain of Valtenese, scattered with castles and villas, and far in the distance one can see the towers of San Martino and Solferino, while near by lies a little village warmed by the sun and bathed by the waves of the lake.

We ran quickly on from here to Brescia, where we

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had time to stay but a few moments. It is beautifully situated at the foot of the Alps, and there are many interesting things to be seen. When one is motoring it is possible to see a great deal, even if one only passes through the town, particularly if one knows beforehand the special places of interest. We took a flying glance at the magnificent Municipio for which Palladio did the windows, but as I remember it, the ornamentation is much too elaborate to suit my personal taste. There is another Torre dell' Orologio, or clock tower, like that at Venice, where the bell is struck by two iron figures; another copy, you remember, is on Mr. Bennett's building of the "New York Herald."

We hurried on over a delightful road to Bergamo, where we concluded not to stop, for we can easily motor out to the town from here. The country from Bergamo to Lecco (the town situated at the head of that portion of the Lake of Como to which it gives its name) is picturesque in the extreme. During the latter part of the journey near Erba, and around the head of the other arm of Lake Como to Cernobbio, are scattered innumerable beautiful villas, nestled away 'mid flowery gardens on steep hillsides; and the much-vaunted "Brianza," as this section of country is called, fully came up to my expectation, with its many mountains, lakes, beautiful clear air, and soft, warm, autumn sunshine. This Hotel Villa d'Este was built originally by the powerful family of Gallio, but was sold in 1815 to the Princess Caroline of Wales. The eccentric and unfortunate consort of the then Regent of England had already begun her long peregrinations



GARDENS OF THE HOTEL VILLA D'ESTE
*Once the Villa of H. M. Queen Caroline of England,
at Cernobbio, Lake Como*

that in the course of five years brought her to Italy. She gave to the villa its present name, "Este," as that belonging to the House of Hanover, then on the throne of England, which had its most ancient origin from the Guelphs. Queen Caroline, you remember, was a niece of George III and the daughter of the Duke of Brunswick. She made large additions and embellishments to the villa, and the dedication was an occasion of elaborate and brilliant festivity. Bernardo Bellini, who was a friend and court singer to the Princess, and often visited her during her stays on the lake, published on this occasion a song which began thus:

"Dove Lario più ridente
Specchio fa di Plinio al nido
Caro a Venere e a Cupido
Aureo tetto accoglie in sen."

Where the Lario, laughing,
A mirror makes so rare
Of Pliny's happy love-nest,
Dear to Love and Venus fair,
And Aura comes murmuring
His welcome to the pair.

The hotel guests now have the benefit of the flowery paths, which are very well kept. As a matter of fact the gardens of the villa, that are so characteristically Italian in arrangement and graceful construction, constitute the major attraction of this once princely residence. Later Princess Caroline had a small theatre built, which is now a part of the Hotel Regina d' Inghilterra, and another fête was planned for its opening. It is said that the Royal Lady went

upon the scene in the costume of Columbine, reciting and dancing quite beautifully; but whether this be true or not, it is certain that the Villa d'Este has been the scene of many of the extravagances of that Princess, who was at that time very lavish with her favor to a most unworthy circle of parasites that fattened on her generosity, but later exposed her to the celebrated and painful lawsuit and trial before the House of Lords, where this supposedly frivolous queen revealed her strength of mind. She was not convicted, but the nervous worry wore out her life, and she died August 7, 1821, having left Italy the previous year. These historic memories, and the many magnificent artistic traces left about the place, make it easy to recall the interesting events, which add a certain romantic glamour to the present-day, unusually attractive hotel.

It seemed wiser for me to come directly here, instead of trying to accept the series of invitations to my friends' villas all around the shores of the lake, for it would have meant only a constant moving of baggage from one good friend to another; whereas from here I can see them many times each day in one or another of their homes, and can spare them and myself baggage difficulties. I shall let you hear from me as often as possible, but I know we shall be very busy for the next few weeks.

CERNOBBIO, LAGO DI COMO, October

My dear M:

I AM sure you will recall our very good times here at Como some years ago, when we stopped at Bellagio; but I like this situation on the lake where we are now very much better, and being at the other end, our general outlook and impression is entirely different. We are nearly opposite to Torno, where Countess Taverna and her daughter-in-law have twin villas. I sent word that we had arrived, and this afternoon, when we were taking tea on the broad terrace of the hotel, we noticed a smart motor-boat making for the landing; Countess Taverna and her daughter were soon coming up the steps, and we had a delightful visit together. She is looking as handsome as ever; one rarely sees such fair skin and brilliant eyes on a woman whose hair is already as white as snow. She is giving a luncheon for me this week, and "Cocca," her daughter, has asked me to come as often as I like to the villa for tennis, where they are having a tournament just now. We have planned also for an excursion to Canonica, where I am eagerly looking forward to going over with the Countess her lace school, now becoming famous; for the filet is so perfect that it is almost impossible to tell the productions of the school from the real old fifteenth century laces, and the Countess told me with evident pleasure that the piece I ordered when last in Italy, but arranged

to have kept for me until my arrival, has won the gold medal at the Exposition in Milan.

Although we have been here but a few days, what with the telephone and notes, I have found it necessary to produce my American engagement tablet, which, by the merest chance, I had in my motor trunk, and already the morning and afternoon of nearly every day for two weeks is planned for. It was Countess Taverna who, on my decision to stay at a hotel, instead of moving from one villa to another, advised my taking the Villa d'Este as headquarters, and on studying the map I can see that I was very wise to accept her advice, for from here we can reach easily all our friends, and make the interesting excursions in various directions, as this seems to be a sort of natural geographic centre for my plans.

We had scarcely said good-bye to the Countess, and seen the boat push off, when another elegant and much larger motor-boat steamed up to the wharf. I knew in a moment that it must be the "Carlotta," belonging to Mrs. Clark Fisher; for all who know anything of present-day life at Como, know of the beautiful American motor-boat and the hospitality of its owner. Mrs. Fisher had written me she was coming this afternoon to take me away, bag and baggage, to her quaint villa a little farther down this shore of the lake, and it was difficult for us to explain and persuade our enthusiastic compatriot that we could not well change our present plans, and that we should see a good deal of her, even though not housed beneath her roof. She is certainly most generous and kind, and has placed the "Carlotta" absolutely at our dis-



VILLA TAVERNA AT TORNIO, LAKE COMO

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posal during our stay on the lake; but it was now too late to go out on the water, so we are promised a long ride to Bellagio to-morrow. Italy! Italy! It is surely true that all those who are born outside your borders have two countries—their own and Italy; for one cannot be surrounded by the magic beauties of this fairyland without succumbing completely to its enchantment.

After dinner F. B. and I took a stroll about the gardens in the moonlight. The constant trickling of the water flowing through small apertures at the top of the hill, down a long series of sculptured step-like inclines, seemed to play a sort of hypnotic melody as, one by one, the stars appeared over Mount Boletto across the way. The little steamers puffing up and down the lake until quite late in the evening, gave a touch of life to the whole scene, and in a way, saved its reality, for without them one would have fancied the whole place the perfection of a dream.

It is toward the latter end of the season, and many of the foreign travellers have gone back to Paris and London. Louise Duchess of Devonshire, left last week; Princess Teano we shall not see this year, as she has gone from here, but it is just the ideal moment for the villa life, so I shall find all my friends at home, and am rather grateful than otherwise that the hotel is to be somewhat quiet. There is a fairly good orchestra here, however, and F. B. and I had a jolly dance before coming upstairs to-night. Our rooms look directly over the lake and gardens, and from our balcony we have the most lovely view imaginable. You will say that Como has gone to my head, so I will wait until another time to finish. T.

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CERNOBBIO, LAGO DI COMO, October

My dear M:

We were ready and waiting when the "Carlotta" came into view around the promontory of the Villa Volpi, and were soon comfortably seated on the deck of this wonderful boat, making our way swiftly and quietly toward the opposite bank, where at Torno we stopped for a call on Countess Taverna, whose receiving day it is. The Villa Taverna I shall tell you more about a little later, but to-day my impression was distinctly charming. The Countess has made a specialty of the cultivation of rare roses, and on her porch are some of the wonderful, rare, molten-gold variety that I have never seen except at Mrs. Gardner's in Brookline. I walked out with Gwendolina Countess della Somaglia, who had motored over with her sister the Duchess Massimo (both born Princesses Doria) to see the tennis courts, but we did not wait for tea, as we had promised to take that with Mrs. Fisher and her guest, the Baroness de la Grange, an American by birth, who is stopping for a time with her friend on the lake.

It is but a short run from Torno to the Villa Pliniana in the little bay Molina. A tug at the bell of the outer gate brought the custodian quickly, and a look at our cards of permission from the Marchesa Trotti, who now owns the villa, assured us of every attention and courtesy. The present villa was built by Count Anguissola, who in 1547 had helped to assassinate the ruffian ruler, Pier Luigi Farnese, Duke

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of Parma and Piacenza. The Count, fearing vengeance, repaired thither and had constructed, in the shadow of the protecting mountain, his villa, whither he fled from suffering and troubles, and whither three centuries later came the handsome prince and his fair inamorata. Surely it was given to Prince Belgioioso to have the impossible—the time, the place, and the loved one all together; for to this romantic Villa Pliniana, in a hidden and lonely corner of this beautiful lake, at the base of the high mountain, which seemed to shelter and protect by day, but which must have seemed austere and forbidding at night, Prince Emilio brought the beautiful blonde Duchess of Plaisance. The story of the sudden and violent attachment of these two members of great and strong families reads much more strangely than many a romance. Eight years of happiness Destiny gave to them.

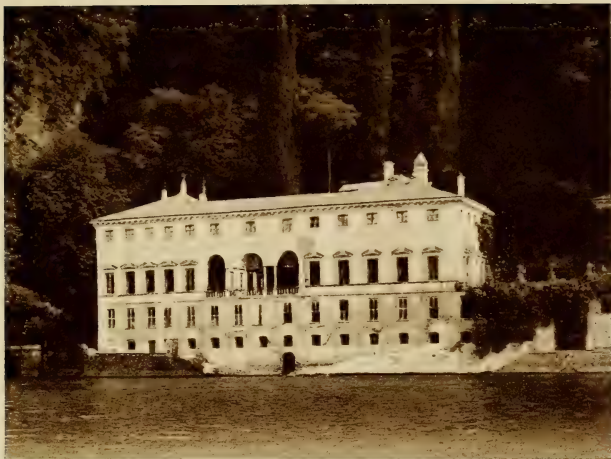
This beautiful Parisian runaway was born a princess of Wagram, the title which Napoleon I gave to his great general, Berthier. She was a daughter of that terrible and ferocious soldier who, in the bloody Napoleonic battles at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, and Wagram, was a pre-eminent leader. The account goes on to say that the two fugitives did not in any way trouble themselves about the tremendous scandal that followed their sudden flight from Paris, and the Duchess was so far lost in her infatuation that she even forgot she was abandoning a daughter. Her husband, the Duke, declared her dead to the world, and the family accentuated gossip by going into deep mourning. It is said of the exquisite cameo-like beauty of the Duchess,

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that when she was in a carriage she carried her head with a resolute air, but when she rode, she seemed the archangel of battle. Already the villa had its traditions and its stories; and the mysterious spring, whose rise and fall varies thrice daily beneath the quaint little arches of Roman days, at one side of the courtyard, is mentioned both by the older and the younger Pliny.¹ Amid these mysterious waters and high, dark cypress trees, with the ever-fitful swash of the waters of the lake at their very door, these two lived on, voluntary prisoners, quite alone, with but few servants, for eight years; and even amid the snows and infuriated winds of winter, in the midst of desolation, the fire of their romantic attachment made them quite forget that there were others in the world, or that there was any other world than that of their own making.

How did these lovers pass the long days of their complete seclusion from the world? Surely, it must have been an invincible passion in both, an infatuation beyond the comprehension of most, that could explain the abandonment of the life that they both, up to the time of their flight, had thoroughly enjoyed. Travel, theatres, dancing, a thousand gayeties of the great metropolis of Paris — that city that entrances all who know it — all abandoned that they might be all in all to each other! As we listened to the waters rushing down the side of the mountain we seemed to hear, as in the distance, the sweet Italian voice of the Prince to the accompaniment of the cymbalum of Anna Maria. The Duchess is quoted as saying one day in their boat on the lake, "A barque, thy heart, and a good cook."

¹ Hence the name Villa Pliniana.



VILLA PLINIANA, LAKE COMO



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

ENTRANCE TO MRS. FISHER'S VILLA AT
URIO, LAKE COMO

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Meantime in Italy the struggles for freedom from the foreign rule of Austria were being as assiduously carried on as in the days when the young Belgioioso lent his enthusiasm, intelligence, and great name to the cause, but when the revolution of '48 broke out in Milan, one of the most enthusiastic of the Milanese conspirators, Baron Carlo Bellerio, ventured to thrust himself beyond the portals of the Pliniana. He came with the definite intention of seizing for Italy, and for the cause of its freedom, this splendid man, who seemed to have forgotten his patriotism in the supreme happiness of his present life.

The account of the meeting between Bellerio and the Duchess at the Pliniana gives us an insight into the character of this extraordinary woman, whose life is probably completely misunderstood by the average reader of her story.

Women who have the rare power of self-control and of mental concentration, whose pride in their own mentality surpasses all else, and whose capacity for inward suffering to save that pride is limitless, are never really known but to themselves.

Without explanation, with every sign of the tired lover, the Duchess, not so very long after this, left her still adoring Prince, left the old villa with its tall cypresses and flowing waters, and as the subtle proof to those keen and subtle as herself that she was leaving the Prince to his family, and for her great love of him giving him back to his clamoring country, she took up her abode in a villa nearly opposite the Pliniana, from whose rooms the best possible view of the scene of her elysian days could be had.

Belgioioso at last not only left the Pliniana, but Lombardy and Italy, and sought distraction in travels in the East; but even the great contrast of Eastern life did not serve to revive his broken spirit. He returned to Milan and in 1858 died in the Belgioioso palace, which in his youth had been the scene of so many exquisite musicales, and where his young and beautiful voice, his charming personality, his wealth and position had made him the centre of a most brilliant circle.

There is something inexpressibly sad in the whole atmosphere of the Villa Pliniana. The rooms are still exquisitely furnished; books on the tables, everything as if it were but yesterday when the happiness this place had known had been so rudely destroyed. The little spring that young Pliny describes in his letter to Licinio, that rises in the morning, increases at noon, and at night diminishes its flow, only to begin again with infinite regularity (*"Huius mira naturg ter in die statis auctibus ae diminutionibus crescit decresitque"*), seems as if it were the expression of Nature, which mocks at life, its frailties, its temporary pleasures, and its failures. The tall cypresses in their eternal green seemed to-day appropriate emblems of this tomb of happiness, and the great glorious eyes that looked down at me from the famous portrait of the Princess Belgioioso seemed like those of an avenging goddess for whom Destiny had brought order to the household; for during the eight years of her husband's enchantment — for we can scarcely call it by any other name — the Princess Belgioioso was as indefatigable as ever in the cause of her beloved country. The scandal

occasioned by the flight of her husband left her, so far as the world could see, indifferent. One is not born of brave and noble ancestors to be a weakling. Her dignity and her pride defended her, and prevented her from giving any manifestation of what must have been for her a terrible mortification. She spoke not of, and no one dared speak to her regarding her trouble.

The Princess Belgioioso's eventful life makes her one of the most striking figures in the history of the struggle of the Italians for the re-establishment of their national identity. Beautiful, cultured, and brilliant, she was married at an early age to Prince Belgioioso, with whom, however, she soon found it difficult to live, though political friends she and her husband always were, for both were ardently patriotic, and both gave much of their large wealth to the cause of Italian liberty. The story of the life of this princess reads much more fantastically than many a romance of fiction; her flight to Switzerland to escape the Austrian agents, who sought her arrest and seized her property; her modest beginning in Paris when Thiers used to come and have a lunch of eggs with her and buy her painted fans; and later her brilliant salon, where, by her brains and wit, she drew around herself a remarkable coterie of brilliant men and women, and succeeded in gaining for her country many powerful friends.

No one better understood in those days the power of the press to form public opinion than Christine Belgioioso, and a glance at the periodicals of the time shows her to have been a mistress in the art of placing

before the people the facts of the time in a way to turn their minds in the direction she wished. She threw herself with all her energies into this task, and wrote, inspired, corrected, and collaborated with the journalists of the day. In 1845 she founded at Paris an Italian paper called "*Gazzetta Italiana*." A woman of brains and brilliancy who has the temerity to be beautiful, graceful, and charming is never pardoned by the world; let her turn her steps in whate'er direction she will, she will find vipers of jealousy who will endeavor to attack her from every side. So it was with Christine Belgioioso; but it seemed to be possible for her either to parry these unjust attacks or to carry herself with such superb hauteur as to make herself, apparently at least, well-nigh invulnerable. The greater portion of her fortune went to the beloved cause of her country, which she lived to see freed and under the rule of the House of Savoy, whose history she has so cleverly written in her book, "*Histoire de la Maison de Savoie*," that she had published just at the time when she knew it would best serve the cause. Christine Belgioioso was among the first to realize that France alone was in a position to give moral encouragement, and perhaps the indispensable material aid to the regeneration of its Latin sister. She visited Louis Napoleon in England, and gained the reply of that astute man, "Let me first arrange France, then we will attend to Italy."

When the revolution of '48 broke out in Milan the Princess was in Naples. She gathered together two hundred and fifty men, and putting herself at their head embarked for the scene of trouble. It is doubtful

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if this military move on her part added any real success to the crisis of the moment, but the picture of this woman alone and unaided taking such decided and forceful action shows the calibre of Christine Belgioioso's character.

The Princess died when but sixty-three years old, but her life had been so full of sudden events that Nature refused to postpone the payment of the ravages done by the will of steel and passionate ardor of the Princess' long battle for her country. She died in her beloved Milan and lived to see the happy picture of Italy arrived at that greatness for which she had worked so well at home and abroad.

Two portraits in the billiard-room of the Pliniana attracted my attention because of their sad historic story also, which seemed to correspond with this villa of tragic destiny. They were those of Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, who died in 1494, and Isabella of Aragon, Duchess Sforza, who is perhaps the most tragic figure among the women of the Renaissance, for it was her fate to see not only the fall of the house into which she had married, but that of her own father, Ferdinand of Aragon, King of Naples; and she ended her unhappy life in 1497. To the Pliniana also came Napoleon Bonaparte in 1797, dreaming of new victories.

I am sure I was very poor company at tea, which we had at the little *laiterie* quite near the Pliniana; but Mrs. Fisher was very amiable, and I think quite understood my feelings, for it is whispered that the villa that now belongs to my American friend is none other than that which was bought by the unhappy Duchess after leaving Belgioioso. As Mrs. Fisher

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reads her correspondence in the morning she must often think of the Frenchwoman who, in the very same room, opened the many letters seeking aid from those distressed and sorrowing beings, who never found refusal at the hands of the broken-hearted Duchess, and who from this room could ever enjoy the beautiful view of her beloved Pliniana. That the story has profoundly impressed more than one artistic soul is proved by the fact that many years even before the death of the Duchess, about the time that Belgioioso died, there was published in Paris a drama in four acts, called "La Fiammina," by Mario Uchard.

After tea the "Carlotta" took us quickly up the lake, and the lights on the mountains at the sunset hour were far too beautiful for me to hope to describe. I wish poor Mr. Lumière could live long enough to complete his wonderful invention of colored photography, for the limit to one plate is, after all, most unsatisfactory.

T.

CERNOBBIO, LAGO DI COMO, October

My dear M:

This has been one of the red-letter days of my journey, though all things can be judged only by comparison; and, generally speaking, in comparison with most autumns, my Italian September and October have been comprised principally of red-letter days.

We left here at eleven o'clock, and took the beautiful ride to Como, past the superb villa of the Duke Visconti di Modrone at Olmo (elm), which Marianna,

the Duchess, has arranged for me to see whenever I like, and continued through this mountainous country of the "Brianza" to Varese. Here it was necessary to inquire very carefully in order to find the little side road leading to another of Italy's hidden glories, at Gazzada, the villa of Don Guido Cagnola of Milan, a nephew of the Marchesa Trotti, with whom we are to take tea to-morrow at her villa at Bellagio. Countess Zucchini-Solimei of Bologna, the sister of Don Guido, acts as the charming and hospitable hostess of this bachelor paradise.

Detailed description of this great palace with its exquisite furnishings, its collections of rare china and pottery, porcelains and majolica, its hangings of incomparable gobelins, its priceless collection of paintings of the best Italian masters, its artistic and elaborate furniture, the whole enhanced by a profusion of rare orchids, shaggy odd-colored chrysanthemums, and dark glorious purple violets, is not easy, as you will see, with the pen. The villa and its treasures in its present form are due largely to the energy and intelligence of Don Guido's father, Senator Carlo Cagnola, a man of great wealth and artistic appreciation, whose fame as a connoisseur and collector not only in Italy but throughout the art world is well known.

The vast park is arranged in miniature proportions as a copy of the gardens of the Crystal Palace of London. The villa is famous even among those who do not know the rare treasures of its interior. It has the general plain outlines of the seventeenth century villeggiatura, and a colonnaded series of three passageways is curiously arranged directly

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under a part of the villa. It was built by Perabò, who did a great deal to make it beautiful, but probably did not finish it, and it was greatly changed by the Senator Carlo Cagnola. In its seventeenth century splendor the interior, as one author says, "seems a gay and fitting setting for the great ladies of that time seated on the many beautiful divans listening to the sweet nothings of the gallant cavaliers, and enjoying the delicate perfume that entered from the gardens by the great windows of the drawing-room."

The situation, I think, is the most beautiful of any villa I have yet seen in Italy. It stands on a high hill overlooking the town of Varese, that is situated on the shores of the lake of the same name, and commands a magnificent view that extends even to the white snows of Monte Rosa in the dim distance. In its immediate proximity are great noble pines, spruce, cedar, and many other forest trees, while the broad terrace in front of the house has the indispensable and ever beautiful Italian fountain, about which at varying angles and curves are placed the paths, lined with rare flowers that seem to thrive in artistic perfection under the hand of the skilled Italian gardener.

I suppose there are greenhouses somewhere on the place; I suppose that somebody some time must do a great deal of work on these lovely gardens of Italy, but the gardeners must work when the plants grow, for you see the effect of both and the actual accomplishment of neither. In all my walks in the various gardens of the many villas where we have been I have never seen a part of a flowered hedge faded or destroyed by some wretched worm, as is so often the



Taken by Mrs. Baicheller

VILLA CAGNOLA AT GAZZADA, LOMBARDY

case with us at home, nor have I ever seen anybody working over these same perfect formal gardens, for perfect they must be to fulfil the design and intent of their making. I took a great many pictures, and I wish I had been indiscreet enough to take one of the luncheon table, that I might send it to you, who have always so many delightful ideas yourself of table decoration; but imagine the table, large, for twenty-five people (a small luncheon as the hospitable Italian calls it), laid out from its centre nearly to the edge of the plates of each person in a miniature Italian garden, with a mirror serving for greensward and tiny exquisitely worked Murano porcelain replacing the hedges, while the flowers, great deep purple violets with different lengths of stem, filled the decorative garden vases, also of finely worked Murano porcelain, in sizes appropriate to the rest of the fairy garden. I am not a gourmand as you know, and all Italians are natural-born cooks, but when these charming friends of mine give a luncheon in my honor you may be sure that the cooking is more than *par excellence*.

Later in the afternoon Don Guido took us at my request over the villa, for even though they possess the treasures of the earth, the Italians never lose their simplicity, and none despises more than they ostentation or display. When Don Guido saw, however, that I not only admired, but really could appreciate his wonders, he was kindness itself, and spared no pains to let me see them all. In his own room is one of the rarest of mediæval tapestries, and I took a picture of his favorite Madonna, the authorship of which is still disputed.

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In my enthusiasm about all the beautiful things that I am seeing, I must not forget to remind you that one's creature comforts in these villas are now adequately provided for, a fact that is generally disbelieved by my more unfortunate compatriots that have not had the opportunity and rare pleasure of seeing for themselves.

During the luncheon Countess Zucchini asked me if I had seen the Madonna del Monte, and on my admission of never having heard of this pilgrimage church, she advised my visit there on the way back to Como. So it is that my friends are constantly helping me to see so many interesting things which assuredly I should miss were it not for their kindness. We were among the last motors to go from the villa this afternoon, but have promised to return another day, and yet we had stayed so long that we barely had time to make the interesting excursion to the sanctuary of Madonna del Monte — sopra Varese.

I have thoughtfully asked myself these last few days why the average traveller knows so little of the glories of this wonderful Brianza country; but I suppose it is because all Italy is beautiful, and I think the especial charm lies in the fact that each and every section differs so completely one from another.

The church of Madonna del Monte is situated on the very top of a jagged mountain that seems to be intended by Nature more for the nests of eagles than for the abode of man or the object of his journeys, but the story is told of a young girl called "Beata Caterina Ruffini da Pallanza," born in 1437, who was left an orphan when the plague swept the village of

Pallanza and deprived her of both father and mother. She devoted herself to prayer and penitence, making a vow of perpetual virginity, and in 1448 gave herself over to a religious life. She is said to have had an apparition, when she was told that her chosen place of worship should be the Sacra Monte. Here she went when but fifteen years old, hiding herself in a grotto hardly large enough for her to move about in, and here she inflicted upon herself all the physical punishments that her overwrought imagination believed would add to the beauty of her soul. Her strange, extraordinary life and conduct drew the attention of the public, and many people came to see her. A few years later she was joined by another young woman, who begged to associate herself with Caterina. She was received with open arms as a sister, and became later famous as the blessed Giuliana da Verghera. Many and many other young women joined these two, but not without the recriminations and protestations of their paternal houses to a point where Caterina was threatened with excommunication. She, however, adopted the rule of Saint Augustine, and begged the Pope's permission to erect a monastery where she and her companions might continue their holy life. Sixtus IV in 1475 listened to their prayers, and a monastery was built on the ruins of the ancient fortress whose towers in the sixteenth century were converted into the oratorio and church above the crypt consecrated by Saint Ambrose. In 1798 the Cisalpine government suppressed the monastery, and appropriated the patrimony of the sanctuary. Some of the old nuns, with the faith of being able to continue their

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religious life, remained in these localities, until a rich woman left her inheritance to the monastery, which obtained from the Emperor Francis I the desired permission to again continue its religious work. To-day, enriched by new buildings, it has even added a meteorological institute.

The approach to the church from Varese leads through various closely connected hamlets, through an archway, to the first of fifteen votive chapels. These are decorated with many frescoes, and about the altars are many groups in painted stucco, illustrating the mysteries of the rosary, and lastly the statue of Moses is placed in the niche of a great fountain. At the fourth chapel we left the car to purchase rosaries and souvenirs at the little stands lining the walk up the mountain, to induce the faithful to take with them new rosaries to receive a special blessing at the end of their pilgrimage. We decided not to ask the car to make this tremendous climb, but to continue our way up the mountain on foot, that we might the more enjoy the completeness of this beautiful view. One could easily see the lakes of Comabbio, Biondronno, Monate, and Varese, two portions of the Lake Maggiore, and even a part of Lake Como, while the fruitful and beautiful plain was visible almost as far as Milan. It seems that these fifteen chapels (to commemorate the fifteen mysteries of the rosary) were constructed for the repose of the numberless pilgrims who flocked thither to Sacra Monte. The original idea was promulgated by a Capuchin monk, who by reason of his ministry came often to the summit of the mountain, and from his own fatigues probably

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realized those of the numerous suffering pilgrims. The people of the surrounding country responded with almost hysterical enthusiasm, and even gave their clothes when they had nothing else to give, and in a very short time a million "lire" were provided for the erection of these elaborate and quaint votive chapels.

The mystic charm of the place at the sunset hour drew about us a sort of "soft melancholy" (*dolce melancolia*) as the Italians say, though we had approached the shrine more with a sense of admiration of the beautiful than from any deep religious fervor.

What should we see on emerging from the church, but Vincenzo and the automobile almost at the door of the church! I was almost cross with him for having made the car practically go up the side of a house, for the stone ascent is so steep that it is continually ridged across with stone work, and the last half of the way is practically a series of long steps, but we reached home without accident. More to-morrow.

T.

CERNOBBIO, LAGODI COMO, October

My dear M:

Luncheon with Countess Taverna was as pleasurable as I expected, and this time, instead of going across the lake, we went with the car through Como, along the road that is laid out high up on the hill on the east side of the lake, where we had beautiful views not only of the town of Torno, near which is Villa Taverna, but of the opposite shores, where the towns of Moltrasio and Urio nestle close to the water's

edge. We left the car shortly after entering the gate, for we preferred to walk slowly down the winding path, which is lined on both sides with the most beautiful foliage and rose beds that I have seen in many a day. Our arrival had scarcely been announced, when the Countess with true Italian charm and courtesy met us half-way down the path, and greeted us with a welcome that was soon repeated by the Count and his daughter at the door of the villa. Among the guests was a very amiable gentleman who bore the historic name one associates with Rimini, Count Malatesta, and I do not suppose it ever entered his imagination that a foreign lady would remember the woful deeds and valiant victories of his probable ancestor of many centuries ago. In the present-day guest at the Villa Taverna one found only a delightful middle-aged gentleman of courtly manners and interesting personality.

In the first half of the eighteenth century Don Caetano Taverna, descended from the brother of the Grand Chancellor, bought the "Villa of the Pearls" from Zanzi. Taverna was a man devoted to public affairs, was a deputy to the Provincial Congress, and presided over many important works of charity. Dying in 1846, he left the villa to his heirs, who have preferred it above all others for a summer sojourn; surely its aspect is really grandiose, as it juts out prominently into the lake, its ample and symmetrical construction standing out in bold relief amidst the luxurious gardens and flowers. You will remember, also, that the Countess Taverna was born a princess of that famous family, Boncompagna-Ludovisi, both branches of which came originally from Bologna.

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Both also gave a great and powerful pope to the Vatican — Gregory XIII and Gregory XVI.

Count Taverna is one of Italy's most distinguished noblemen, a senator and statesman whose able counsels are much sought and highly considered. He also gives much money and time to charity, and holds the position of President of the Italian Red Cross Society. If the Countess has been a long-beloved Lady-in-waiting to Queen Margherita, the numerous photographs of the late King Umberto signed with affectionate dedication by the Royal hand prove the Count to have been held very high in His Majesty's regard. Both the Count and Countess speak excellent English, and I was surprised to learn how much interested and how well informed the Count was in our American national politics. Already it seems that the statesmanlike qualities of President Taft are beginning to be appreciated the length and breadth of Europe, and Count Taverna expressed his admiration of our President as being one of the most cultured men and one of the great statesmen of the world to-day.

After luncheon I took some photographs of the Countess Cocca, and her two visiting friends, Signorina Brambilla and Signorina Pansa (a daughter of the Italian Ambassador at Berlin), all of them pretty girls, but not one of them detracted, even with their youth, from the stately and handsome Countess in their midst. Signorina Pansa's mother is said to be the handsomest woman in the diplomatic circle at the Court of Berlin, and she is one of the most graceful and charming hostesses in the German capital, as I can personally testify. Her balls have always an Italian

touch, and the winter I passed in Berlin she conceived the pretty idea of having an immense gondola made completely of flowers, and hung with swinging lanterns similar to those used by the musicians in the canals at Venice; in the midst of the cotillon it was pushed into the ballroom on tiny hidden wheels. One by one the flowers were distributed as favors, and beneath them were found pretty knick-knacks, many of which I still keep as a souvenir of one of the most delightful dances I remember. I was glad of an opportunity to see her daughter again under her own sunny skies.

After the pictures, when the girls had started playing some of the last matches of their tennis tournament, Mrs. Fisher kindly came, and offered to take me in the "Carlotta" for our promised tea with the Marchesa Trotti, at her villa farther up the lake at Bellagio. This villa of the Marchese Lodovico Trotti-Bentivoglio is one of the oldest villas on the Lake of Como. Its particularly beautiful position rendered it celebrated at the beginning of the last century, and its exceptional tropical and exotic garden to-day maintains its fame. It was done over in 1850, and the major part, I should think, is in Moorish style.

The Marchesa Trotti is, like the Taverna, a much-beloved Lady-in-waiting to Queen Margherita. She greeted us most cordially at the landing, and suggested a stroll about the gardens before taking tea. The Marchese joined us, and led us through winding paths in and out, which constantly assumed a more tropical aspect; closely planted bamboo lined many of the walks, and fuchsias, enormous in size and profuse in blossoms, made an unusual and brilliant border to many



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

COUNTESS TAVERNA

Lady-of-the-Palace of H. M. Queen Margherita

SIGNORINA PANSA, SIGNORINA TAVERNA, SIGNORINA BRAMBILLA

In the Villa Taverna at Lake Como

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other parts of the garden path. The Marchese himself, like many of the Italian noblemen, has personally directed the construction of this wonderful garden, which is said to be the finest and most unique in Italy. I send you a picture that will make you feel that I have been in Japan rather than on the Lake of Como, and I assure you I felt so, as we stood on the tiny bridge and looked up the little artificial river crowded with rare water plants up to the very edge of the miniature island, on which is built a little Japanese summer-house. The Marchesa patiently waited while I took many pictures, and then guided us back through the labyrinth of blooms to the villa for tea.

Although the Marchesa is no longer young, the brilliancy of her eyes, the sweetness of her smile, and her splendid bearing, make her still a most attractive woman, and I hope to have the opportunity and privilege of seeing much of her during my stay on the lake. She is a daughter of the Princess Belgioioso, and the Pliniana was a part of her dowry on her marriage to the Marchese Trotti, and while she keeps the famous villa in excellent repair, it is not strange that she rarely goes there, or that she prefers her own spacious and beautiful villa at Bellaggio. Prince Hercolani and his brother are planning to make their annual visit to her in a few days, and I dare say we shall see them frequently.

Several friends came in to tea, so that I did not like to ask to disturb the party for a picture of the quaint and peculiarly decorated room where we were, but I shall doubtless go again, and may have another more favorable opportunity, for I dislike very much to have my camera a nuisance.

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On the way home we crossed over to Cadenabbia for a call on the Stoddards at their Villa Maria, for Mrs. Fisher is inviting them to tea with her to-morrow.

You see I am not over-enthusiastic after all, for here is Mr. Stoddard, who has spent his life in travelling the wide world around, and who finds Como and its shores the one place where he wishes to live.

Here he can find rest, peace, and pleasant friends better than anywhere else, he believes. This is a long letter, and you see my days are very full. More to-morrow.

T.

CERNOBBIO, LAGO DI COMO, October

My dear M:

We have had lunch with Mrs. Fisher at her villa. She has one interesting engraving showing Raphael sketching on the head of a barrel the "Madonna of the Chair" from a peasant woman standing in a doorway. Was this famous picture painted in this way, I wonder? Mrs. Fisher's bedroom is most peculiar in its coloring and stucco; tiny scenes of the monuments of Rome form a frieze about the top of the walls, and are framed in a colored stucco of roses, which extends well out on to the ceiling.

As one approaches the villa from the landing, the steps by which one goes up to the main house are decorated on either side by two life-size Cupids, the one playing a viol, the other a 'cello, and they almost convinced me, with many other little details about the



VILLA TROTTI AND CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI AT BELLAGIO
LAKE COMO

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house, that this is the actual place where the Duchess de Plaisance lived out her life of expiation.

A small house at one side of the grounds contains but one large room, built apparently for music alone. An organ is well placed, and the shape of the room arranged for good acoustic results. The ceiling is decorated in modern colorings, of carved wood, in designs that complete the idea of a music room. Many photographs of her large anvil works in New Jersey bespeak Mrs. Fisher's business life; for, like myself, she has had a good deal to do with stern business relations and situations at home. On the death of her husband she assumed the direction of the large business of which he had been the head and owner. She has the decoration of the Red Cross for the volunteer help she rendered at the time of the Johnstown disaster. Here at Como she wisely takes a few months rest each year, and the Italians about the lake have shown her many courtesies. I was not surprised when she told me that shortly before the regatta she had been made a member of the yacht club of the lake, and that the "Carlotta" won the gold medal, for it certainly is the most perfect boat of the kind I have ever seen in its compact and excellent arrangements for every comfort.

After lunch we ran up to Bellagio for some of the silk shawls from the silk factories, of which there are many about the lake, for the whole country about the plains of Milan is thickly planted with mulberry trees, and the cultivation of the silk worm is carried on at present with the greatest success, so that Italian silk is coming into great demand all the world over. Indeed

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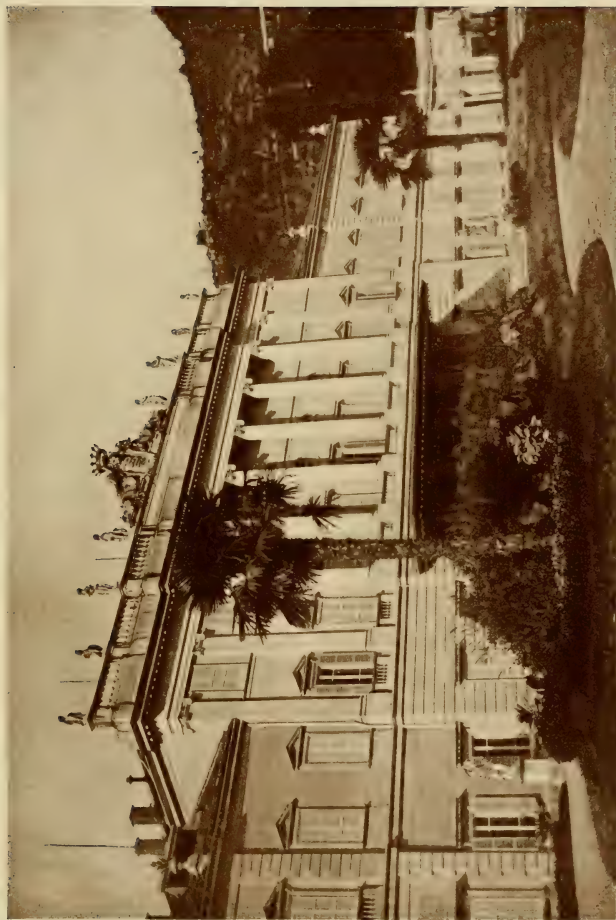
I find that the underwear that we call at home "Italian silk" is made at the factories in this immediate vicinity. Count Taverna, I know, has large properties and interests in the silk manufacture, and he is only one of many rich noblemen who are interesting themselves successfully in this industry.

The "Carlotta" brought us safely home in time for dinner. Just as we drew up to the landing, the Marchesa Casati and her friends were returning also from a row on the lake. They had motored down from Balsamo, their summer villa near Milan, and the Marchesa has asked us to dine with her the latter part of this week. What did people do before the invention of automobiles? It seems to me the whole world has been quartered in size, and society made infinitely broader and more agreeable from the possibility of having a larger circle of friends that one can see so easily and so often. To-morrow will be another busy day.

CERNOBBIO, LAGO DI COMO, October

My dear M:

It has been impossible to write for a few days, we have been so very busy, and have repeated many of the good times and luncheons in the various villas that I have written you about already; but yesterday morning we had a genuine surprise, for who should appear at the early hour of ten o'clock but Prince Hercolani, who has come up from Bologna and is on his way to Marchesa Trotti's, where to his regret he is only to make a call, as his affairs in Bologna will not permit of



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

VILLA OLMO OF THE DUKE VISCONTI DI MODRONE ON LAKE COMO

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his staying away just now, as he had expected. We have been so busy that until this morning I had seen very little of the gardens at the back of the villa. We took a stroll up the hillside to the top of the fountain, under which the highroad from Cernobbio to the next town is curiously cut, the hillside on which the fountain flows serving as a sort of bridge. In a high recess at the top of these long cascades, lined on both sides with roses, is placed a huge statue of Hercules, and various paths wind away from the fountain and on through the wooded garden. After luncheon Hercolani took the steamer for Marchesa Trotti's, and we went off in the motor to take pictures, and to see the wonders of the Villa Visconti at Olmo.

The villa was built on the ruins of a former villa of Caninio Ruffo, and was the favorite seat of Pliny the Younger, who is supposed to have planted one of the old elm trees on the small lawn toward the lake in front of the palace; this incident undoubtedly gives the name (Olmo, Elm) to the villa. It was seized in 1845 by Austria, and became a barrack—a fact that seems too dreadful to recall. So magnificent is this villa in its decoration and perfection of architecture, that King Umberto came here to gather ideas for the re-decorating and restoring of the Royal Castle at Monza, shortly before his tragic death. The great ballroom in the central part of the house, where in many villas is an open courtyard, is left the height of the three stories of the villa, and a balustrade is built, on to which many of the rooms of the second story open. Numerous elaborate Venetian chandeliers form graceful and decorative means of lighting, and the sculp-

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tured tablets all about the room, together with the many marble decorations, make it superb and elegant in every respect. In 1872 it became the property of Duke Guido Visconti di Modrone, who made great changes and added much to the magnificence of the decorations both within and without. Olmo has offered hospitality to Emperor Ferdinand I of Austria, Maria Christina of Savoy, wife of the great Vittorio Emanuele II, and to Garibaldi. On the front of the roof of the villa was added in pure Ionic style a richly carved coat-of-arms of the Visconti, sustained on both sides by colossal cupids, surmounted by the ducal crown, thus covering the motto Olmo, which originally was written directly on the front of the villa. The arrangement of the rooms is unusual and altogether fortunate. The drawing-rooms of the lower floor toward the garden are elaborate and brilliant in their decoration, having the advantage of floods of sunlight. The dining-room is hung with rare tapestries, ("arazzi"), that show the stem of the House of Anguissola quartered with that of the Visconti. The chamber of the late Duke is very large, and filled with arms and many trophies of the present and past. As in many of these princely houses, there is the completely equipped miniature theatre with its stage, its scenery, representing usually a wood, and in this case, its rows of regular theatre chairs. What good times these great families must have with their impromptu comedies, charades, and games! Surely the Italians enjoy life to the fullest!

The custodian of the villa, according to directions of the Duke and Duchess, opened all the suites for

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my benefit, for the palace is at the present time the property of the widowed Duchess; but there are suites arranged for the sons of the household with their families, whenever they choose to come here. However, as they all have, with their vast wealth, several villas of their own, this great and glorious palace is left, for the most part, unoccupied. The stairway is the finest of any villa we have seen, with its ancient tapestries and mediæval torch-holders. The armory on the second floor is hung with the armor worn by many of the famous bearers of this great name, whose portraits hang upon the walls. There is a most beautiful view from the central balcony of the gardens in front of the villa and the lake and mountains beyond. Everywhere, even in the carpet flowers of the formal garden, is to be seen the Visconti viper devouring the child, but the park at the back of the palace (for it is much too gorgeous to be termed a villa) is left in the natural grandeur of its great trees, the inevitable "tempietto" or little temple of the Italian garden being placed at the end of a broad path in this beautiful forest.

Of course you know that of all the despots of the Middle Ages the Visconti were by far the greatest and most powerful. They were, however, not firm in their dominions until the gallant Henry VII of France, Dante's hope, came down into Italy to revive the empire. Henry did not revive the empire, but he lent his strength to his allies, "Can Grande" of Verona and the Visconti of Milan. It is rather pathetic, that picture of the noble Henry, with his fantastic ideas of revivifying the old Roman empire, and bringing

Europe together under the shelter of the Roman eagle; and of the famous Dante, clutching fast to these same ideas and throwing all his energies and hopes into the scale of the approaching monarch; while the cunning tyrants of Milan and Verona, pretending to give their aid to this dream, were quietly securing for themselves complete power in their own dominions.

The family succeeded in dispossessing all its rivals in Milan, and became masters of the city in 1295, about the time that the oligarchy was fastening its grip upon Venice, and the democracy becoming supreme in Florence. The Visconti, like all the despots of their time, sought, after once making themselves secure, to enlarge their dominion. They aimed at Pisa, and gained the enmity of Florence. They struggled for Bologna, and were excommunicated and interdicted by the popes, but they succeeded in forcing Genoa, who was worn out and exhausted by her long struggle with Venice, to give herself to them, being promised peace and security. Much has been said of the cruelty and ruthless ambition of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, but he was in reality the man the times demanded, for he was probably the only one strong enough to bring order out of chaos. Indeed, he came very near bringing the whole peninsula under one government after his conquest of Pisa, Perugia, and Assisi, and it is possible he might have made himself King of Italy had he not suddenly died in 1402. His successor was weak and incapable, and his dominions dwindled away, one after another freeing itself from the Lombard rule.

There are many branches of the Visconti family at the present time — by far the most prominent the



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

TEMPIETTO IN THE GREAT PARK OF THE
VILLA OLMO OF THE DUKE VISCONTI
DI MODRONE ON LAKE COMO

Visconti di Modrone; but they are all in a way related to the famous leaders of this great house, though there are no actual descendants at the present day in direct line.

To-morrow we dine with the Casatis, and shall probably run in only to Milan for the night, rather than to come back here; besides, I have several errands that I want to do in Milan, which is an excellent place for shopping. I saw to-day a charming little villa just next to that of Mrs. Fisher, which can be rented at a very reasonable figure, and I am sorely tempted to engage it for next season. I can imagine no better way of spending the late summer and autumn than on the beautiful shores of this magic lake; for my friends have made me feel as if I were rather in a second home than in a foreign country. Who knows where Destiny will send me!

T.

CERNOBBIO, LAGO DI COMO, October

My dear M:

The Marchese Casati sent me careful and very complete directions as to how to reach Balsamo, the little town in which is situated the great Casati palace and its park.

Casati is one of modern Italy's famous names, and it was to a member of the House of Casati that Victor Emmanuel II gave as a supreme mark of honor and appreciation of worth, the right to include the "F.E.R.T.," that mysterious motto of the order of the Annunziata, which forms a part of the arms of

Savoy, in the arms of the Casati. In 1848, during the tumultuous times of Italy's approaching freedom, a member of the family, Count Casati, was governor of Milan. He is spoken of as late as 1885 by a prominent Italian statesman as follows: "This man, in spite of his official position, necessitating constant intercourse with government authorities, embodied in his person during months that preceded the revolution a dignified antagonism toward the foreigner. His speeches were never provoking, although vibrating with offended dignity, while an accent of protestation resounded in them, and neither menaces nor flatteries succeeded in silencing him. In its struggle with the Austrian government Milan felt itself faithfully represented by the Count Casati."

I have written you before much of the artistic grace, and what I may call "Byzantine" fascination, of the Marchesa. She must feel a keen sympathy with the soft colorings and strange contrasts of the East, for she never was more brilliant in her life than on the evening when she wore at a fancy dress ball in Rome the marvellous costume of the Empress Theodora; indeed, her lustrous eyes recalled the famous mosaics at Ravenna. I am great friends with her little girl, who came down to meet us before dinner with her friend and playmate, the little daughter of Madame Soldatenkow, who is making a visit at Balsamo.

The palace of Balsamo was built the first part of the sixteenth century for a noble Ferrarese, who sold it in January, 1641, to Don Francesco Mario Casnedi. A hundred years after the acquisition made by Don

Francesco Mario, another Casnedi, the Marquis Ottavio sold Balsamo to Count General Plenipotentiary Carlo Francesco Stampa in May, 1740. Immediately Stampa started the restoration of the villa, and engaged the two painters Venino and Ripamonti to renew the decorations. It is the careful renewal of these seventeenth century decorations, as well as the traces of the original design, that constitute the great artistic value of the present magnificent residence of our friend, the nephew of the last Marquis of Soncino.

The artistic hand of the Marchesa Casati is evident on every side. The dining-room is the finest I have yet seen in Italy, enormously high, with the ancient beams beautifully decorated in color; and a few large fine portraits of former lords of this noble house hang on the walls. The dinner table was beautiful to-night, with rare pink orchids. Indeed, I always refer to the Marchesa as "my lady of the orchid," for she seems the living emblem of that exotic plant. We have a common bond of sympathy in our love of lace, and to-night she wore one of her rare Venetian gowns, artistically combined with cloth-of-silver. I think the finest piece of modern lace I remember, in which were woven scenes from the chase in most marvellous Burano, formed the centrepiece of the large dining-table. The service was mainly of silver, and F. B. said the wines were unusually fine. After dinner the Marchesa begged me to sing her some ballads, and as she has always been so charming about my voice, just before we went home I sang for her in the great hall preceding the long suite of drawing-rooms in the palace, F. B. playing my accompaniments.

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The Marchese is Master of the Stagounds at Rome, and we are coming another day to lunch, that we may better see the beautiful grounds, and also have a glimpse of the great pack of hounds, which I suppose is one of the best in Europe. A great Russian greyhound, that is almost always with the Marchesa, has recently been honored by having his portrait painted with his mistress. He followed us as we stepped out from one of the long windows of the salon on to the broad greensward, where he moved like a spectre in and out among the rose bushes, which, in the moonlight, seemed like tiny trees, and gave him the aspect of some giant animal. In the moonlight, too, we could see the lions high up on the pillars of the park gates. Here is another villa, beautiful, elegant, comfortable, with its great park and endless flowers, and yet quite different from any other where we have been. The Casatis spend their autumns here at Balsamo, their winters in Rome, where they have built an elaborate new villa, and where the Marchese is very prominent in hunting circles, as well as much sought in society; but the spring and summer find them travellers.

The Marchesa is considered by many one of the best dressed women in Europe, and she has a definite, characteristic "cachet" quite her own. She has always been particularly "simpatica" to me, and I hope nothing will interfere with our return visit to Balsamo, for I regard every opportunity to see her as a distinct pleasure.

We ran back easily to Milan, but to-morrow we shall retrace much of the ground over which we have

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come to-day, for we are lunching with Their Excellencies, Signor and Donna Bice Tittoni, at their villa at Desio.

Signor Tittoni is undoubtedly one of the ablest statesmen of Italy to-day. He clearly understands the delicate and difficult position that it is certainly wise, and in the opinion of many necessary, for Italy to maintain toward Austria; he makes but few speeches, but what he says is always to the point. Some of the enthusiastic and over-ardent politicians of to-day in Italy would much prefer to see a less diplomatic Minister in the Chair of Foreign Affairs, but those who realize Europe's present situation can only admire the astute and careful policies of Tittoni. He accompanies the King in nearly all his travels; at Rimini, I remember, we saw the cinematograph of the King's visit to Greece, where Tittoni seemed to be always at the King's right hand. He is a Roman born, and with a toga would be in appearance a veritable senator of ancient Rome. His partial education at the University of Oxford in England gives him a wider view of foreign situations than is possible for a man to have who has received all his education in his own country.

During the brief period that Tittoni was Ambassador to England I passed the season in London. When His Excellency came to call, I remember he spoke then of our brilliant Secretary of War, Mr. Taft, and also of his admiration of Governor Hughes. I was to give a dinner in honor of His Excellency and Donna Bice, but I laughingly said to the then Ambassador, "I feel very sorry that only Donna Bice will be at the dinner, for I am sure Italy cannot do without

you, and I will wager anything you like that within six weeks you will be back again at your desk at the Ministry." Tittoni laughed, but replied that he did not at all agree with me; that he was fond of England; that he was very glad to be there, and that he had come with the expectation of remaining. My prophecy was correct, however, for only Donna Bice could come to my entertainment, for her husband, as I had said, had been recalled to Rome at the change of the Cabinet, and had taken his former position as Secretary of Foreign Affairs. Judging from the London press, who paid him the highest compliments as a statesman, the satisfaction of Europe was general.

Donna Bice I consider one of my dearest friends in Italy. She stands for the ideal type of Italian character: graceful, clever, highly educated, refined and true. I think perhaps the characteristic that is most pleasing in the Italian nature, particularly in the women, is the complete lack of affectation. However beautiful the Italian woman may be, however exquisite her clothes, she seems conscious of neither the one nor the other, but her main interest seems to be that of pleasing others and making herself gracefully agreeable. Donna Bice is the daughter of Signor Traversi, the rich Milanese banker who bought the villa where we are going. She has a facile pen and has written more than one article of real literary merit as well as several excellent comedies.

Her work for the *Industrie Femminili*, in the organization of which she has had a prominent and important part, has been practical and added greatly to the substantial success of the society; for Donna Bice is

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essentially a woman of brains; she sees things as they are, and applies a quick, active mentality to the accomplishment of what she knows to be the suitable thing to be done, and does it at the right moment. She is exactly fitted to be the wife of a politician and a statesman, for she knows how to win friends, not only for herself and her own personality, but for the cause for which her husband is striving. She made herself the centre of popularity when Signor Tittoni became Prefect of Naples, and she is one of those gifted women who, on occasion, can say a great deal and yet have said nothing, but who, when the right time comes, can in a few words clearly outline a course of action. She talks against no one; she is a devoted mother to her children, who are more than usually brilliant.

The park at Desio is one of the largest in Italy, and the water that forms the many waterways is brought all of twenty miles from the lake here at Como; but I will write you more about it after our visit.

T.

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LOMBARDY, MILAN, ITALY, October

My dear M:

YOU will be surprised to have this letter from Milan, but after leaving the Tittonis at Desio, we stopped at the famous Milanese restaurant Cova for tea, and who should we find but Mrs. Fisher and the American Consul and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Dunning. They persuaded us to stay and go with them to their box at the opera in the Teatro dal Verme to-night, to hear a young American girl, Edith de Lys, make her début as "Eva" in the "Meistersinger." There seemed to be no real reason why we should not do so, and we enjoyed the music and Miss de Lys' voice, which was much beyond our expectation. Afterward F. B. arranged for a supper at Cova's, and we have just come in.

Our day with Donna Bice at Desio has been simply delightful, and I have taken a number of photographs of the beautiful park. I think the best photographer for developing kodaks that I have found anywhere in my travels is here in Milan; most people take kodaks anything but seriously, but Signor Folli gives my films every attention, and I am hoping my pictures of Desio will come out satisfactorily. Donna Bice seemed genuinely glad to see me, and had a most lovely luncheon for us in the quaint and oddly decorated dining-room of the villa, which at first glance at its Gothic decorations and fine glass reminded one of a chapel.

After luncheon we strolled all about the immense



VILLA TITTONI-TRAVERSI AT DESIO, NEAR MILAN

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park. The beautiful and famous water art of this villa quite deserves its renown. Paths lined with stately forest trees lead us, now to a lake where the yellow autumn leaves, caught by the sun's rays, seem to star the water with gold; now where a tiny cascade surprises us with its noisy rushing veil of water; now a flowing brook leads past the old Roman tomb to the little marble tempietto, while long, still canals reflect the graceful ivy-grown tree trunks that line their sides; each and all are so combined that one beautiful vista after another is arranged for the enchanted wanderer. The red-billed black swans seemed to take a great liking to me, and constantly caught up with us on our walk. We had our coffee in a marvellous little thatched house on the grounds, which seem to have been laid out with a fairy touch at every turn. On the branches of a tree over one small bridge there hung tiny red berries; Signor Tittoni caught up a fishing-pole that seemed to be ready at his hand, attached a berry, and in the twinkling of an eye had raised a fish from the water beneath. Even I should like fishing under these circumstances. Farther on in our promenade we came to a little ruined tower where a tablet commemorates the fact that Giovanni Bellini wrote some of his sweetest music on this spot:

“Qui tra i susurri queruli del vento
Quando incombe la sera,
Suona di donna un misero lamento,
Qui scrisse la Straniera
Bellini, e avea nel core
De la fanciulla a lui negata il pianto;
Qui muto passa l' ore.
Chi nel memore cor sente quel canto.”

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In the murmuring of the wind
That blows at eventide,
A lady's woe is intertwined.
Here wrote Bellini "La Straniera,"
And thought but of his love denied,
'Dearer to him than all beside,
Here, silent, passed the hours away,
'But memory keeps the song away.

There are few remains of the old rocca built by Bernabò Visconti, which once occupied the site of the classic and grandiose palace of to-day. The aqueduct, however, that this famous man of the Middle Ages had so carefully built in 1360, "in order to procure water for the use of the fields, the mills, the falconers, and the pleasures of the Dukes of Milan," still exists, and makes possible the water wonders of the lovely villa. The rich and powerful family of Cusani owned this property for years, and used the villa as their summer home, but in 1817 Giovanni Traversi bought the place, and transformed the palace and gardens into their splendor of to-day. The two marble statues on either side of the steps at the back of the villa looking toward the garden, representing hospitality and friendship, are by Luigi Marchesi and Antonio Galli, and are most appropriate here.

Signor Traversi added to the various small buildings in the park built by the Cusani. The museum, that at first sight looks like a church, contains a large number of antique marbles and stones, probably gathered here by the different owners from ancient churches and tombs in this vicinity.

Desio has ever been the scene of much hospitable entertainment, and many of the foreign diplomats

have enjoyed a visit with the Minister and his wife. Donna Bice is soon leaving for Switzerland with her son, who is to be placed there in school, so I was just in time to have my visit, for in a few days the villa will be closed, and opened again only for the next autumn season.

On the way home we took the road that goes through Cantù, for I was very anxious to purchase some of the famous lace that bears the name of this town. F. B. was rather skeptical as to whether shopping would be possible, as to-day is Sunday, and throughout the whole of Europe the shops are closing much more than formerly for the seventh day. Indeed, there is a law now in Italy and in France that every person working for hire must take one day in seven for rest, and it so annoys the energetic Frenchman that many times he has refused to do this, but is obliged, in the end, to take all his days of rest at once, when he goes off to his people in the country; in this wise they feel their work is less interrupted. In any case, to-day we were successful, thanks to the energy of Vincenzo, who on our arrival in Cantù, scurried about until he found the proprietor of what seemed to be the most promising shop. Being an industrious Latin, he was not only willing to sell his goods, but anxious to be polite to a stranger. The shop was quickly opened, and all the laces it contained spread upon the counter, and I dare say you will be pleased to know that some of them I have bought for you.

Much of this beautiful lace is made by young children, and it is astonishing to see with what rapidity and correctness they throw their bobbins from one

side of the cushion to the other, place the pins on the paper pattern beneath their threads, and again with the swiftest motions weave in and out the next figure of the pattern. A half-finished doily caught my attention on one of the cushions, which to-day were idle, and I have ordered a dozen similar ones made, to be sent later to London. I think I must look honest, because the man never questioned the matter of payment, and merely asked for my address, that he might write me when the work was done.

Signor Tito Ricordi, the director of the famous music publishing house, and a relative by marriage of the Visconti and the Castelbarco, left his card to-night, and has asked us to lunch with him to-morrow at Cova's before returning to Como. You remember I met him first in New York at the time of his direction of the production of Puccini's "*La Bohème*" at the Metropolitan.

It is very late. More to-morrow.

T.



ONE OF THE NUMEROUS WATERWAYS IN THE
PARK OF THE VILLA TITTONI-TRAVERSI
NEAR MILAN

CERNOBBIO, LAGO DI COMO, October

My dear M:

I HAVE so much regretted that you could not be with me, to-day especially, for I am sure you would have enjoyed going over the Canonica lace school, in which you have taken with me such a kind interest. This afternoon Countess Taverna and I motored from Torno to Canonica, where, as you know, she has established in one of her family palaces the flourishing school of filet lace of which you and I have had so many productions. I wrote a few days ago of the scarf that the children have made for me, which took the gold medal at the recent exposition in Milan, but to-day, when I have it in my hands, it is really more beautiful than I expected, and has all the soft suppleness of the fifteenth century laces. Much as I have cared for the school and appreciated the work it was doing, when once on the ground to-day I realized more than ever the immense value to Italy of the *Industrie Femminili*, which could not have a more able president than Countess Taverna; for the Italian woman is not merely a beautiful ornament in the drawing-rooms of her great palaces; she is essentially a woman of brains, and in many cases of unusual executive ability. Besides being an immense advantage to the young children of this immediate vicinity to learn a trade that is lucrative, cleanly, and profitable, it is a great privilege and benefit for them to come in contact with a woman

like Countess Taverna, and the refined and charming directress in charge of the school.

The whole lower floor of this old palace, which is picturesquely situated amongst these beautiful Brianza hills, is given over to the various departments of the school. The small children from seven to twelve are making the less complicated forms of filet; in other rooms older girls are completing orders for the finest lace shops of Paris, London, and Vienna, and now the Countess has decided, in order to keep abreast with the modern French idea of combining various sorts of lace, to establish a department of bobbin work, and has had a competent teacher come from Florence for this purpose. At our approach to one room after another, every girl dropped her work and stood like a soldier at attention, and as we left, each girl dropped a little courtesy as she resumed her threads. There seems to be an almost inborn instinct for good manners in the Italian from the lowest to the highest, and the respect that every servant shows to his master is not deemed any sign of menial service, but an evidence that he too has a desire to show the respect which, in the giving, raises his own estimation of himself. I stopped and talked with some of the girls, and of course expressed my pleasure and satisfaction with my beautiful scarf. I found the various shirtwaists that have been made for us, and have ordered some of these new bobbin laces. It is astonishing how soon these young girls learn what seemed to me a most difficult manipulation of the bobbins, and I could hardly believe what the Countess told me: that the lace of this sort has been learned from the very begin-

nings within the past thirty days. How the little bobbins could fly as fast as they did, I could not see; I am sure that I should take much more than a month to acquire such dexterity. The Countess is doubly fortunate in the conducting of this school, from the fact that her husband owns and controls large silk factories, and she has succeeded in producing the rarest, softest colors, studied out, I dare say, from the numerous wonderful gobelins that hang in all her homes about Italy; and these silks she combines most successfully with the laces of her school. I was sorely tempted to order a duplicate of a bedspread that she has had recently made for her own room in her palace at Rome, of a soft, dull, greenish-blue silk, covered with a filet of large cinquecento design, which was most effective; but one learns in Italy that every bank account is limited, so I contented myself with the many things that have already been completed for me here. I was glad, however, to add my mite of suggestion to the school's output by leaving various little French odds and ends for the neck, to be copied or used in designing in the finer patterns of the filet.

One of the Countess' younger sons is very much interested in trying to raise the tobacco plant on some of the land about here, and we went to a side building near the villa to inspect the first drying process of the large leaves. It would seem that the climate and the soil should be propitious for this project, but the success yet remains to be seen.

This large and ample villa, situated in the small plain beside which flows the river Lambro, that makes its narrowest way among these green Brianza hills

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just at Canonica, is in its present aspect of seventeenth century architecture, and shows the work of some restoration — probably completed in the first year of the century following.

Its foundation is said to have been by Count Francesco Taverna, who was a jurist-consul registered at the renowned Milanese College, and several times represented the Prince of Milan and the city at the courts of France and Spain. He was exalted to the highest office of Grand Chancellor (1532) of the Duchy of Milan, which office he held for twenty years, during the dominion of Duke Francesco Sforza II and of Emperor Charles V, whom he counselled through these turbulent and troublesome times. It is not to be wondered that the famous statesman liked to come to this secluded valley of green trees, flowing streams, and rich fruits to rest from such grave responsibilities.

The Countess comes to this larger villa, near that in which is the lace school, for the months of November and December; the gardens are filled with enormous pots of flourishing orange trees, and overlook to one side the large and handsome villa of Countess della Somaglia. Canonica is near enough also to the Villa Belvedere of the Duchess Visconti to make it possible for Marianna's daughters to come each day to the school, where they are taking lessons in the various forms of lace-making. The Duchess herself is an accomplished woman, and the education of her children is carefully looked after. The oldest is now fourteen years (you will recall I wrote you much of them when at Rimini), yet she speaks four languages fluently, is learning to be an excellent pianist, besides

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all the other accomplishments of dancing, tennis, and so on — a rather more severe education than is demanded, or even thought of, for many of our young girls, who seem to feel that if they do not *have* to do anything there is no particular reason why they *should* do anything. The woman of fine birth and breeding in Europe, as a general thing, feels a responsibility to that birth and breeding, and if she be the daughter of a noble house, for that very reason she must be accomplished and clever, as her forebears have always been; but whatever name you give to education and culture, a lady is a lady the world around, and it is not very difficult either in Europe or America to distinguish them. Life as it is lived by the Italian is really much simplified and infinitely more satisfactory than in many countries, for the reason that most of the domestic difficulties that annoy, certainly the woman of America, and I dare say many others, are to a great extent eliminated here. The Italian servants are competent, capable, and intelligent; and I could not but notice to-day at Canonica what the accumulation of generations of luxurious equipment of life means in its fullest extent.

Here at Canonica in the rich sideboards and cupboards of the dining-room were rare and complete sets of china, sufficient for the entertaining of a large number of guests, yet it is never moved from Canonica, and as many more complete sets of even greater richness are kept in equally good order at the villa at Torno and in the Taverna palace at Rome. Few fortunes at the present day would permit the purchase at one time of such table furnishing, even were it

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possible to obtain it; but the whole outfit of each villa is the same in all the departments of the housekeeper's realm, so perhaps it is not surprising that the Italians are able to live and entertain in four or five different houses during the year, for only their clothes, their silver, and their jewels are required to be moved. Many of my friends walk out of their door into their motor, and arrive at their spring, summer, or autumn palace, as the case may be, to find a completely ordered household awaiting them; trunks and boxes and other annoying things have gone on before, and the maid, who is generally with her mistress from the time she is a young girl till she is an old lady, knows too well the ways and habits of the family to make many mistakes in the annual readjustments. I think the Italians think far more of climate too than we, and are very willing, if necessary, to put themselves to great inconvenience to find a temperature which, by experience and careful medical consultation, they find agrees with their health. The Duchess Melzi, with whom we are to take tea to-morrow, and who is as devoted to the great Dr. Jousset as you and I, makes each year the long journey to Harrogate in Yorkshire, England, to take the cure of the waters there; with the result that she is a brisk, active woman nearing her seventieth year, yet is able alone to conduct her business interests, and look after her vast estates in different parts of Italy.

Should you want any of the lace of the school this year, you must cable me at once, as we shall be in this glorious country but a meagre ten days more, for we must not omit beautiful Tuscany, having promised

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our numerous friends still more visits in various parts of that province.

This is a long letter, so good-night.

T.

CERNOBBIO, LAGO DI COMO, October

My dear M:

My mind is rather in a whirl to-night, but I do want to write to you of the various and lovely villas we have seen here to-day. I feel as if I had been living in a cinematograph, for the Marchesa d'Adda, who gave us a beautiful luncheon, had planned to visit this afternoon a veritable succession of villas. She arranged for me to come to her the other day, when we met at the Taverna's at tea, and invited numbers of my friends that I had known in Rome. Dear, delightful old Count Greppi was the first to greet me, after our charming host and hostess, on our arrival at this lovely Villa d'Adda, and I must pause to tell you something about this distinguished diplomat of Italy, whose step is as light, and whose figure as erect and slender as a man of thirty; yet Count Greppi, noble, senator, diplomat, and statesman, counts his ninety-two years and his innumerable friends.

Count Giuseppe Greppi was born in 1819, and served in the Austrian diplomatic service from 1842 to 1848. Afterwards he was named as Secretary of Legation in the Sardinian diplomacy, and went successively to London, Berlin, Athens, and Constantinople. In 1867 he was sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to Stuttgart, Munich, later to Madrid, and in 1883 he

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was made Ambassador of the Kingdom of Italy to St. Petersburg, where he remained five years. In 1901 his long service and splendid career were recognized by the King of Italy, who appointed him a Senator and conferred upon him the grand crosses of the Order of San Maurizio and Lazzaro, and of the Crown of Italy.

Count Greppi must have had his troubles, his chagrins, his disappointments, like all other human beings, but his buoyant nature, his unconquerable optimism, his charming personality bear no trace of these sorrows, unless, perhaps, it be in an unusual sweetness of nature. I think no one has ever heard Count Greppi say a word against anybody, yet his character is by no means banal, for he has a quick wit and a pretty repartee. I remember at a dinner I gave in Rome I was very undecided as to the seating of my distinguished guests, and I said to Count Greppi, to whom I had given the second place, having placed a former Minister of Foreign Affairs at my right, that I hoped I had made a correct diagram for my table, but felt that I was very liable to error in a foreign land. "You have given me quite the place you should have," said Count Greppi, "but any place at your table, dear Madame, is a place of honor." If we all could live to be ninety-two, and be as much sought for, admired, and really beloved, what a wonderful world it would be! I remember one night in Rome, when His Royal Highness the Count of Turin was dining at the Hotel Excelsior, and taking his coffee in the large, spacious palm garden of that hotel, people turned in surprise to see the Royal Prince



H. M. QUEEN MARGHERITA AND HER
MOTHER, H. R. H. THE DOWAGER
DUCHESS OF GENOA



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

THE MARCHESA BICE D' ADDA AND
COUNT GREPPI

leave his table, rush out into the hall, and throw both arms around Count Greppi in an affectionate embrace. What Royalty feels, I think everyone who knows Count Greppi feels: a sincere affection, a "simpatia" for this gallant old gentleman, who never misses the first night at the opera, who attends all the balls, though, of course, his dancing days are over, who dines out generally six nights out of the seven in Rome, and comes back each season to his special apartment built for him in the Excelsior Hotel, with as fresh enthusiasm as any débutante.

The Countess Cammarata, who is visiting the Marchesa for a few days, Donna Mina Sala, Count and Countess Lurani, and Count Arnaboldi with his daughter the Princess di Palazzolo, who had come over from their Castello di Carimate near by, made a very jolly luncheon party. The table decorations at all these luncheons, dinners, and teas seemed to vary in their artistic combination as much as the villas themselves, and to-day the table was curiously and effectively arranged with white cyclamen held in place by tiny green wired tubes, which were bent and fashioned in odd but effective designs all about the table. During the meal I asked for a real definition of this beautiful country that I continually hear called the "Brianza." When I tried to write you the other day just what the "Brianza" was, I found on reflection that I was completely ignorant in the matter. The Marchese d'Adda tells me that, like all fairylands, it has no borderland in actual fact, but it is, generally speaking, the undulating tract of land between the Lambo and Adda rivers, stretching north and called

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“Alta Brianza,” forming the triangular peninsula that divides Lake Como from Lake Lecco. Like the entire region as far as Lago Maggiore, it is occupied by the extreme lower mountains of the Alpine chain, and in the centre are several small lakes: Anone, Posiano, Segrino, and one or two others. The soil is very fertile, and the vineyards, orchards, and mulberry trees are flourishing.

Arcore is a village situated in these fertile and smiling Brianza hills, and its name is said to have been derived from the ancient worship here of Hercules, for it will be remembered that, as Christianity advanced, it was only in the villages that the former worship of the gods of the Romans and Greeks was maintained; and as the Latin word for “village” is “pagus,” the worshippers of the ancient religion became known as pagans.

In the fourteenth century there was a castle here, of which the site at least retains the name. For many years this palace of vast proportions has been the hospitable autumnal residence of the great family of Adda, and from one improvement to another the Villa of Montagnola, from the time of the Count Abbe Fernando of Adda in 1808 up to the present time, has been considered one of the most sumptuous country residences of Lombardy. It retains its characteristic type of the rich Lombardy villas of 1600. Although the greater number of these villas were constructed in the plain, adorned with formal parks after the Italian fashion, with many plants, paths, and symmetrical decoration, the Villa Arcore, while maintaining in general its original construction, has the advantage



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

FORMAL GARDEN AND PARK AT THE VILLA D' ADDA AT ARCORE
*Showing Marchesa d'Adda, Count Greppi, Count and Countess Lurani, Count
Valmarina, etc.*

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of being situated on a rather high elevation, surrounded by an enormous and beautiful park, left rather in wooded English freedom. There is, however, on the terrace overlooking the broad green expanse of lawn a very charming formal garden, which was executed under the direction of Balzaretti, about 1841-42. The chapel was erected by Giovanni d'Adda in memory of his young wife, whose beautiful tomb is the work of the well-known sculptors Vincenzo and Lorenzo Vela. The building recalls the celebrated baptistery of the Church of San Satiro in Milan. The arrangement of the very large salon in the centre of the house is a particularly fortunate one, and permits of most beautiful views from all sides of the surrounding country.

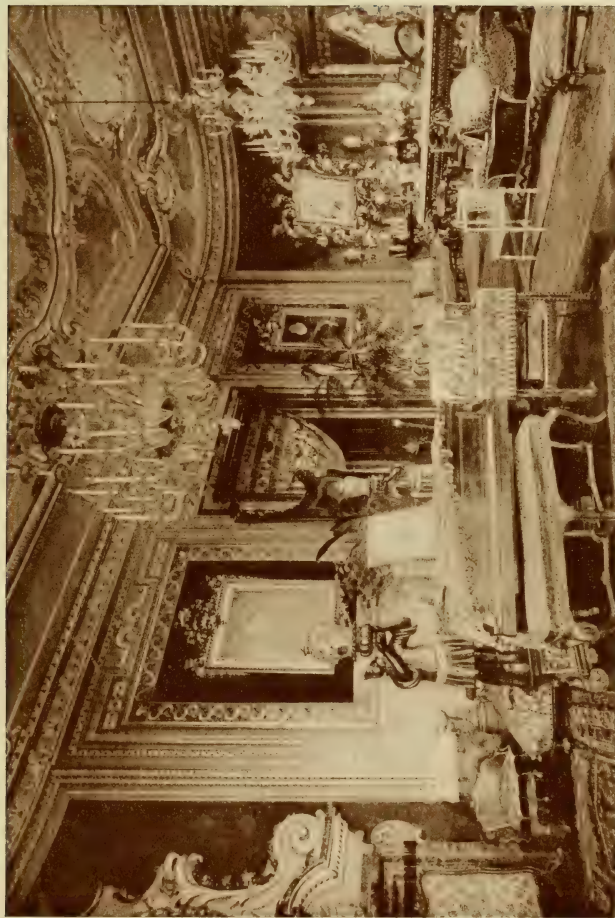
Luncheon over, the Marchesa most thoughtfully provided me with photographs of another of the family villas, Pandino; for Adda is one of the great names of Lombardy, and the great river of Northern Italy bears the name of this house, which has given to the country distinguished cities and statesmen.

This castle of Pandino is one of the best examples of the castle stronghold, yet country residence, of the great nobles of the fourteenth century. Pandino has been the country residence of many historic women, as well as the scene of many a bloody battle. Regina della Scala, the wife of Bernabò Visconti, has left many of her insignia and decorations upon the walls of this splendid old palace. Here also, during the ownership of Pandino by the powerful and much dreaded Lodovico Sforza, Il Moro, probably came the gay and happy Beatrice of Este, who was devoted to open-air pleasures of every sort. It would be difficult, I think,

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for even the most athletic of our modern girls to keep pace with the day as recounted by the people who accompanied the energetic Duchess, Regent of Milan, on her almost daily excursions into the country. She would start early in the morning, and as they drove out to the castle would sing part songs arranged for three or five voices with her ladies. Once at the castle, a fishing party was organized, and after the cooking and generous eating of the fish, various games were played for digestion's sake, ending with a romp through the palace. Presently a hunting excursion was planned, and the long run on swift horses brought down a stag or two late in the afternoon; while it was only far into the evening when the merry and indefatigable party returned to Milan.

It was the Sforzas who added to the ancient palace the arched doors, the offensive battlements, and those holes in the fortifications through which weapons could be thrown. Pandino was the site of the famous and bloody battle of Agnadello in 1590, but has belonged for many years to the family of Adda, who were made Marquises of Pandino in 1625. The restorations that have been made have only proved that the castle was very hastily and superficially built by Bernabò Visconti, and to-day it is interesting more as an historical ruin than as a place of residence. It is probably to a castle like Pandino, where peasants live in the great vacant halls and rooms of the one-time majestic castle, where farm implements and agricultural products form the furnishings of many a room with finely frescoed ceiling, that my compatriots go, and by going, reach the conclusion that all the castles in Italy are ruins;



SALON OF VILLA MONTAGNOLA
Belonging to Marchese d'Adda at Arcore

that their owners are either dead or poor, and that it is all a very great pity. To such I should say that, as Pandino is interesting architecturally and historically, its wealthy owners do not tear it down; but that their life, of which the traveller knows little or nothing, is far more luxurious to-day in their beautiful villa at Arcore than was that of the Lords of Visconti or Sanseverino and other inhabitants of former days of the castle of Pandino. Many of the frescoes retain their beauty, color, and design, and as Pandino is a castle belonging to the second part of the fourteenth century, it has a special interest. Unlike most of the strongholds of that time, it never had to suffer the disgrace of a treacherous surrender to an incoming conqueror.

The Marchesa d'Adda is still a handsome woman, and looks much younger than she is; but it is useless for the members of a noble house to expect to conceal their age while the relentless Almanac de Gotha is published annually. The Marchesa showed me many of the beautiful productions of a lace school she has founded, and has, like Countess Taverna, made a financial success, and a great benefit to the people in her immediate neighborhood. She has also founded a hospital in this section of the country, and has proved herself a real benefactor, not only to the suffering and the needy, but to the young rising generation, in the great aid she has given them in helping them to help themselves. I was sorry that her magnificent "Van Dykes," which are among the finest of that master to be seen in private collections, were so placed that it was difficult for my camera to photograph them.

The party was so large, and we were all so scattered

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about the rooms of the spacious and airy villa, that I did not notice that numerous other friends had arrived, until, one by one, they came up to greet me; then without the smallest fuss or confusion, we all got into the four or five big limousines which were alongside our own at one side of the park, and presently we nearly buried poor Countess della Somaglia in the clouds of dust from our automobilistic procession, as we flew by her to the villa of the Prince and Princess Pio di Savoia, who are cousins of the d'Addas and are passing the summer and autumn elsewhere. The thoughtful Marchesa, however, knew that I should be greatly interested, not only in the beauty of the villa itself and its magnificent situation, overlooking one of the finest valleys of Lombardy, but also in the priceless works of art that belonged to her relatives. When we arrived, the servants were all ready to receive us; every door was open, and the whole party took an excursion through the various salons and upper rooms of what really should be called a palace, though these modest Italians merely speak of it as the Villa of Mombellio. This grandiose villeggiatura was constructed by the Orsini family of Rome, who inhabited it up to the first half of the last century, when a widowed Orsini left it to a nephew, Don Giovanni Falcò, from whom the present Prince inherited it. The villa was rearranged according to the dictates of modern comfort by the proprietor about 1894. The air, the view, the convenience of the near-by railroad on the line of Milano-Lecco, make it a charming summer home, and even more delightful in the autumn, when it has often numerous visitors. Airy balconies, long glass portals

leading on to beautiful flowery gardens, vast salons, artistically arranged steps by which one can reach the broad terraces, make the villa particularly adapted to constant entertaining. At the wedding of the last sister of Prince Pio, the entire villeggiatura colony of the Brianza, so Marchesa d'Adda tells me, indeed of nearly all Lombardy, gathered here, where they were most lavishly entertained, rendering the proverbial courtesy and hospitality of the House of Pio more famous than ever.

The great library was the special charm of the villa. This room Prince Pio has made the envy of all, in its excellent style, its spaciousness, and its artistic decoration. The library is encircled by a wrought-iron balcony, to which slight stairs lead, so that the numberless books that reach, on well-distanced shelves to the ceiling, may be easily obtained. Art is here worthily represented by many pictures, among which are "Europe," by Luca Giordano (a rare treasure indeed), various portraits of the ancestors of the family of Falcò made by Velasquez and by Murillo, four busts in bronze of the Marchesi di Castel Roderigo, and a beautiful portrait by Appiani of Prince Pio, as well as a marble bust of the Cardinal Emanuel Pio — all of which are worthy of the finest museums. The family tombs are here, as so often in Italy, on this country estate. The present Princess is of Spanish birth and numerous pictures of the Spanish royal family were mingled with those of Italy's rulers on the tables throughout the reception salons. My friends were all so nice in helping me to take my photographs to-day. When I had finished, the automobiles took

us all quickly to the Villa Subaglio of Don Giacomo Sala, who, to his great regret, was not able to be at home to receive us, but had asked his sister to act as hostess for him.

The gardens of this villa are quite different from others, and groups of charming statuary are combined with the flowers in a way to make the formal garden quite the most beautiful of any we have seen. The villa is not as large as that of the Marchese d'Adda, but the rooms are very tastefully furnished. This hill of Subaglio is the name of the place belonging to a family which is remembered as one of the oldest land-owners of this part of the country, and which became extinct in 1660. The hill is entirely isolated, and forms a tableland that descends on all sides in gentle decline to the surrounding fields and woods of oak, chestnut, and pine. The seventeenth century villa is situated in the centre of this tableland. Toward the end of the last century it was restored and redecorated in fine taste, in a way that did not disturb its ancient style but that met the modern demands for comfort. In front of the house there opened a sort of vast parterre entirely decorated with beds of flowers, bordered with box in the old Italian style, and peopled, as it were, with little statuettes of that time. The position and formation of this hill is such as to make all about Subaglio a panorama, which for its extent, its variety, and harmonious surroundings it is difficult to equal. At noon, they told us, one may see across the immense plain Brescia as far as Piedmont, crowned by the Apennines and the Alps from Monte Viso to the Gran Paradis. In another direction one



VILLA MOMBELLO OF PRINCE PIO DI SAVOIA

can see the verdant valley of Rovagnate with the lesser Alps of Erba and Palanzone. Extending toward the east we have nearer the wooded mountain of Cantu, and in the distance the mountains and the Lake of Iseo, and many others whose names I do not remember. On these horizons, which extend over such an immense area, one has the most magnificent sunset and sky effects, at eventide as well as in the morning.

The tea was excellent and very welcome, for while all this is immensely enjoyable, by five o'clock one is a little tired, and a cup of tea sends one along refreshed and invigorated for the rest of the evening.

I had supposed that the day's pleasures were at an end when tea was over, and many of the people were already leaving us for their several villas. Count Valmarana from Venice, who has been most kind all day in helping me with my pictures, has added one more inducement for our return to Venice next year by his many promises of good times that he will arrange for us.

Count and Countess Lurani insisted upon our saying good-bye to our charming host and hostess of the day at the door of her (Countess Lurani's) villa, and we delayed our home-coming until a very late hour, refusing the dinner invitation, which was gracefully offered, in order to enjoy the attractions not only of the Lurani villa, but Countess Lurani herself and her remarkable little boy. The Countess is a very young-looking woman, and I could hardly believe that the photograph she showed me of a young and beautiful woman and little child, was that of her daughter and

grandchild. I should imagine, from what she told me, that she and her daughter have been chums, and have enjoyed each other in much the same way as you and I, and perhaps a merciful Providence sent this tiny baby so late in the Countess' life to console her for the loss of her daughter, who lives at some distance from her since her marriage. The little fellow is but three years old, but inherits his mother's really unusual musical talent. We had enjoyed and admired the Countess' big, full dramatic voice when her husband played some of the Italian opera airs for her at the Villa d'Adda this afternoon, but I think the tiny baby had quite as much applause for his really correct intonations of one of the simple Italian melodies. The Countess has known and sung with Boito, Puccini, and many other of the distinguished Italian composers, who have written music and dedications by way of appreciation of her musical ability.

It has been a great disappointment to me that we could not make our projected visit to Marchesa Prinetti at her castle of Merate. We enjoyed the brilliant receptions at her palace in the Piazza Colonna in Rome, and she was most cordial in asking us to spend a fortnight with her in this Brianza country. Fate, however, has decided otherwise, for last year her distinguished husband, a former Minister of Foreign Affairs, and a man who had devoted his life to his country, died, and her deep mourning, of course, precludes any thought of our intended visit.

Again to-night we returned home with our automobile completely decorated with the wonderful flowers of these famous villas. I doubt if it would be



Taken by the Owner

GARDENS OF THE VILLA SUBAGLIO OF
DON GIACOMO SALA

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possible for an Italian to live without his habitual surrounding of luxurious flowers; exist he might, but happy he surely would not be.

To-morrow we are invited to the famous villa of the Duchess Melzi, and I will write more anon.

T.

CERNOBBIO, LAGO DI COMO, October

My dear M:

I have been told before by the Marchesa Zaccaria, of whom I have talked to you so much, and whom I knew so well in Rome, that your photographs greatly resemble her mother, the Duchess Melzi; but I had no idea that the resemblance was so striking, and I almost embraced the white-haired Duchess when she came out to receive us at her beautiful villa (just next to that of the Marchesa Trotti at Bellagio), so much did her smile resemble yours; though her eyes are very handsome they have not your wonderful yellow tones.

The Count Melzi was created Duke of Lodi by Napoleon I in 1799, and the only portrait for which the great Napoleon ever actually posed, painted by Appiani, hangs in the drawing-room of the Villa Melzi, where we have been to-day, and is the most precious of a large and valuable collection of furniture, pictures, bric-a-brac, and souvenirs of the period of the First Empire and the Cisalpine Republic in Italy. The eagle eye, the imperious and beautiful hand, the forehead of genius — all are strikingly brought out in this portrait. There is an exqui-

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site bust by Michael Angelo, which though little known, is yet worthy of the sculptor of "Moses" and "David;" indeed the extensive art collection of the Duchess makes her villa a veritable art museum.

At the end of the garden, a little toward the village of San Giovanni, is built the beautiful chapel where repose the three Dukes of Lodi. Full of solemn inspiration is the funeral monument that Vincenzo Vela sculptured for Lodovico Melzi; but all art pales before Nature's, and whoever walks these paths of the Villa Melzi seems not to live in reality, but in a dream. In the middle of the main aisle of the park is a statue representing Dante and Beatrice by Comolli, where Beatrice "*si lieta come bella*" comforts the greatest of Italian poets.

The villa stands in the centre of the Bellagio peninsula, on the borders of the lake, between two rows of shady plane trees, shut in as in a shell of green hills, surrounded by rare exotic plants and flowery gardens. It was constructed according to principles of the architecture of the nineteenth century by Albertolli, as a summer residence of Count Melzi, the Vice-President of the Italian Republic. In the mirror of the lake is reflected the simple, classical aspect of its marble balustrades, the palms and flowers that, like an oasis of the East, surround it. All the splendor of the southern vegetation and the most delicate flora that blossom under warmer skies surround this palace as in a magic of perfume and color. A beautiful haven of rest it must have been indeed to Francesco Melzi, the friend of Napoleon. Still intact are both the exterior and interior of the

palace, although the successors of the Vice-President, especially the Duchess Josephine Melzi-Barbò, have with exquisite taste furnished the vast halls, added "modern comfort," and somewhat softened the rich classical style of the place. A large gallery of statues occupies the greater part of the first floor opening out to the other rooms. Overlooking the lake is a large salon from which one passes to the terrace, and down stairways on either side to the gardens, out of which the other rooms open.

The Duchess is a woman of great dignity, and a graceful and charming hostess. I am very sorry that I am not to see her daughter, the Marchesa Zaccaria, either here or at her villa at Bordolano sull' Olio, where we had expected to visit, for the poor lady is suffering from severe neuralgia, and has gone to Switzerland for a cure, so her daughter, Donna Mathylde Zaccaria, who is paying a visit to grandmamma, told me to-day. However, I did meet another daughter of the Duchess, the handsome Princess Molfetta, who looks about twenty-five, and yet laughingly tells me that she herself is a mother of eight children and already a grandmother. It seems almost impossible to imagine the handsome, active Duchess of Melzi not only a grandmother but a great-grandmother.

Our conversation fell naturally and quickly to the object of our mutual admiration, Dr. Jousset at Paris, and I think, like all who know this very celebrated man, the Duchess loves and admires him as much as we.

To-day the tea was rather more formal, and a beautifully laid table was prepared at one side of the

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drawing-room, the Duchess seating all her guests carefully as at a dinner. All sorts of dainties and cakes were served, but the most delicious purple figs I have ever eaten came, she told me, from her properties near Venice.

After tea her granddaughter and grandson took me all about the gardens, which are elaborately arranged with marble-lined sheets of water and extensive carpet gardening, while large luxuriant flowering shrubs give the place a very gorgeous appearance.

The Duchess cares little for society, though her position and rank make it necessary for her to go more or less into the world, and her entertainments in Milan are lavish and elaborate, but here on the lake she lives a very quiet life, being seen by but a few intimates, except when her handsome launch steams up and down the lake, and she smiles to passing friends. She usually prefers her horses and a drive, however. She was very kind in asking me to come and see her in Milan later in the season, but I fear when she has returned to her town palace we shall be in Rome.

We have received a telegram from Signor Crespi, the father of that charming Marchesa Fracassi di Torre di Rossano, inviting us to spend the day at his villa on the Lake of Orta. I shall surely accept this kind invitation, for I am much interested to meet one of the captains of industry in Italy. Signor Crespi has had a phenomenal success in his establishing and building up of cotton manufactures. He has built a model village for his workmen, and the town where his factories are situated, and where he has done so much for the workingman, is most appropriately called



*La M^{te} Zaccaria nata Melzi d'Eril
to Mrs. Batcher her dear friend
Rome 1904*

MARCHESA ZACCARIA

Born Melzi d'Eril

AND COUNTRY SEATS

“Crespi sull’ Adda.” To-day he is a man of great wealth, and I have heard much of his famous collection of fifteenth century paintings in his palace in Milan. Since most collectors love to have their work appreciated, I am hoping that after our meeting we may have the opportunity of seeing his gallery, when we stop for a few days in Milan, before going South. I shall write you more about him and the villa after our trip.

Mrs. Fisher is ever most kind with her hospitable launch “Carlotta.”

T.

CERNOBBIO, LAGO DI COMO, October

My dear M:

After all my experiences in Italy, I should suppose I might be immune from surprises, but I am not, nor do I think it is possible for anyone to believe that in one country there can be so many beautiful places.

I have known, of course, that there is a Lake of Orta, a tiny blue spot on the map, well to the left of Como, Maggiore, and Lugano, but I had no conception of the exquisite beauty of the lake, which turns out not to be so very little after all; it is considered small, probably from its proximity to the Lake of Maggiore, on the shores of which we stopped to-day, at Sesto, for luncheon. Perhaps it is because the lake lies a little to one side of the beaten path of travel, that one hears it less spoken of than the other Italian lakes, but certainly it is beautiful, set like a deep sapphire, in the midst of the great mountains that

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encircle it. It is generally thought by scientists, I believe, to have once been a part of Lago Maggiore.

The Villa Pia is a combination of the varied and many styles of Moorish architecture. Signor Crespi told us that he had felt that the classic Greek-Roman in this region, which is rather solitary and austere, would have greatly accentuated the seclusion and possible meditative melancholy of the place. It is certainly an extremely original idea to place this very Moorish architecture among the austere memories of the Greek brothers, who came here with the sober hopes of bringing Christianity to this beautiful spot of Nature. It is rather startling to come upon that style of architecture that one expects to find only under the warm suns of Africa, or transplanted by long years of historical warfare into Southern Spain and Sicily; but we are told that the architect's idea in choosing the Moresque style was to symbolize, not the scimiter of the Mohammedan, but rather the great industrial ability and shrewdness of the Moors, who could be said to have much in common with the modern chatelain, who belongs precisely to that world of work and thought that they made so famous. The Oriental furnishing is carried out in the inside.

Our welcome was, as usual, most cordial, and after resting and tea, which we took rather early, as we were a bit tired from our long run in the car, Signora Crespi and her daughter-in-law suggested that we either make the excursion by boat to the famous little island of San Giulio, or ascend the Monte di Orta, a frequented pilgrim resort situated on a beautiful wooded hill called the "Monte Sacro," to

which a shaded paved path ascends; from where, they told us a delightful view was to be had.

On the slopes approaching the church there are twenty chapels or oratories, which are very similar to those of Varese, and contain scenes from the sacred history in painted life-size figures of terra cotta. They were erected in the sixteenth century, and in the last is represented the canonization of the saint. We looked at the pictures that Signora Crespi kindly showed us, but concluded that we would much prefer to visit the one beautiful island of this lake. While we were rowing over to the island, only a short distance from shore near Signor Crespi's villa, a very large boat crowded with young ecclesiastical students passed us. It was very odd to see so many small boys dressed in the black garb of the priest, but their purple sashes lent a picturesque note of color to the scene; they landed on the island, and made a formal procession to the basilica, which we visited afterward. This ancient church on the island was founded, according to legend, by San Giulio and his brother San Giuliano, who came from Greece in 379 A.D., where, the legend has it, they had received a careful education, and where they had become convinced of their calling to a life devoted entirely to the betterment of their fellow beings through the ministering and teaching of Christianity. On the ascension of the Emperor Theodosius to the imperial throne, the Greek brothers received help and protection in their missionary work. Tradition tells of their travels along the Rhine into Italy, to Rome through the Romagna, and in the Abruzzi Mountains. Christianity was

already largely spread through Lombardy, and they finally found their way to Novara and the Lake of Orta. Their efforts to evangelize the inhabitants about the lake shores were successful. The pagan temple dedicated to Minerva was destroyed, and the Roman baths of Ferrentino were made to serve as material for a beautiful Christian temple. During the building, on a certain occasion, so the legend says, there were heard the piercing cries of a carpenter who had been careless with one of his implements and lost his thumb. San Giulio, at sight of the blood, picked up the thumb, raising his eyes to heaven uttered a prayer, put the thumb in its place, blessed the man, who was immediately cured, and before the stupefied eyes of his fellows resumed his labors.

San Giulio, who had determined to go to the island, found great difficulty in getting any boatman to consent to make the short passage from the shore to this apparently beautiful spot in the midst of the lake, on account of the widespread knowledge of the poisonous and enormous serpents and thorny shrubbery which were supposed to make the island impossible for human beings. In the memory of man no one had ever put his foot upon the island.

On hearing this, the saint knelt down on the shores of the lake, and turning his looks to heaven uttered a prayer for help, begging assistance from the Lord, and calling upon Saint Peter to mediate for him for the answer to his prayer. Thereupon he threw out his coat upon the water and jumped upon it, with unerring faith in the Divine. San Giulio, using his pilgrim's stick as an oar, went quickly and rapidly

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over the water, so the story goes, and arrived safely on the shores of the island. The reptiles and poisonous animals that lived upon the island, terrified at the appearance of the good man, hissing terribly and cutting the waters of the lake with their monstrous backs, left the shores of the island, and repaired to the woods and gorges of the surrounding mountains; while the holy man opened for himself a way through the thick shrubbery of the forest until he came to the rocky summit of the island, where with great joy he planted the cross, as a sign of the reclaiming of the island. Here rose the hundredth church of San Giulio, dedicated to the memory of the Holy Apostles.

Here the holy man lived, continuing his conversions, and in a brief space of time the little island was transformed.

In 1748 the skeleton of San Giulio, reclothed in sacerdotal garments, was solemnly put in the crypt beneath the high altar, enclosed in a rich casket of crystal surrounded by ornaments of worked silver, and it was this casket of crystal that we saw to-day. The pulpit in this church is very quaint and beautiful, and there is a very old statue representing San Giulio with his foot upon a viper. All that is of the old Roman period is beautiful architecturally, but unfortunately, at the time of the building of the silver casket, a restoration took place, and the lines of the old Roman basilica were greatly injured and impaired.

It was quite late when we returned in the boat to the Villa Crespi, and our good-byes were necessarily hasty, as we had a long run back to Como. Just as we were getting into the automobile we discovered that

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it had been completely decorated inside with the most superb chrysanthemums (no two of which were alike) that I have ever seen, even in a chrysanthemum show. Signor Crespi assured me that he had not robbed his greenhouses, and considering the magnificence of the whole place, I presume we had only a sample of his beautiful flowers; but surely these were the most exquisite blossoms of their kind that it has ever been my good fortune to have!

Signora Crespi most kindly arranged for me to come, when in Milan next week, to their house, where I can see the famous collection of paintings. Signor Crespi has told me much to-day of his building of the model villages, his care for his workmen, his interest in industrial Italy, and has offered to send me photographs of all these interesting places due to his brains and ability, about which he seems to be so modest. At Crespi on the Adda he has built himself a castle quite the opposite of his Moorish home on the Lake of Orta. His architect, Pirovano, has there thought to give an example, though somewhat free in its application, of the old Lombard style, so he tells me.

We took a last look at the gardens, the villa, and this beautiful lake, which far surpassed my expectations. The tiny villages dotted here and there on the mountain sides, as well as on the shores of the lake, caught the last rays of the setting sun on the red roofs and white plaster of the houses, and gave to the whole surroundings a sense of peace — perhaps rather more tranquil and smiling than those views that include the austere grandeur of great mountains and vast seas.

The road along the shores of the lake homeward

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was beautiful, and it is always delightful to motor in Italy at the sunset hour. There is no exaggeration in the far-famed Italian sunset, and in an automobile, while passing rapidly from one hill-point to another, one has the rarest feast of color.

My rooms are a veritable bower of flowers, for each day, wherever we go, my arms are filled with the rarest blossoms of the finest gardens and greenhouses of this beautiful country. I am glad we are going to Rome for the winter, for then my whole year will be a continual flowery sojourn!

T.

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LOMBARDY, MILAN, October

My dear M:

WE have come up to Milan for a few days in order that we may prepare the car, Vincenzo, and ourselves for colder weather, but to-day we have had our long-promised visit with the Duke and Duchess Visconti di Modrone at their Villa Belvedere, which is situated only a few kilometres from Milan, and a short distance, as I wrote you the other day, from Canonica, where the Countess Taverna stays in November.

As I have said, the Duke Visconti is a man of affairs as well as of fortune. He is very much interested in various business enterprises, and gives a large sum of money and a great deal of time and attention to the opera of the Scala in Milan, where such splendid productions are given. It was a matter of a good deal of regret to the Duke that Gatti-Cazzaza came to New York, for he was one of the main supports of the Milan Opera House. To-day there were in the party the Count and Countess della Spina of Florence, Count Cusani-Confalonieri, now Minister to Switzerland, a young lady of the Castelbarco family, whose sister married the brother of the Duke, and Count Bulgarini. Duchess Marianna was extremely nice about arranging for me to take the necessary photographs. We had a most delightful luncheon, the celebrated Visconti coat-of-arms being on all the rare china used at table. While the Duke was showing



STAIRWAY AT VISCONTI VILLA
OLMO, LAKE OF COMO



VILLA BELVEDERE, AT MACHERIO, NEAR MILAN,
OF DUKE VISCONTI DI MODRONE

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Cusani his stables, horses, and automobiles, the Duchess and I took pictures upstairs, and I enjoyed talking over our mutual friends, and my visits already past and prospective.

It is very difficult to take a large number of people with a kodak and give the necessary time exposure, for do what you will somebody will laugh and set all the others off, and then of course your films are useless; but all the same I think I was successful in getting some good pictures, not only of the villa, with its rare old family laces and furniture, but of the people of our present party.

The name Belvedere di Macherio seems most appropriate for this villa of the Duke Visconti, as the view embraces, from its high situation, the most charming panorama of the Brianza Alps and the fertile valley of the Lambro. This villa, once called "Villa Maggi," was bought by the present Duke's father about 1870, and his expert hands knew well how to transform the hill, then given over to agriculture, into an elaborate garden. Duke Uberto decided to reconstruct the villa entirely, and has combined "modern convenience" with an appropriate Italian style of 1700. The decorators have succeeded admirably. Various ceilings and walls show many an ancestral portrait and engraving of the Visconti family.

The slope of the gardens on one side is enriched by many statues and a balustrade, and embellished with numerous flower-beds artistically arranged after the Italian manner. The vast garden has long paths and great lawns enhanced by magnificent plants that, cut by skilled gardeners, allow beautiful vistas of the

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surrounding panorama. This extends to the Bergamese hills, and continues far to the distant summits of Varesotto and the snow-crowned tops of Monte Rosa.

However, the Duke was not content in his own comfort and elegance, but erected an asylum to the memory of his father, that he maintains himself for the instruction and daily care of small babies. This is a form of charity frequent in Italy, and is most practical, since the peasant mother leaves her child at the refuge or asylum in the morning, and takes it again on going home from her work.

The furnishings of the villa are really lovely; the Italians have a way of pinning the rare old Milan point-lace to the large upholstered armchairs and divans that are placed around the drawing-room. Of course it is effectively shown in this way, but I wish it could be under glass, for it is so rare and so beautiful, both in design and handwork, that it seems almost a pity to have people rubbing against it, in constant use. For the lighting of this villa the old fifteenth-century lamps are ingeniously fitted with all the electrical devices seen so often at home. The Duke is absolutely up to date, and this villa, which is his favorite, is quite modern in construction. Though not so very large, it has no less than twelve complete bathrooms. I tell you this for the reason that so many people ask me how I can visit in ruined villas of Italy. If I could take my inquisitive and incredulous friends with me for a few days, I think they would go to Newport with much less unbelief in the luxury of the Italian than they have at the present time.

Duchess Marianna is the mother of five children,

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and yet looks as young and fresh as many an unmarried girl. In her own favorite corner of the drawing-room she has collected, what seems to be a sort of hobby with her, an infinite number of small, exquisite, unique silver trinkets. Here one often finds her reading in the afternoon.

We shall come to Belvedere again in the next few days, for I am very fond of the Viscontis, and they are very cordial with their invitations. I shall go some day to the cathedral for another walk on the roof, and we shall try to get a glimpse of Crescenzenago, where the Marchese Visconti di San Vito has a villa, to which he has asked us to come, and where he promises to explain to me all the wonders of his silkworms and of his bees. If possible, we shall make one or two more calls in the neighborhood; but we shall soon go to Bologna, through which we must pass on our way to Florence, where we also plan now to stay a day or two, and then go through Tuscany into Umbria.

MILAN, October

My dear M:

To-day we have enjoyed our promised tea with the Prince and Princess Molfetta at their beautiful villa at Oreno. On the way there we went through the town of Monza, picturesquely situated on the river Lambro. We stopped for a few moments to visit the cathedral, where is preserved the celebrated "iron crown" supposed to have been the royal crown of the Lombards, for Monza has been the coronation place of the kings of Lombardy since the eleventh

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century. The German emperors were crowned here as kings of Italy from the thirteenth century onward, and this extraordinary relic was used at the coronation of Emperor Charles V in 1530, and of Napoleon at Milan in 1805, and of Emperor Ferdinand I in 1838. Though called the "iron crown," it is really a circlet of gold adorned with precious stones, while in the interior is a thin strip of iron said to have been made from a nail of the true cross that was supposedly brought by the Empress Helena from Palestine. Its present form dates probably from the twelfth century. The Austrians carried it to Vienna in 1859, but after the peace of 1866 it was restored. The plain sarcophagus of the Queen Theodolinda of the fourteenth century is another of the interesting sights in this old church, and the work of silver gilt representing a hen with seven chickens, supposed to symbolize Lombardy and its seven provinces, executed by the order of this queen, is one of the interesting and unusual things.

For many years — indeed up to the time of the tragic death of King Umberto I — the royal palace at Monza was the summer resort of the Italian royal family. The classic building stands in an extensive and beautiful park, which is crossed by the river Lambro; but since the death of the king the palace has been closed, although the public are allowed to enjoy the attractive park, through which we took a hasty spin.

The villa we have seen to-day is essentially seventeenth century baroque, and was built by Giambattista Scotti, Count of Colturano, a distinguished nobleman of his time, as his correspondence with Eugene of Savoy reveals. Devoted to his landed estates,

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he was one of the aristocratic dilettantes of his century, who preferred to create for himself and his descendants a beautiful country home, rather than write the sonnets and pastorales of his time. Originally the garden was architecturally laid out after the manner of the Italian garden of that time, flanked by graceful linden trees, and having its theatre, its wooded labyrinths, its small round lakes forming one design after another in which were reflected various statues. Long regular alleys of oaks to the four angles of an enclosure form a shade from the mid-day sun, a path bordered by linden trees extends from the house to the little marble casino of Neptune, while great cancellated gates of worked iron, surmounted by crowned eagles, close the entrance of the villa that faces on a broad street of the town. Montesquieu, during his travels in Italy, was so impressed by the beauty of this villa that he took from it the idea of his own castle of La Brède. Although the park has undergone many changes, fortunately the characteristically Italian portion, that includes the water temple of Neptune, with its gushing cascades at the foot of the great statue, its staircase that leads to a terrace from which one has a beautiful view of the whole villa and park, has been left intact, with only the added beauty that time and the soft green accumulations about the stone have improved.

As the original owner of the villa died without heirs, he was succeeded by the son of his wife by a former marriage, Giambattista Gallarati, Marchese di Cerano whose wife, Therese Spinola, had brought to the family as her dot the Neapolitan titles of Galatina and

Molfetta. Duke Carlo, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, began the changes in the villa and its gardens. He broke the architectural symmetry of the old regular garden, to give more liberal scope to the vegetation and waterways, thus letting Nature rather than man complete the beauty of the place.

All this the Prince told me to-day in our long stroll through the park after tea. It was very interesting to see how the large, thick growth of the trees had broken the regularity of what was formerly the central path. The broad meadows seemed to be natural pastures, giving quite the illusion of ending at the borders of the distant mountains. The brooklets, winding among the young oaks, gathered up one after another the streams, which ran on together to form the peaceful, quiet lake encircled with great chestnuts and willows.

While this new gardening, which follows the English idea, is beautiful of course, there is a certain poetry and charm about the old-time formal garden of Italy, and I was very glad that the Prince had left unchanged one part of the old park, encircled by ancient trees, as an object consecrated, in a way, to a generation that is past and an art that is well-nigh lost. It is charming to visit these old country houses, to which, generation after generation, the older members of the family retire from the gay world to spend their quiet days in rest and comfort; and surely these villas of Italy are homes in every sense of the word—homes that have been with each succeeding head of the family improved, embellished, and in most cases enlarged. It is a presumption entirely unwarranted that the Anglo-Saxon vaunts himself of the word "home,"



SALON OF PRINCESS MOLFETTA-SCOTTI
*Daughter of Duchess of Melzi d'Eril, in the Villa Scotti
at Oreno, near Milan*

claiming that it does not exist in the Latin languages. The spelling of the four letters may be missing, but the sentiment is quite as evident in an Italian household as anywhere in the world.

It was delightful to-day to see the Princess surrounded by her eight children, and when she introduced the Countess Borromeo, I thought she was presenting me to a younger sister, and could hardly believe my eyes when the Princess told me that the tall young woman beside her was her daughter; more than all that, that she herself had recently become a proud and happy grandmother. I assure you she does not look over thirty years of age, nor does the Prince show the mark of years that must have brought many cares and responsibilities in the rearing of these eight vivacious children. The boys accompanied us through the park, and on returning to the villa, we found the Countess Borromeo-Doria, Marchese Cavriani, and a number of other friends who had motored out from Milan. The ever-thoughtful hostess had prepared some hot drinks for us, fearing our long walk through the park so late in the afternoon would have been too cold, and as we sat chatting merrily about the big open fire where the crackling of the wood punctuated our conversation, I did not realize that there is such a thing as time until long past the hour when we should have been starting for home. The Italian woman is, undoubtedly, a perfect hostess, and self-consciousness seems to have been omitted entirely from the Italian nature. Would that the Anglo-Saxon could lose his over-generous share of that quality! In all the comings and goings of the different motors during all my visits of the past month,

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amidst all the varying introductions to me, for of course all these people know one another, there has never been the smallest confusion, or, as the French word so aptly describes, "gêne." It was fortunate that we are staying in Milan to-night, for we should have been late indeed had we returned to Como. To-morrow we are really going South, having delayed day after day as long as possible.

CERNOBBIO, LAGO DI COMO, October

My dear M:

IN spite of all our resolves we have delayed one more day, and this morning we took Mrs. Fisher, and made our excursion to the quaint and attractive town of Bergamo, originally belonging to Milan, but which in 1428 came under the power of Venice when that republic graspingly reached its way back on the mainland. The town consists of two separate parts, one of which is called the "città alta," most picturesquely situated on the top of a high hill; while the lower city, one of the busiest of the small manufacturing towns in Italy, occupies the plain below. The run through this Brianza country in the early morning was altogether lovely, and we reached Bergamo in time to motor all about the lower town, and had an excellent luncheon at the large and comfortable new hotel before climbing to the old and high city on the mountain. A long avenue of chestnut trees lines the road that connects the new town with the "città alta." The ascent is very steep, and it seemed to me almost impossible that our automobile would be able to carry us through the great gateway, make the sharp turn, and mount the almost perpendicular road that leads into the picturesque old market-place, now called Piazza Garibaldi.

The old Gothic Palazzo Vecchio, which has an open colonnade on the lower floor, is now used as a library, but we were most interested in the wonderful wooden

inlayings of the Romanesque Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, built in 1137.

Of all the numerous choir stalls of Italy, to which so many lives have been given and so much talent devoted in the designing, carving, and careful execution, I think these inlaid panels and seats of the choir of this church at Bergamo far surpass anything we have yet seen. They are very properly kept covered, but we had no difficulty in getting the sacristan to show them to us. The stalls were done by Capodiferro in 1522-32, while the large panels on the balustrade at the front were done by Giovanni Belli. There is a very beautiful monument of modern Italian sculpture by Vincenzo Vela, to the Italian composer Donizetti, who was a native of this town. All about the walls of the church hang most beautiful Flemish tapestries, but the interior restorations of baroque style do not seem at all in keeping with the simple beauties of the cinquecento. As we came out of the church we stopped to admire the ancient lion portals, and then went on to see the Cappella Colleone with its lavishly sculptured façade, which is generally thought to have been much modernized at the time of the restorations in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

The interior contains an elaborate tomb of the founder, Bartolomeo Colleone (1475), whose statue we saw in Venice a short time ago, and of which Ruskin wrote that he did not believe there was a more glorious sculpture existing than this equestrian statue. The tomb was begun by Giovanni Amadeo, and represents reliefs from the life of Christ. It is surmounted by a gilded equestrian statue of Colleone

by Sextus Siry of Nuremburg. There is another fine monument, by Amadeo, and above the altar to the left a "Holy Family," by Angelica Kauffmann. Here, again, we were shown most beautiful inlaid work, and this gem of art was completed by a ceiling by Tiepolo.

A little to one side of the Piazza in the Via Colleone we were shown the dwelling of this once famous man, who bequeathed his house to the city as an orphanage in 1466. I was extremely sorry that the deep mourning of Countess Colleone, the sister of Donna Eleanor Rospigliosi and of the Duchess Niccoleta Grazioli, should, as in the case of her sister-in-law, now Princess Giustiniani Bandani, prevent our promised visit to their castle at Thiene near Venice, but we hope to see her another year.

Altogether, the old city on the top of this mountain has distinctly a mediæval air, and one seems to look out from the past on to a modern world as one descends the old heavily paved streets to enjoy the beautiful views of the plains of Lombardy, the Bergamese Alps, and the modern town below.

We decided to run on from here to Soncino, where the famous castle was long the stronghold of the family to which the Marchese Casati Stampa di Soncino belongs, though the castle was left by his relative as a monument to the town (which is situated on the river Oglio), and we were well repaid for our journey thither, for the castle is one of the best examples of fifteenth century strongholds.

We also went through the quaint little town of San Pietro, where we stopped to get fruit and cakes, as we had not had time for tea. The town is approached by old stone bridges, and one twists in and

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out of the narrow streets, continually forced to ask the way. We found some delicious goodies in a queer little shop presided over by a very old lady, with one of the quaint colored handkerchiefs of these parts tied over her head. After selecting a goodly variety of cakes, crackers, fruits, and sweets, we asked the old lady how much we were to pay her. It was some few centimes less than a franc, and when I paid her and she took out a tiny earthen saucer such as one sees in the hands of the Roman figures sculptured on the Roman tombs at the museum at Bologna, I discovered numerous tiny coins. On asking her about them, she smilingly picked out the smallest one, and handed it to me, saying: "You will not see this every day, Signora. May it bring you 'buona fortuna.'" On examination it proved to be a perfect copper piece of one centime, and considering what we had paid for the large bundle we carried to the automobile, I should think living here must be very economical.


There was a special atmosphere about this little old town that was enchanting. I think few travellers come this way, for the inhabitants seemed to be so much interested in the automobile! The old church has the most extraordinary statues and ornaments ranged about a sort of terrace in front, and everything seemed to be quite unusual and interesting here.

We have been, too, to the famous castle of the famous family of Borromeo, on the beautiful island in the Lake of Maggiore; that has been, however, so much written of, and so often photographed, that it seems almost wise, in spite of its rich possibilities for description, to pass it by.

AND COUNTRY SEATS

TUSCANY, FLORENCE, October

My dear M: .

OUR stay in Bologna was so brief yet so busy (for everybody came to see us the one afternoon we were there) that it was impossible to write. Our trip to-day from Bologna up over the Pass Della Futa over the great rocky Apennines adds one more wonderful vision for our memories to hold. We did not start until after lunch, as Hercolani, who came in to see us, said that the journey was not long, and that the roads would be in excellent condition; so we stopped at his villa, which is directly on the way, to have another look at the beautiful Venus and Cupid of Canova, and to see some of his photographic successes, as I have been showing him my way of taking interiors. The motor map indicated numerous dangerous turnings, and I was glad that I felt sure of Vincenzo's driving; it seemed as if we should never stop going up; each curve and sharp turn of the road brought us to a steeper ascent than the one just made; five hundred metres, eight hundred metres, and finally, nine hundred sixty-eight metres brought us to the top of the pass. Here a little red "d" with a cross said "dangerous" for automobiles, according to my map, but we found no dangers; and I fear I saw little of the road, for so glorious were the deep yellow and blue lights over the mountains, which with the last rays of the setting sun turned purple, that my eyes had vision only for this

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feast of color. The gradual descent from the top of the pass, down, down into the valley of the Arno, through Vaglia and Fonte Buona, was beautiful beyond description; and when we left this last little town, where we were obliged to stop on account of a tire and air chamber, and went down the hill lined with tall cypress trees, we had a wonderful view of the now brilliantly lighted city of Florence below us.

At every town there is the octroi or municipal duty, extracted from the farmers outside the city; an endeavor, I suppose, to readjust or equalize the expenses of city living with the lesser demands upon the countryman outside. These municipal custom-houses are the greatest nuisance to automobilists, but Vincenzo has a wonderful way of seeming frightfully hurried to the officer who comes out to ask us if we have anything dutiable to declare. "Which is the nearest way out of the city?" he always exclaims. "We are going right through — must get on," while I reach from the window and repeat the question, adding by way of afterthought, "We have nothing to declare." The astonished guard generally forgets all about his duties in his interest to explain to us the way to reach the opposite gate of the city, and once past we go tranquilly on to our hotel without having bag or baggage disturbed or inspected.

Florence, to me, is like a wonderful old lady who shows the traces of great beauty, but who has been surrounded so much and so often by the foreigner that a part of her individual self has been lost in adopting by sympathetic imitation the habits and ways of those constantly about her. Florence, in the old

POPE PIUS II (PIGGIOMINI) CANONIZING
CATHERINE BENEDETTA OF SIENA
A scene from the Pignatelli in the church of Siena
(see page 21)



least of color. The gradual descent from the top of the pass, down, down into the valley of the Arno, through Vaglia and Fonte Buona, was beautiful beyond description; and when we left this last little town, where we were obliged to stop on account of a tire and air chamber, and went down the hill lined with tall cypress trees, we had a wonderful view of the now brilliantly lighted city of Florence below us.

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"We are going right through," *(SEE PAGE 312)* I reach from the window and repeat the question, adding by way of afterthought, "We have nothing to declare." The astonished guard generally forgets all about his duties in his interest to explain to us the way to reach the opposite gate of the city, and once past we go magnificently on to our hotel without having bag or baggage disturbed or inspected.

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AND COUNTRY SEATS

part — the river, the Ponte Vecchio, the old palaces, so many of which, unfortunately, have been torn down — is always beautiful and always fascinating, and the surrounding hills of the Apennines are exquisite to eternity; but the city itself, where we go every day, has so submitted to the notions of the outsider, that the real Italian flavor seems to have been lost. The shops are beautiful, much better than in many of the Italian cities, but there is a foreign air about them that does not seem natural.

T.

TUSCANY, FLORENCE, October

“But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairer halls.
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps
To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
And buried Learning rose, redeem'd to a new morn.”
BYRON.

This afternoon Count Cesnola, the nephew of the one-time director of our Metropolitan Museum, of whom I wrote you a good deal some time ago, came in to call upon us, and has promised to go with us to Siena, where his sister has but recently married the young Baron Sergardi-Beringucci. Sergardi is very rich, and has numerous villas in and about Siena to which Cesnola has invited us by proxy, being a very dear and intimate friend of his new brother-in-law.

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The days are beginning to have the sharp air of autumn, but it is ideal for motoring, and I am looking forward with keen anticipations to Siena and the villages of Tuscany, for it is only in the small country towns that one gets the real flavor of any locality. Cities nowadays are becoming so cosmopolitan, and in Florence one hears in the Via Tornabuoni more English than Italian.

Of course I shall write you very little of Florence, we have been here so often together, and besides, its history is so complex, so wonderful that it has filled many volumes, and will probably be the subject of libraries of books in the future. Certainly from these noble Florentines have sprung many wondrous intellects that are eternal ornaments to the human race, and the city was for many years the focus of all the intellectual life of Europe. It is said of the Medici, who have made their name synonymous with Florence, that no tyrants or leaders of men have at any time in the history of the world given so lavishly and done so much for the cause of art for art's sake as these doctors of the six pills of the Medici arms.

I feel here, as I did in Venice, that as our stay is to be so short, I shall simply revisit some of my favorite pictures in the galleries, and spend at least one morning with the beautiful paintings of Fra Angelico in the monastery of San Marco. I think perhaps the loveliest of all is the picture one sees over the entrance, Christ as a pilgrim welcomed by two Dominican monks, and I succeeded in getting a fairly good copy to bring home.

We went for tea over the Ponte Vecchio, past all

the little "outdoor showcase" shops, through the Porta Romana to the Viale dei Colli, up the winding ascent past the road that leads to Galileo's tower, to the great square of Piazzale Michael Angelo which forms a sort of projecting terrace, as you will undoubtedly remember, overlooking the city.

The view from this piazza is really most lovely. The hill was fortified by Michael Angelo in 1529, then acting as an engineer for the republic. Duke Cosimo I de' Medici made the hill into a regular fort some years later.

We are going to-morrow to a luncheon that the Prince and Princess Abamalek-Lazarew are giving for us at their historic and beautiful Villa of Pratolino, only a short distance from here.

The Princess was born a Princess Demidoff, and is rich even for the rich Russians, which means much. She is a very beautiful woman, the daughter of a beautiful mother and grandmother, and has devoted a great deal of time to her chosen art — that of dancing. Wherever she is, whether in her villa outside of Rome, where she entertains so elaborately, in Paris, or on her journeys, her dancing-master is always in her suite, and hours each day are devoted to the careful study of, and training for, some national or fancy dance. She does not stop at mere posture and pose, but has gone in for the toe dancing as well, and is really an expert.

It is rather late. Good-night.

T.

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FLORENCE, TUSCANY, October

My dear M:

Our day with the Princess has been delightful, and we were indeed fortunate to find her and her husband here, for they are about to start on their travels to Paris, and later we shall find them in Rome.

The Villa of Pratolino is perhaps the most famous and beautiful of all the villas about Florence, and belonged formerly to the Grand Dukes of Tuscany. The château was built by Buontalenti about 1569, at the instance of the Grand Duke Francesco de' Medici, to serve as the home of his bride, Bianca Cappello, that beautiful Venetian about whom so many stories and legends have been written. We passed the colossal crouching figure that is supposed to represent the Apennines, and recalled the famous legend of the Bianca's leopard; certainly the portrait by Bronzino that we saw yesterday in the Pitti gallery, and another to-day in the villa, would indicate that there was no exaggeration in the much-famed beauty of this extraordinary woman. The daughter of a Venetian noble, Bartolomeo Cappello, and said to be the beauty of Venice, she had run away with a young Venetian, not of noble birth. Her name was scratched from the lists of the Venetian patricians, and after a time the Duchy of Venice demanded from Florence the extradition of the runaway couple. Bianca, already tired of the humdrum life of poverty in her new but poor Tuscan home, determined to make the appeal of her own beauty to Grand Duke Francesco



Princess Abamélek-Lazarew.

PRINCESS ABAMÉLEK-LAZAREW

Born Princess Demidoff

de' Medici. Politics at that time helped her and Bianca had not undervalued her charms. The Duke not only refused to give up the Venetian beauty and her husband, but gave them both a post at court. That post became a dangerous one, for the Duke's admiration changed to positive desire, while Bianca, realizing her power, announced that she would give herself to the Duke only when she became Grand Duchess of Tuscany. Divorce was not possible, and the Duke was already married to a daughter of the Emperor, while Bianca's husband seemed in no way likely to die. Those were fierce times, and people did not hesitate to arrive at the accomplishment of their wishes by fair means or foul; it was not long before Pietro had disappeared, and the Duke's wife had died of poison. Such is the power of success and fortune that no sooner did Bianca become Grand Duchess of Tuscany than representatives of the Doge, bringing gifts of jewels and silver, besought her to name any gift from her native city, and were only too anxious to re-enroll her name among the nobles of Venice. In the years gone by, Bianca had been fascinated by a beautiful leopard kept in the public gardens of Venice, and she made the strange request for this animal. He proved useful, as it turned out, as the means she used to definitely rid herself of her one-time husband. His mother, seeing the advantage it would be to herself and her son to have Bianca become Grand Duchess of Tuscany, pretended that he had been killed by "bravi," and substituted in his place a peasant boy with face stabbed out of recognition. But Pietro was not so docile to his mother's schemes for wealth, and came back later to re-

claim the beautiful Bianca, whom he found in the gardens of Pratolino. Bianca treacherously promised to follow him that night, and on her return to the palace, ostensibly to make the necessary preparations for leaving, she let loose the leopard from his cage, who seemed by instinct, so the legend runs, to know the will of his mistress, and soon mutilated beyond recognition poor Pietro, whose body was thought by the guards of the Duke to be merely that of a venturesome poacher.

But these two who had arrived at their happiness through fierce and foul means were, in turn, to be the objects of furious envy and hatred by the ambitious younger brother of Francesco, the Cardinal Ferdinando, who some years later so arranged the repast he was to eat with the Duke and Duchess that they both ate of the poison they had given to others and died. Cardinal Ferdinando would allow no doctor to ease the pains caused by the poisoned fruit eaten by his brother and notorious sister-in-law, nor would he allow Bianca to be buried in the family tomb.

Traditions and stories of Bianca cling to all the villas that have once belonged to the Medici, but particularly to Pratolino. The villa is plain but elegant in outline.

The architecture of Florence in its square campaniles, its black and white lines, is generally termed Renaissance rather than Tuscan. Since the days of the ancients, Italy had never had such massive foundations and buildings as those of the palaces of the Pitti, the Medici, and the Strozzi, and to this strength there was abundant grace added in the wide eaves and deep loggie. One of the best examples of the classic archi-

ture of that time is this very villa of Pratolino designed by Buontalenti.

The Princess keeps armed custodians in the rather picturesque gray uniforms all about the extensive park, but they lend a rather military and defensive atmosphere to this peaceful villa, where the Prince and Princess gave us a most cordial welcome.

I was very much interested in discussing with the Prince during luncheon the condition of women in Russia. "Your women in America are not nearly as free, so far as property is concerned, as are our women in Russia," he explained. "A Russian woman owning land may dispose of it at her will, without the signature of her husband or without even consulting him. She may spend her patrimony as she likes, and her husband has no control over it whatever; this surely is not the case in your country." He then asked the prospective dot of a certain marriage we were discussing, and I said I supposed somewhere about two million dollars, which the Prince seemed to think very beggarly for a person of high position.

After luncheon the Prince very amiably said, "Now, I will be your Baedeker, and since you are interested in works of art, and in the villa, let me take you about." It was surely a most interesting *tournée*, and I cannot begin to tell you of all the exquisite things the Princess has inherited, collected, and arranged here at Pratolino. I was very pleased to be able to read the names of the numerous Russian painters written in Russian on the frames of the paintings in the collection of the villa. So few foreigners study Russian that the Princess was quite surprised that I had got even

thus far. Of the best known artist to us at home, Verestchagin, there were some most beautiful canvases. The Napoleonic collection of the Princess Abamalek is altogether extraordinary, a whole salon being completely furnished, even to bric-a-brac, with things that actually belonged to and were used by the great Emperor.

You remember that Princess Mathilde Bonaparte married Anatole Demidoff, the first Prince of San Donato. The Demidoff family descends from Nikita Demidoff, a blacksmith in the shop at Tula, where he attracted the attention of the famous Peter the Great, and was by him ordered to make armor and weapons of defence. Peter the Great made few errors, not only in his judgment of politics, but in his judgment of people, and so well was the armor made that the blacksmith was made a nobleman in 1724, and given immense properties in the Ural Mountains, where he had founded a mining industry and built iron foundries. His great-grandson, Nicolas Demidoff, established himself at Florence toward the end of the eighteenth century and acquired the fief and countal title of San Donato, which was confirmed by the Grand Duke of Tuscany in 1837. The Tuscan title of Prince of San Donato was confirmed in 1840 and recognized by the King of Italy in 1872, when a similar permission to bear this title was granted by the Czar of Russia. In 1884, by special decree, all members of the household have the right to the title of Prince. Their arms include a combination of those of the city of Florence with the original arms of the Demidoff, which include three instruments of miners in silver. The title of Prince of Abamalek-Lazarew

comes in some way from districts in the Caucasus Mountains.

While the Prince showed F. B. some of his beautiful books, the Princess asked me to come into her boudoir, which is certainly the most unique room I have ever seen, for every decoration of every kind represents a kiss. Rare engravings, some of them by very distinguished artists, give various phases and stages of the kiss. Beautiful Dresden china figures, and rare porcelains of many kinds ornament the room, but all the figures, however varied, are in osculatory positions. Even the bell, lying on the small table beside the Princess' *chaise-longue*, was made of two tiny bronze heads, and electricity was so applied that the bell rang only when the two came together for a kiss. It must have taken a long time and innumerable visits to antiquaries and art shops to have so carefully completed this dainty room, so entirely dedicated to Eros. The *chaise-longues* of the Princess Abamalek are always complicated and exquisite. An elaborate cover of cloth-of-gold with embroidered flowers done in dainty colors was thrown over the lower part of this boudoir couch, and small, elegant pillows placed at the back. The Princess caught up from a near-by table an exquisite case which she said she had recently found in Paris; she seemed to think little of buying this "vanity," which was made of the rarest enamel outlined in sizable sapphires and diamonds, for later she showed me another small purse bought about the same time, set with most beautifully cut rubies in the form of a four-leaved clover. Her jewels, of which a part were here at Pratolino,

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were arranged in open cases, in a sort of glass-topped table, at one side of the room, and I have never seen more beautiful black and pink pearls than are in the possession of the Princess Abamalek.

From this dainty boudoir I went with her into her bedroom, which possesses all the luxurious magnificence that seems to surround this beautiful woman at every turn. The jewels about the Russian enamel figure of the saint at the head of the bed were superb emeralds of immense size combined with pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones. The Princess must, indeed, be sure of her servants to have so much value exposed to view! No wonder she keeps chasseurs in the park and at the entrance gates!

After we had made the tour of the upper rooms, we were taken through a long corridor, where numerous works of art were hung and where we saw a beautiful portrait of Bianca Cappello, to an immense room that was added to the villa by the father of the Princess. Here we had our coffee. Though the many photographs, easy chairs and hospitable cushions give the place a nice air of comfort and homeliness, the room is a real museum. I took a photograph of the Princess sitting on a divan that was worked by Pauline Bonaparte, and directly back of her was a statue of Venus by no less a sculptor than the great Canova. I think, however, the thing that impressed me most of anything in the villa was the sword, kept under glass, as indeed it should be, that belonged to Peter the Great. To me this man is one of the most interesting characters in all history, for his wonderful enterprise, and his travels, which seem so easy now, but which in

his day were so difficult, to all the different countries, that he might gather for himself and for his people every improvement of every kind. That the Russians have well appreciated the value of his mentality is shown in their careful following of his far-seeing advice as expressed in his will. "Marry in Germany, borrow from France" are among the precepts of this great document, so we are told by competent historians.

But it is useless for me to try to tell you of all the wonders of this villa! It was much later than we thought when we said our good-byes, and we barely reached the Cesnolas' in time for our promised tea with them. We have seen so much that is interesting and wonderful to-day that my pen feels quite powerless at the thought of telling you all.

Count Cesnola to-day expressed what the younger Coquelin has so many times said: that, had it not been for his brother, he might have had his proper fame, for Cesnola was with his brother at the time of his discoveries, and was acting as a vice-consul for the United States when the treasures in Cyprus were found. His own collection seemed to us most marvellous, and the old gentleman showed us his treasures with every interest and care. It seems that he must have had a good many honors in spite of being a younger brother, for on the wall there hung, framed, a collection of no less than twenty medals bestowed for bravery in battle, and for military services performed at different periods of his career. His daughters, like true Florentines, are really fine artists, and I was greatly interested in seeing their paintings, which were far above the average standard. Countess Cesnola is an Eng-

lishwoman, and has always preferred to keep English the language of the family, as is so often the case in marriages of this sort. A charming and hospitable hostess she was to us, and we are to come back to her when we return from Umbria on our way for the short opera season in Bologna. It seems wiser to make this journey back, and to enjoy a bit of the season, which comes very early in Bologna, since we may perhaps go on later for a few days at Turin, from where we can send the car on the train to Rome, as it will then be too snowy on the mountains to go over the road. I shall not write you for a few days, as we start to-morrow for Siena.

T.

SIENA, TUSCANY, October

My dear M:

THERE has been no doubt to-day of our having passed into Tuscany, for the long lines of cypress trees that form a stately approach to many of the villas told us that we had left the land of Æmilia, where, as in the rest of Italy, these trees are seldom used except as dignified sentinels in the cemeteries. When one realizes that it is only custom that has made them seem mortuary emblems, their arrangement and use in Tuscany seems picturesque and charming. The road to-day has been most beautiful. We chose to take the more hilly and direct route by way of Galluzzo and Poggibonsi, thus being able to see the picturesque views from the rather steep ascents we were obliged to climb.

We started rather early in the morning, and Cesnola was on time with a thoughtfully small amount of baggage. We left Florence by way of the Porta Romana, and went on over the Via Sienese in the bright sunshine of the early autumn morning. We stopped on a side hill, perforce, to replace a punctured air chamber, and no sooner had the car come to a stop than we were surrounded by numbers of girls, who seemed to have come from nowhere, and not to be in any great hurry to reach wherever they were going for they stopped and talked with us, asking many questions of that country America, where so many of their

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relatives are now gone. Each and every one, to the smallest child, was deftly platting strands of straw that will some day fashion one of the *paille d'Italie* (Leghorn straw) that make our pocketbooks considerably slimmer after the purchase on the rue de la Paix in Paris. Cesnola tells me I can get as many as I like of these hats in Siena for a few lire, as all the people in this part of the country braid straw rather more than knit the socks which busy the fingers of the peasant women of the other provinces.

Just before we arrived at the little orderly town of Poggibonsi, the towers of San Gimignano caught my attention from afar, and I could not resist the temptation to turn the car in the direction of this fascinating and unique-looking place. We are all very glad that we made the excursion. The town once was a flourishing city, fought for, bled for, and finally captured by Florence, who stepped in apparently to settle dissensions of the leading families, but in settling, like many an advocate, took possession of the whole as payment for services rendered. Its situation, on a lofty hill that overlooks the surrounding rolling country, is prominent and picturesque, and while only fourteen of the once hundred or more great towers remain, they give the city at a distance a vague recollection of the far-off views of the skyscrapers of New York as seen from one of the big liners coming up the harbor. There is nothing new under the sun, and I could not but think, as I looked at these stone towers, massive, strong, and each representing the power and wealth of its owner, how little humanity changes inwardly, though the outward form and expression of human

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nature be so different throughout the centuries. In those days man fought man, and the strongest ruled the weakest; nowadays combinations of men form companies, which intellectually vie with other companies of men, and though it is a bloodless battle, it is none the less keenly fought; and the expression of the power attained is seen to-day in the erection, by the most powerful of these great companies, of towers that vie with one another in height, magnificence, and solidity.

The town itself gives one more the sense of having gone back to the Middle Ages than any place I have seen in Italy. It is generally thought, and I believe history records, that the San Gimignanoesi are short of stature, and perhaps the few men we saw walking about the streets were rather undersized, though I think often these things are somewhat exaggerated. We engaged the services of a guide, as I always prefer to do — not that I believe all he tells me, but that I lose no time in finding my way about a town — and in the crooked, curved streets of this little old place in the hills, it was certainly necessary to be shown our way about. We left Vincenzo with the car in the central piazza, discoursing vigorously to crowds of the inevitable small boy, who seemed to find a particular delight in writing their names in the dust on the back of the car. There is certainly no race suicide in Italy, and these sturdy little youngsters seemed the embodiment of good health and spirits as they gambolled about, more playful than harmful.

The old Palazzo Comunale is a very fine example of early Gothic, and contains many frescoes, that I

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fear we did not stop to see very thoroughly, for there is so much to see in the town, and we enjoyed also the beautiful view of the surrounding country, which embraces the valley of the Elsa looking toward San Miniato. Of the many towers of the town, that of the Torre del Comune, which is one hundred seventy-four feet high, overtops all the remaining thirteen, and was built, so the custodian told us, by each of the great families of the town giving and building a certain section.

How can I convey to you the sense of having been transported back so many hundred years! After all, there was only the same piazza (square) surrounded by the prominent buildings of the city, and the houses of old Italian architecture, yet there was a something in this town, an atmosphere, an aspect, a sensation of age — great age and bygone days. The women in the church were old; most of the men in the streets were old; and as we turned the narrow street to go to see the frescoes in the church of Sant' Agostino, I was able to catch a photograph of a quiet old peasant woman, sitting in the afternoon sunshine with her distaff and spindle, making thread, quite as she would have done in the same place, in the same way, centuries ago.

The frescoes are by Benozzo Gozzoli, a pupil of Fra Angelico, and are very famous. They represent the life of St. Augustine in seventeen different scenes, from his boyhood to his death. Like all great artists, he could not in all his productions give evidence of "feu sacré," and while some of the scenes are really extraordinarily well done, some of them seemed to me very indifferent. At the right of the main entrance there is

a beautiful altar of San Bartholdus. But I feel one should come here to stay several days at the nice little inn if one really wished to see the pictures as well as to enjoy the spirit of the town. While I mean to come back and study the beautiful Ghirlandajo frescoes, especially those representing the life of the strange little Saint Fina of the town, to-day I preferred to walk about the streets, paved with the great stones of the past, watch the wine carts drawn by the long-horned, sturdy cattle, just as they were drawn so many years ago, stroll outside the old gate, and enjoy the general sentiment of the place. As we came out of the cathedral a woman passed, carrying a candle. "For your saint?" I asked her. "Ah, yes," she said, "Santa Fina belongs to us. She died at the age of fifteen, yet she was so good she was made a saint." One author gives us a very unpleasant impression of this little girl's life and inspiration, and surely it was unfortunate if, as he tells us, she "merely lay quietly upon her back until she died"; but the good that her influence has done is unquestioned, for the women of San Gimignano are very pious, though the grave old guide told me that it was quite out of fashion for the men to go to confession any more. I do not see that it particularly matters whether Santa Fina herself was so marvellously good or not, if she was able to inspire Ghirlandajo to paint such beautiful stories of her life as are represented on the side walls of the chapel dedicated to her. And if, as the years go by, any ugly details of the actualities of her life fade away, why drag them out into the broad sunlight of naturalism? Surely her influence is for the good, and the women

who bring their candles and teach their children to pray are not going the wrong way, at any rate. Religion in the Middle Ages was something so stilted, so far above the understanding of the masses, that it entered very little into everyday life. Men fought all day, and returned at evening to pray at vespers in the same church, and the incongruity never seemed to strike them. Indeed, a man said to me once in Rome, "So-and-so is one of the most religious persons in Rome, and the greatest rascal." "But how is that possible?" I answered. "My dear Signora," my friend replied, "you must realize that religion and morals have nothing to do with each other." This was said in Rome in the twentieth century. How much less, then, did the Latin mass of the priest reach the hearts of the people in the old days of San Gimignano! I prefer to keep the poetical side of the little saint's life to the fore, and the ugly version quite out of the picture.

It was only after we had left San Gimignano and had enjoyed all the views not only in the city, but looking back to it as our automobile sped down into the valley and came again on to the main road, that Cesnola remarked, "I did not wish to interfere with your pleasure at this interesting town, which you did not say you were going to see, and I hope that my relatives will have waited at their villa outside of Siena, where they wrote me they were going to motor to meet you." Of course we were very sorry not to have known this before, but I cannot honestly say we regretted having gone to dear San Gimignano, which will always be one of my pleasantest memories

of this Italian autumn. We pushed the car pretty rapidly, however, but it was far later than we thought and quite dark, when coming up over a hill we spied the black outlines of a tower against the sky. It was only a question of moments before we passed the great villa of which this tower was a part, when someone ran out, calling us to stop. Cesnola was right; his amiable relatives had been waiting in this villa since four o'clock for our arrival. It was now nearly eight, but their greeting was most cordial in the very dusky twilight, where flashes from the headlights of the automobile gave us only an idea of what these hospitable friends looked like. Of course it was too late to think of stopping here, as the villa is in the process of complete renovation inside, and is to serve later as the home of the bride, Cesnola's sister, and Baron Sergardi. We tried to persuade them to come in to dinner at the hotel with us, but the excuse of hunting clothes, and our fatigue, made plain that the hospitality, to their way of thinking, must first come from them to us. I am sure I shall find the mother of Baron Sergardi, who was with the party to-day with her daughter and son, a most charming and agreeable personality, for I liked her voice so much, and I always find it an easy matter to adjust my opinions of people by the tones of their voice and their manner of speaking.

Presently Sergardi's chauffeur swung their big FIAT alongside ours, but quickly relinquished his seat to the young Sieneſe nobleman, who is one of the best gentleman chauffeurs, so Cesnola tells me, in Italy. As they knew the road much better, and as they are going straight on through Siena to the villa

in which they are now living at the other side of the city, we let them fly on ahead, and they were soon lost in darkness.

We are most fortunately settled in this big hotel, which was once a palace of one of the old Gori family of Siena, and is situated on the main street of the town, which to-morrow we shall sally forth to see. For so many years I have wanted to come to Siena that, were we not promised to Countess Annina Piccolomini in Pienza in a few days' time, I do not know but I should spend the rest of the autumn here. We received a very charming telegram from the Countess, renewing her cordial invitation, and of course we are delighted to have the opportunity to see her, and to visit the famous ancestral home of her husband, who still bears the historic name of Silvio Piccolomini. After dinner we took a walk about the narrow streets of this quaint old town, which, from its situation, is divided into three parts: the section that lies to the southwest between the Porta San Marco and the Via Maremmana is called the *città terzo*, or third city; another section, which includes that part between the Porta San Maurizio and the Via Romana, called San Martino III, from the name of the church dedicated to that saint which existed in that neighborhood from the most ancient times; while the third and last section of the city, between the Porta Camollia and the Via Fiorentina, takes its name from the ancient gate. The natural division of the town made also a natural division of the people into companies, each distinguished by its own leader or "*gonfalone*." Each third had a banner of its own, around which its citizens quickly

arranged themselves in time of trouble. As time went on, the power of the people increased, especially as the enmity to Florence increased. Siena forms perhaps the best example of the communes, which form a sort of link between the despotic rule of the sovereign and constitutional monarchy; and barring Venice, which was a very different type of government, that can hardly come under the head of the mediaeval communes, it may be said to Siena's credit that it was the last of the independent communes to succumb to the rule of the tyrant. The city seems to have existed always under an unlucky star, for since the earliest times one disaster after another seemed to overtake the town, and no sooner did the people arise and bravely begin peaceful pursuits when some other calamity, were it plague, emperor, tyrant, or civil feuds, seemed to crush out the life and almost the hope of what seemingly should have been a most brilliant history. In many ways one may still call it brilliant, for the valiant defence of the Sienese, first of all against its envious rival, Florence, and its almost superhuman adherence to the Ghibelline cause, for which it suffered so much and so often, would indicate at least stern determination and rare courage to maintain a position taken.

In the fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries Siena is said to have numbered one hundred thousand inhabitants, and the Sienese evidently excelled in many things, since their tyrant, a fellow-citizen who assumed and was able to keep for himself the supreme control of the city over a considerable period of years, the art-loving Pandolfo Petrucci, was surnamed *Il Magnifico*, and described by Machiavelli as the pattern of the

despot. The spirit of democracy, of individual freedom, of the desire of each man to have his part in the doings of the community in which he lives, is one of the salient characteristics of the history of Siena, and even in the height of its power the city manifested always a preference for established rules and a dislike for innovations, quite in contrast to its rival, Florence.

The awful siege that was protracted against Siena by the Medici in 1554 is recorded in the glowing pages of many histories, and the stately palaces — the unique and altogether fascinating Croce del Travaglio, the dignified Palazzo dei Signori della Repubblica, with its slender Torre del Mangia, the exquisite fountain of Jacopo della Quercia, the noble palaces of the Tolomei, the Pannocchieschi d' Elci, and the Piccolomini — all bespeak the stately grandeur, the haughty arrogance of the proud Sieneese.

The water for this fountain of della Quercia, which, unfortunately, is only a replica of the original, is supplied by a subterranean conduit sixteen miles in length that has been in use since 1342, and very probably much before that.

In some ways I prefer Siena to Florence. Perhaps because it is more intimate. One comes to the old Gori Palace (our hotel), and it is only a step to the beautiful Loggia dei Mercanti, now used by the young men of Siena for the smart club of the town, Circolo degli Uniti. The sculptures are by Sieneese masters of the fifteenth century: Federighi and Vecchietta. A turn to the left of our doorway brings us before the stately palace of the Tolomei, that family who, with the Piccolomini and Salimbeni, fought for supremacy

in the early days of the city's history. The massively built Tolomei palace preserves its mediaeval character, though a restoration skilfully done would prevent the present crumbling of the beautiful mullioned windows. On the opposite side of the street, in the little square directly in front of this palace, stands a tall stone pillar surmounted by the she-wolf and the suckling twins; for it is believed by some that Siena was founded by a son of Romulus.

Certainly throughout the length and breadth of Italy, there is no other town that has preserved in all its majestic sombreness the mediæval character and outward appearance. There is a sense here of great age and haughty dignity, which seems to belong even to the common people, and to the very stones of the place, which reminds one of many of the towns of Spain. There is an air, too, about the people on the streets, a self-conscious independence, an amiable arrogance, if one may use the term, such as one meets constantly in Spain. Siena has long been noted for its tanneries, and in strolling about the streets this evening, I was surprised to see such fine-looking shoes in many of the shops. We have bought endless postcards, photographs, and reproductions of paintings which I have been looking through, thus preparing myself to better enjoy the wonders of the town. To-morrow, however, we are going in the morning to one of the Sergardi's villas for photographic purposes, and to lunch on the opposite side of the city at their other villa, where we shall spend a good deal of time while here, apparently, as our invitations are most cordial, and the Sergardis have arranged already for us to take

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several excursions with them. I must close. Best wishes to all at home.

T.

SIENA, November

My dear M:

This morning, as planned, we ran out very quickly through the ancient Porta Camollia to the Villa Fiorentina, which looked much less imposing and altogether more charming in the broad sunshine than in the dusk of last evening. That which looked so grim against the sky in the twilight, turned out to be a graceful clock tower, and the gardens were literally ablaze with autumn blooms. Why do people write books about Italian villas and say that there are no flowers! Even here in Tuscany in November were countless roses and innumerable chrysanthemums of every sort and kind, besides many other varieties of flowers, apparently as much in blooming season as if it were the middle of summer.

To-day is All Saints' Day, and the gardener, after presenting me, according to his master's instructions, with a large and beautiful bouquet of his chosen rarities, asked if I would come and see the work he was doing for the graves of the Sergardi family. We were very glad to inspect this atelier, and studio it certainly was, for we found him directing several undergardeners in the making of many really beautiful flower pieces, which were to be boxed that morning, and shipped by train to Orvieto and other neighboring towns, where members of the family are buried. He regretfully



APPROACH TO VILLA SERGARDI AT CASALE
NEAR SIENA

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explained that the most elaborate pieces were already placed in the cemetery in Siena at the family tomb of the Sergardi. When I say "elaborate pieces" I do not mean a large bouquet of rare flowers tied with a bow, but a stately broken pillar some three or four feet in height, entirely made of tiny white chrysanthemums, and surmounted by a wreath of rarest roses and white orchids. If these and other similarly lavish designs were of his lesser productions, we wondered what the family had had made for them! Nothing seems too much trouble for any Latin to do well, and the Anglo-Saxon phrase, "That will do," seems not to exist in their vocabulary.

As this villa is much nearer the highway than many in Tuscany, the elaborate garden is approached through the long windows of a large salon at the back, and crossing the formal garden, one arrives at a completely arranged out-of-door theatre. Trellises covered with fine vines form the wings of the stage on both sides; tiny ferns, growing over a jagged rock, glisten with the drops that strike them from the little tumbling spring that comes from this declivity of the hill, into which the theatre is built. Stone steps curving on both sides and lined with varied blooms make a flowery approach to the stage, where beautiful flowers and maidenhair fern replace footlights. Rocks, shrubs and flowers commingled in artistic confusion fill in the space to the ground. I have seen many of these out-of-door theatres in Italy, but none with more artistic arrangement than this of the Villa Fiorentino. To the left of the theatre is a broad terrace, and here plays the inevitable Italian fountain. Across the small

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valley that lies between this hill and Siena one has the beautiful view of the city—its old walls, the stately Torre del Mangia reaching upward to the skies, the cathedral with its campanile—all forming a picture not soon to be forgotten.

Cesnola had played the part of host this morning, for we found our automobile literally filled with more flowers, and I think the people of Siena, as we ran through the town, thought we were going to some sort of fête, our floral display was so elaborate.

The road to Casale lies due south of Siena in almost a straight line, and is very picturesque, going up hill and down dale, by villas whose approach seems to be invariably lined with stately cypress trees, the sentinel guardians of these Tuscan homes of the hills. The Sergardi villa stands on a high eminence some kilometres from the main road, but every bit of this distance is lined with these same dark green trees, and so regularly are they planted, so even is their growth, so clear in the noonday sun are the shadows across the road, that one seems to be passing over a mosaic pavement of black and white like that of the Tuscan cathedrals. We had scarcely passed the gateway of Siena, when Baron Sergardi, his pretty wife, his mother, in fact the whole party of yesterday, appeared in their big FIAT to guide us to their home. Baroness Sergardi, her daughter-in-law, and young Lodovico the son, came with us, while F. B. and Cesnola went with Sergardi in the open car, and I fear for once we did a little speeding on the fine Tuscan highways. Sergardi has an enormous siren, which should, and evidently does, clear the road a mile in advance, and Vincenzo, like every chauffeur, has

the born spirit of a racer. Race he would, and race he did; with pretty unfair odds, too, for our limousine is, of course, much heavier than the open car of the same rating of Sergardi; but there did not seem to be much choice in the speed of the two machines, and my only regret was that we passed too quickly up the sunny slopes, down into the valleys, and soon found ourselves at the villa, where the family padre (priest) was waiting to make his people and the foreign guests welcome.

At luncheon we were treated to the catch of the huntsmen of the day before, and I felt almost guilty at devouring numbers of the tiny little birds, which are delicious, but to our ideas much too small to be killed. "You must be wonderful shots," I exclaimed, as the platter with no less than fifty of these small birdlings was passed about. "Yes, we all like to shoot," said Sergardi. "But these birds were trapped," and he tried to explain what seems to me an intricate system of throwing of nets, whereby numerous coveys of birds are captured and killed at leisure. After luncheon we strolled about the grounds, which are left in rustic simplicity, but where long aisles of stately spruce and pine are made to form delightful shade for an afternoon walk. From the hill to which this walk leads, just back of the villa, Sergardi showed me the little house in the plain below, from which these nets for the birds are managed, and where the huntsman goes and waits the passing of the flocks. Italy is the country of passage for many birds, but few, if seen, are allowed to pass the Italian's gun or trap; and this particular villa of the Sergardis, though very prettily furnished and delightfully comfortable, is considered

rather more a hunting lodge than anything else, and is lived in by the family only during the autumn or hunting season.

I find most of my Italian friends as much interested in photography as I, and to-day the Baron showed me his kaleidoscope arrangement for his plates. It is surely a very quick, comfortable, and pleasant way to review the pictures of various trips and mutual friends, and I mean to have one myself later on. Baroness Sergardi is a beautiful girl, and I have rarely seen a more idyllic couple than these two. Sergardi is evidently tremendously in love with his young wife, though in a thoroughly nice, sensible sort of way, and for once, I think, there will be a delightful mother-in-law, for one could not ask for a more charming personality than that of Baroness Sergardi, who was born a Countess Bracci-Testasecca, a distinguished name of the near-by mountain town of Montepulciano. She has kindly arranged for us to go there with her for an afternoon visit to her brother, now the deputy from the town to the Italian Parliament. So it is that my trip is planning itself; or rather, my good friends are planning it for me.

A little before four o'clock the cars were brought to the door, and Sergardi said he was going to take us to the old monastery of Monte Oliveto, but before leaving we took another walk about the villa to thoroughly enjoy the view of the great valley, through which flows the river Merse, joined not far from Casale to the north by the little torrent of Farma. Nearly all the land as far as we could see belongs to Sergardi, and certainly his patrimony is as beautiful as extensive.

The Benedictine convent of Monte Oliveto Maggiore was founded in 1320 by Bernardo Tolomei, of the great family of Siena. It is situated on a hill in the centre of a sterile, chalky district, which, in the immediate vicinity of the monastery, the energetic monks seemed to have turned into a smiling garden. While there can be no more Benedictines added to the convent since its repression, those that remain are allowed in the monastery, provided that they give the passing traveller a night's lodging, if he so desires. We were pleasantly and courteously greeted by one of the monks, as the automobile rounded the hill and dropped down into the courtyard, through the approach of trees, and soon we were making the tour of the large cloister. It is decorated with frescoes, celebrated I know, by Luca Signorelli (1497-98) and Antonio Bazzi, called Sodoma (1505). The pictures represent scenes from the story of Saint Benedict: the tempting of the fasting monk in his cave in the mountain near Subiaco, the resuscitation of a dead man whom Satan had thrown from a wall, punishment of Florentius, and so on. As a whole, the frescoes did not greatly impress me, but there is one, a beautiful figure of Christ, with the crown of thorns, by Sodoma, that is well worth a visit to the monastery to see. The church, which is entered from the cloisters, was modernized in the eighteenth century, and there are some handsome choir stalls and some excellent inlaid work by Fra Giovanni da Verona. Beyond the frescoes and the charming view there is little to be seen here, and we started back for Siena about six o'clock. As we rounded the curve of the road that commands from

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its more elevated position a beautiful view of the convent, I stopped to take a picture; they all laughed and assured me it was much too late for any photographs, but as my camera has rarely proved me false, and as Sergardi was willing to help, I concluded to make the attempt, and will send you the result, if satisfactory, in a few days.

We were quickly back at the entrance to Casale, refusing our pleasant invitation to pass the night with the Sergardis, in order to be in Siena in the morning, as we want very much to devote to-morrow to the city itself. The next day we are planning to go with our friends to Montepulciano.

We have had a long and interesting day, but I am rather tired and shall not write more to-night.

T.

SIENA, November

My dear M:

This morning we did not follow the general tourists' habit of going straight to the far-famed cathedral, but walked, rather, up the street and climbed the hill to the church of San Domenico, a lofty brick edifice of no particular beauty, but which had much to do with the interesting and altogether unique life of Saint Catherine of Siena, in whom we are both so interested; for it was in this church that she took her vows as a young girl of fifteen, and became a member of what is called the mantellate order of Dominicans. Saint Catherine to me is the most human, the most reasonable, and on the whole, the most charming figure of

the religious æsthetics of the Middle Ages. Born at a time when neither The Nine, nor The Twelve, nor the Riformatori seemed to bring order out of the chaos of feuds and bloodshed that raged in the city of her birth, Catherine came like an angel of peace and mercy, when her presence was most needed and could do the most good. Of course she underwent the religious hysteria of the time, which was only to be expected, for it was not an uncommon sight in those days to see bands of excited seekers of salvation lacerating their flesh with brandished thongs and chanting dirges along the highways. In an age when men were torn to pieces at the window of the Palazzo Pubblico with red-hot pincers in order to terrorize their fellows in the community, when murder and bloodshed were the order of the day and the quickest way of settling dispute, it seems indeed that a blessed Providence must have sent Saint Catherine. She not only outlived her practices of self-torture, but intelligently benefited her fellow-creatures by adjusting savage feuds, and converting their participants to Christianity. From all we read of her, she must have possessed a highly developed psychical power, and exercised, evidently, an almost hypnotic influence on those who came within her presence, for her converts were not only among the weak and ill, but among the boldest and most depraved men of her time.

Her wise judgment, her careful tact, her many seemingly impossible conversions, soon came to be known throughout Italy, and in the year 1375 she was asked to visit Pisa and Lucca in order to decide difficult questions.

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It is also generally conceded that the thin, pale woman, who made her way to and from audiences along the stately and luxurious halls of the great palace at Avignon, was the real cause of Gregory XI's determination to return to Rome. It is indeed a remarkable spectacle — this frail woman sent first by mighty Florence as Ambassadors, and then guiding the Pope to his rightful place.

It would seem that Marconi is ever to be associated with the transmission of thought, for Stephen Marconi, a young dandy of Siena, had early joined Catherine's spiritual family as her principal secretary. She seems to have greatly leaned upon his friendship, and probably came as near to loving him as it was possible for her ascetic nature. On her deathbed she begged him to become a Carthusian monk, a wish he carefully carried out, becoming the father superior of his monastery.

After her death the fame of this strange and altogether lovable woman grew much more than ever before, and when Siena gave Æneas Piccolomini to the papacy as Pius II, although she had been worshipped without any formal authorization of the Church, she was now duly canonized as a saint by a Bull that raised her to the honors of the altar. She has left a very complete and interesting picture of herself in her letters.

The spot where she took her first vows is shown in a chapel, a relic of the ancient church zealously preserved because of its historical associations, most of which centre around the saint. Her portrait by Vanni is seen on the wall. In the chapel of San

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Domenico, dedicated especially to her, her head is preserved in a shrine, and shown to the public each year on the occasion of her annual festival, the thirtieth of April.

The frescoes by Sodoma in this chapel are admirable, and represent Saint Catherine in ecstasy when an angel is bringing her the host. In one of these ecstasies she is supposed to have received the stigmata, which, however much she suffered from it during life, was never visible until after death. With all the saint's asceticisms, which were necessary and a natural consequence of the feeling of the times, she displayed throughout her whole life a tact and common sense for the practical good of her fellow-men that throws her character into bold relief, not only in the history of the Middle Ages, but among women in the history of the world.

It was only a short walk from the church of San Domenico down the hill to the Fontebranda, the celebrated fountain which, though mentioned as early as 1081, was renovated in the next century, and is covered with the inevitable three arches of Italy in a sort of Gothic colonnade. Here the little children come to play, the cattle to drink, and the women to do their washing, just as in the days when Catherine Benincasa, leaving her father's tannery, romped with the other children at this very fountain. Up the steep street leading from the fountain, that is to-day, as then, occupied by the houses of dyers, tanners, and fullers, we come, on the left-hand side, to the house in which Catherine was born, as the twenty-fourth of twenty-five children. The different rooms in the little house have been con-

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verted into small chapels or oratories, which belong now to the Confraternità di Santa Caterina. The dyers' shops were originally on the ground floor, and the saint's room is fitted up as a little chapel at the head of the second flight of stairs, and retains all of the severe character it must have had when inhabited by her. The stones which served as her pillow, and the pieces of various garments she wore, may still be seen close to her iron-barred window which opened on the street. Interesting and unique is the singular division of Siena into what we would call wards, which here go by the name of *contrade*. Each *contrada* has its ensign, and at the time of the city's annual festival in August, called the *palio*, these banners are borne by the men of each ward. Some of them are ennobled, others are not, but there is a good deal of lively rivalry among them, and in Siena you are never allowed to forget the fact that the family of Benincasa, which gave to the world the saint, belonged to the noble *Contrada dell' Oca* (of the goose).

From the house of Saint Catherine we made our way up through the *Piazza Indipendenza* to the cathedral which is supposed to have been built on the site of an ancient temple of Minerva. Siena has always been faithful in its devotion to the worship of the Virgin; and the cathedral, which is dedicated to Our Lady, is intended to be commensurate with the wealth and importance of the commune, which, under the guidance of the twenty-four, in the second quarter of the thirteenth century, determined to erect a suitable place of worship for their Blessed Lady. Even at the present day, at the time of the great fes-

tival of the palio, the procession solemnly goes to the cathedral, and pays its respects to the Blessed Lady of the city before entering on the festivities of the day. At first the interior gives rather an unpleasant impression, with its wide nave and long aisles extending to the choir. Its line of pillars faced with black and white marble like the rest of the church are somewhat startling in their hardness of line. The pulpit is a beautiful white marble octagonal structure, borne by nine granite columns, some of which rest on lions, and its beautiful reliefs by Niccolò Pisano make a visit here well worth while, if but to see these alone; besides there are many beautiful statues, several valuable paintings, and of course, the library of the cathedral, which formerly was called the Sala Piccolominea, is of the finest and best preserved structures of the early Renaissance period. It was built by Cardinal Francesco Piccolomini as a superb memorial to his uncle, Æneas Silvius, better known in history as Pope Pius II. The devoted nephew afterward became Pope Pius III. The exterior of the entrance wall is adorned with marble sculptures. Over the door is a fresco by Pinturicchio representing the coronation of Pius III, whose papacy lasted but little more than ten days. The interior of this library, with its splendid missals resting upon carved stands of ancient time, its wonderful mural paintings, the work of Pinturicchio and his pupils, with the assistance possibly of Raphael, and its frescoed vaulting, is justly famous and certainly most beautiful.

As we are going to Pienza to stay with the Silvio Piccolomini of the present twentieth century, it was

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very interesting for me to renew my memories of one of the world's greatest humanists, Æneas Silvius Piccolomini. The paintings in this library represent the main events of this extraordinary man's life: his departure for the council of Basle; his presence as Legate of the Council at the court of James I of Scotland; his coronation as a poet by Emperor Frederick III at Frankfort in 1445; as Ambassador his presentation of the homage of his emperor to Pope Eugenius IV; his conducting of Eleonora of Portugal outside the walls of Siena to her future lord and husband, Emperor Frederick III; his receiving the red hat of cardinal from Pope Calixtus III; his election as Pope Pius II; his calling together at Mantua of the first actual congress of powers assembled for a common purpose, this purpose being the keen wish of Pius for the Crusade to the Turkish war, and the reconquering of Constantinople; his canonization of Catherine Benincasa, and finally his death at Ancona while preaching a crusade against the Turks.

Æneas Silvius Piccolomini belonged to the nobles of Siena, who at the time of Pius' accession to the papacy had been excluded from the seigniorship of the city for almost two hundred years. Like many other nobles, the Salimbeni, Tolomei, etc., they had betaken themselves to the country towns on the hills round about. Silvio was born at the little town of Corsignano, where his parents dwelt in poverty. His mother was Vittoria Forteguerri, of the distinguished family of that name of the city of Siena.

He was the most cultivated of popes and an ornament to the papacy. His intellectual temperament,

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the like of which had never been seen before on the papal throne, belongs entirely to his century, and his commentaries leave perhaps the best picture of the age in which he lived. He was devoted to his birth-place, and built his great palace at Pienza, where we are going, hoping to aggrandize the little town then called Corsignano. He did much too for Siena, which he often visited and befriended.

We came back by way of the graceful loggia that he had built in the city during one of his stays in Siena. This afternoon we went to the Palazzo Pubblico, and Cesnola has been telling me about the palio. I am very sorry that we could not have arranged to be here with the Sergardis in August, and I mean to come some other year, for it must be one of the most interesting living pictures of a past age one can see at the present day.

We have seen superficially the Academia delle Belle Arte; that is, we have been for a short while several times, and I already know some of the pictures pretty well, but of course we mean to come back here to do many things more thoroughly, and to-morrow we go to Montepulciano.

T.

SIENA, November

My dear M:

It was decided that we should meet the Sergardis at the Marchesa Bracci's in Montepulciano, and we greatly enjoyed the run south from Siena to this picturesque town, situated on the top of a high mountain. It may well be termed "the apple of discord," for Siena

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and Florence fought, bled and suffered so often and so much for its possession and control. Montepulciano had all the fire and independence of the rest of her countrymen, and like true Tuscans made every effort and used every opportunity to secure its freedom.

It is a wonderfully beautiful and fertile country, and from the balconies of the Marchesa Bracci's house, that is situated on one of the steepest streets the automobile has ever had to climb, we could look over the lakes of Montepulciano and Chiusi to the larger lake of Trasimeno beyond in Umbria. Again, to-day, we had the most cordial of welcomes, and the jolliest of teas from the brother of Baroness Sergardi and his wife. After having some of the famous wine of Montepulciano, which is justly celebrated, and many of the sweet cakes which the Italians know so well how to serve, Cesnola made for the piano, and played vigorously for a half-hour or more one of his new compositions, while the rest of us cleared the room for dancing. Later we were offered a glass of the famous white vermouth that is made here, and flavored with herbs of some sort, I should think. After the impromptu dance, Count Vinci, a neighbor of the Braccis, who has married a wife from Ireland, picked up his violin and played most beautifully a Mozart sonata, when, amidst all our gayeties, who should arrive but Countess Annina Piccolomini, who had come over to pay a visit to the Braccis, greet us, and insist on our coming to her next day.

We returned home through Pienza, taking the Countess with us, and our big headlights made even

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the steep descent quite simple, though it was very dark when we reached home.

It is a very odd sensation to feel so perfectly at home among these dear people, who are so charming and so natural that it is difficult to realize that their home and everyday life is inseparably connected with these strange, picturesque mountain towns, and the almost grewsome mediæval history surrounding them.

At the head of the very steep street on which was the house of our friends there is an interesting square, from which we had an admirable view of the surrounding country, but not nearly as beautiful as that from the balcony of the Countess Bracci, whose house is so high that one overlooks many of the roofs of the houses of the town beneath it. One has the sensation of being on a mountain-top, and it is rather surprising to come out the front door on to the street, lined with houses and paved with broad flat stones, which mounts even higher. There is a curious, stern mediævalism about this town as well as Siena, and I think the winters must be frightfully severe. It is very late. Good-night. Greetings to all at home.

T.

PIENZA, November

My dear M:

THIS morning we took another look at the pictures, another stroll through the town along the Lizza, and directly after lunch started out for Pienza, where we are to-night. We had hardly entered the town before Count Silvio Piccolomini greeted us, and got into the car to take us to the door of the great papal palace, now his patrimony, and the car had scarcely stopped, before Countess Annina came out to greet us, accompanied by numbers of the ever-amiable Italian servants, who made light of our bags, trunks, and bundles.

I had heard Annina give the order to "put them in the Pope's room," but I did not realize that I was really to occupy the room and to sleep in the bed that was actually used by the great Pope Pius II, of whom I have recently written you. At this present moment I am writing you from a table used by Piccolomini and, on the wall is framed one of the silver-and-gold-embroidered church vestments of the Pope. To-morrow we are to make a complete tour of this wonderful old palace, when I hope to take many photographs.

Pienza is situated in the chalky districts of Tuscany, where the land is not very fertile, and it has taken a great deal of ingenuity and planning to supply "modern comfort" for Annina and her friends. The palace is too far from the lakes to make it possible to use the water, but a system of tanks is arranged on

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the roofs, so that every drop from the skies is caught and held fast, thus making bathrooms and dressing-rooms possible. As I open my window, where the glass shuts back on to a wall as thick as the width of the large pane; as I look over the vast, gray country of this chalky district, and then turn toward the fine old bedstead, and study the features of the great Piccolomini pictured in the fresco above the door, I feel transported to mediæval days indeed; but when I turn a door handle and find myself in a complete toilet room with bath and basin in approved mounting, it makes a startling impression. The excellent spring water of Italy, which is bottled and sold everywhere ("Fiuggi"), makes the drinking water question simple enough; but without automobiles I fancy the supply of the larder would not be so easy, though where one has strong and willing servants, all difficulties seem to pale away. Certainly our dinner this evening was of the best, and I tried a photograph of the old fifteenth century mantel in the dining-room this afternoon before tea.

I am sorry to have missed seeing Countess Annina's two sisters, Madame Giorgi and the Baroness Blanc. These three beautiful women are called the "Three Graces" in Rome, and they all have charm as well as beauty. The Baroness Blanc has a villa at Aix-les-Bains, but she and Madame Giorgi, although they have been some weeks here, have now gone to Paris, and I shall only see them again this winter in Rome.

After dinner it was rather too cold to sit in the large halls of the palace, so we all retired to Annina's smaller sitting-room, where a stove of generous pro-

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portions kept us as snug as the proverbial bug. While we chatted and talked of our friends, I showed Annina many of my photographs, and told her of my plans, in which she takes a most charming and kindly interest. All the evening her fingers were busy with the crochet needle, and she told me that she is hoping to finish some fifty little worsted capes for the poor children's Christmas tree, held here annually. We were very sorry to miss the company of the Count, but a village tragedy, some love affair that had brought about a meeting with knives with serious result, necessitated his presence in the town. Of course he owns the whole place, and while in a mild way, compared to former days, a Silvio Piccolomini is as much a lord of Pienza as ever he was in 1460.

It is rather late and the oil in my lamp is getting low, so good-night.

T.

PIENZA, November

My dear M:

This is one of the most interesting places to which we have yet been, in its mediæval atmosphere. Countess Annina has torn down all the unsightly partitions in the palace, that had been put in during successive ages, and restored the interior to its former design. The armory is certainly a magnificent great hall, and she has arranged about it the interesting and valuable armor, found piled up in one of the upper rooms. A great screen of wrought iron of remarkable beauty stands before the immense fireplace, and from a door

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at each end one steps on to a charming loggia which commands a fine view of the plain.

It is rather too late for the flowers, which do not grow as easily here as elsewhere, but the table decoration to-night reminded me of Scotch heather. Next year Countess Annina is thinking of transforming what is now a large tennis court on her terrace into a formal garden, for the Italian gardener can make flowers bloom, if only planted in stone, I believe. The little theatre in this palace is the prettiest of all the private theatres I have seen, and from the balcony I have taken numerous photographs this morning. Above the stage, and of course in many places in the building, are the five crescents of the Piccolomini arms; indeed it makes historical reckoning much simpler throughout Italy, if one knows the arms of the great families. As surely as one sees the cut rose with the eel, one knows that the Orsini have passed that way; where is seen the viper, there have the Visconti surely been before; but the five crescents of the Piccolomini are not to be confused with the three of their neighbor, the Tolomei of Siena; nor is the dragon of the Borghese to be confounded with the Boncampagni dragon, for each great house of nobility, or power, which stood for the same thing in those days, had its own device as a banner, followed by the men attached to the household, or the mercenaries who fought for them. D'Annunzio, fastidious and ever-critical, used to the beauties of his own country, was profoundly impressed, as I am not surprised to learn, with the fascination and charm of this old palace, and is purposing to come here and write the history or story of Pius II. He should find

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the subject, place, and its hostess a most unusual and charming inspiration.

Countess Annina very kindly urged us to stay, but we felt we must go on. All excuses for a short letter.

T.



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

THEATRE IN PALAZZO PICCOLOMINI AT
PIENZA, TUSCANY

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PERUGIA, UMBRIA, November

My dear M:

OUR journey from Pienza to Orvieto where we stopped to see the beautiful cathedral, was as if we had stepped out of Italy, for most of the way lay through the volcanic district, which is said to be scarcely inferior to that of Mount Etna in size, and covers some eight hundred square miles of country about here. The surface is like the erupted tufa, and enormous streams of lava must have flowed over this country. For a short distance the road skirted the Lake of Bolsena, but the lake, which was once considered a crater, is more probably the result of the sinking of the earth's surface. Dante speaks of this lake in the Purgatorio.

I had thought I would not write you of our present disaster, but "*c'est plus fort que moi*," for I am really distressed this evening. After seeing the cathedral, and buying numerous photographs of the wonderful frescoes in Orvieto, and after a most comfortable tea, we decided, I suppose rather foolishly, to make a moonlight trip over the mountains to Perugia.

Just how it ever happened we shall probably never know, but our bag, containing my notes for my prospective book, F. B.'s pearl studs, my purse, and numerous things that we use and need every day, was put on the front seat. Vincenzo is always most careful, but after we had climbed the mountains, we mistook the road leading up to the town of Todi for the

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main highway, and Vincenzo was in and out several times lighting matches to look at signboards, inquiring at peasant houses, while Cesnola, who sat on the seat with him, jumped in and out several times as well. Anyhow our bag is gone! Now you know the worst.

The proprietor at the hotel assures me that we shall find it again, and cites an instance of a gentleman from Rome, who motored here a short time ago, and lost on the way a purse containing two thousand lire. The purse was returned by an honest peasant some two weeks after, so he says, and he thinks we shall be equally fortunate with the bag. I must say I am not so Utopian in my hopes, and words cannot express my annoyance at losing not only my notes, but some precious films, which contain, I hope, good pictures of the Piccolomini palace. I have determined to send Vincenzo back over the road to-morrow morning; then Cesnola advises us to go to the captain of the carabinieri, and the hotel proprietor says he will put an advertisement, offering a suitable reward — he thinks twenty dollars a great deal too much — in the local papers. You may rest assured I shall do all in my power to get back my lost treasure. If they would only let me have my notebook and my films, I should not mind so much, but of course you cannot say that in the daily paper, although I have said that a black notebook was among the things in the bag for which a special reward would be given if returned. I suppose there is no particular use in lamenting over spilt milk, and I shall try to get the full enjoyment out of Perugino and his works of art; any way I am determined not to worry my friends here with the

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result of my own carelessness. This is a charming hotel, and if I had my bag I should be very happy.
T.

PERUGIA, UMBRIA, November

My dear M:

Our first visit this morning was to the unromantic police station. The Captain of the Carabinieri, a tall and finely built man who was most affable and seemingly interested to help us in every way to get back the lost bag, expressed the belief that it would in time be brought to the "Lost and Found" office of either Orvieto, Perugia, or Todi, which is the town half-way between here and Orvieto. He strongly advised our limiting the reward in the advertisement to a hundred lire, and after taking our address in Florence and Bologna, as well as our banker's address, bowed us out with that dignity that is common to all this picked body of Italy's national guard.

Although Vincenzo returned from his quest empty-handed to-night, he did something that gives me a ray of hope, and which would never have occurred to anybody but an Italian. Instead of going straight back to Orvieto, he stopped at Todi, went up into the old town, took his luncheon at a "trattoria," talked with the peasants, elaborated on the story, made a call on the village priest, and begged him to preach a sermon on Sunday on the necessity of returning the bag. As this is the country of St. Francis of Assisi perhaps the goodness of that holy man will permeate down through the centuries, so that my bag may be returned, though I doubt it.

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Perugia is such a delightful place, with its great papal palace, the wonderful Collegio del Cambio with those never-to-be-forgotten frescoes by Perugino; and the view of Assisi is so lovely from our hotel which overlooks the long, straight plain between Perugia and its ancient rival, that at least during the day I have not worried over my loss. Perugino's portrait of himself on the wall facing the entrance to the famous audience room (Sala delle Udienze) is to me one of his finest works, and shows the strength of character in his face that one feels in the stroke of his brush in his works of art. I rather prefer to give him his individual name of Vanucci, although I know in the old days the towns took to themselves the fame of any important citizen by giving him its name; but I think, generally among artists, the individual family name of the painter is more often used now.

It seems so extraordinary that these individual towns like Siena, Perugia, Florence, Assisi, etc., should have so ruthlessly sacrificed so much of their accumulated wealth, the lives of so many of their best citizens, and given up their own progress and welfare in so many useless quarrels with one another. The history of all these Italian towns is so much alike! It seems hardly credible at the present time that they considered themselves, and in fact were, independent nations, treating with powers like the Emperor and the Papacy on equal terms; indeed, sometimes they repulsed the army of the Emperor, as in Siena; yet their gain and their advantages by whatever conquests they may have had, were soon lost in the almost daily squabbling among themselves. It is surprising, too, that in the midst

of all this bloodshed and unrest the artists flourished, and have left of that unsettled, ever-changing, warlike period such monuments as we find here in Perugia, and indeed all through Italy. It would seem to show that these bloody tyrants, in their pursuance of war and gain, desired not only the power that their conquests brought them, but the possession of the art treasures they almost invariably seized in the palaces of the conquered men of their own class. In our own Western world, the moment the battle of livelihood is once won, our rich men and women make every effort to gather together art treasures from all parts of the world. The present battle is in Wall Street or in Chicago's "Rookery," but the conqueror takes the loot, and the ruined man exchanges his Diaz or Rembrandt for the victor's dollars just as in olden days.

I made a curious discovery this morning in the great Sala dei Notari in the Municipio. This is an enormous room, the end of which is decorated with frescoes representing the coats-of-arms of the various Podestà of Perugia. With the advent of the thirteenth century almost all the Italian cities replaced their consuls, whose number had varied from three to six (a plural executive force having proved rather indecisive and insufficient in times of great need) with a single ruler called Podestà. The states looked with distrust upon any one ruler chosen from amongst their own nobles, fearing lest he should use his position for the material advancement of himself and family to a point where he felt his power to be sufficient to seize complete control of the town, thus making himself its tyrant. To prevent any such action it became the custom to choose

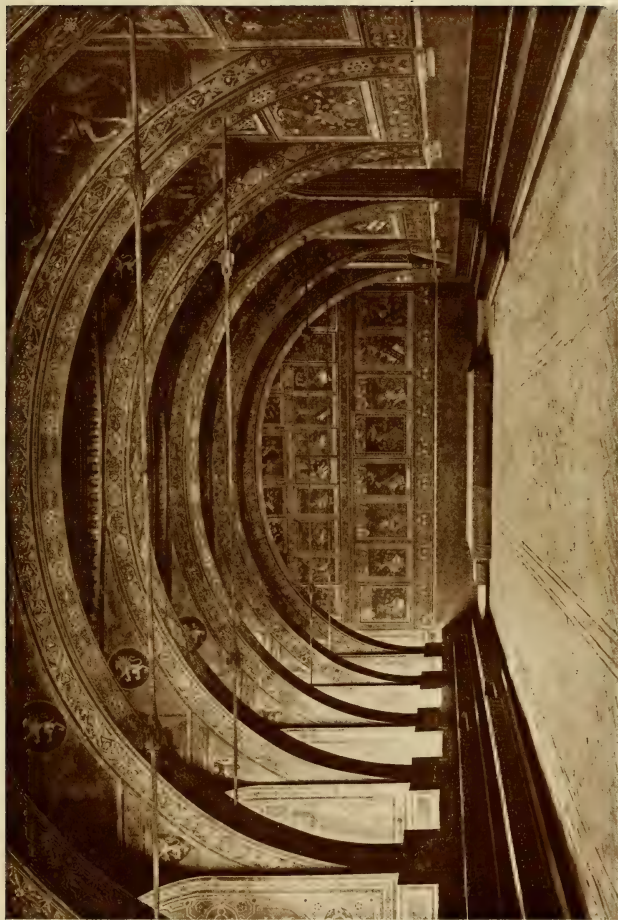
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a Podestà from some neighboring town, on the supposition that he would have little knowledge of the various factions of the city over which he was called to rule, and would presumably maintain a neutral position with the inhabitants. The term of office usually lasted one year, and the Podestà was generously remunerated and handsomely housed during his governing period.

I have written you of Prince Hercolani and his friend Count Malvezzi de' Medici, and you know it was through Count Aldrovandi, their great friend and mine, that we met. These young fellows have been the best of friends since childhood, and here in the Sala dei Notari in Perugia I find the arms of the three families, Hercolani, Malvezzi, and Aldrovandi, as having been, in 1483-5-8, Podestàs of the city. It seems a rather interesting and striking instance of long family connection and friendship, and I was fortunate in being able to get a photograph showing these three coats-of-arms, which I am sending back to Bologna to Countess Aldrovandi.

This afternoon we are going to have tea with the Countess Bracceschi, and there are many things about Perugia that recall her ancestor, that shrewd and courageous condottiere, Braccio of Montone, called *Fortebraccio* (the strong arm).

The family of the Countess has for many years owned much of the land in and about Perugia, and the particular villa that the Countess is refitting for her own use is situated in the valley below the hill of Perugia, not far from the village of Castel del Piano. The villa is rather smaller than many that have belonged to the Bracceschi estates, but the Countess has given the more elaborate and larger country houses



SALA DEI NOTARI, MUNICIPIO, PERUGIA
Showing Coats-of-arms of former Podestà

of the family to her daughters as they have married. One of them married a relative of the Princess Giovannelli, one of the Serego Alighieri; another daughter, that I wrote you about from Noventa, is Countess Papafava. Few women of Countess Bracceschi's age, I think, would have been so generous or have felt equal to the refitting, furnishing, and general repairing of one of these old seventeenth century villas in the country, for of course all the plumbing materials and all the necessities, which the Italians express with our English term "modern comfort," must be brought from the nearest large centre, which is Rome; but although the Countess is past sixty, with white hair, her figure is lithe, her eyes are still bright, and she reminds me of you in her boundless energy, constant activity, and youthful enthusiasms. Perhaps the famous condottiere in his fortitude and strength was not unlike your Highland-Scotch Duncan soldiers. Like nearly all people born to a high position, she is perfectly simple and charming in her manner, and thinking that some prints she was in the process of sorting, in a long hall at the top of the villa, might interest me, she made light of all the confusion of many of the rooms, took us through numerous apartments strewn with the wonderful white grapes of her vineyards, and along many narrow corridors until we came to the place of her immediate interest and work. I thought of Mr. Abbott and his wonderful paper doll, and how much he would have enjoyed looking over with us these rare colored prints which were collected during a period of years when her ancestor was ambassador to France.

I could not understand why so many of the rooms

were strewn with these luscious-looking white grapes, but to my inquiries the Countess replied that if the grapes are somewhat dried in this fashion before being pressed into wine casks, the quality of the wine is made much finer; I was quite willing to believe her when, later on, she gave us some of the golden nectar of her vineyard.

We had at the hotel, at Cesnola's suggestion, a little of this famous wine that is known to the outsider as "Orvieto Scelto," but nothing one can buy compares with the skilfully prepared wines of these private, carefully tended vineyards. The Countess seemed greatly pleased that I appreciated the Bracceschi vintage, and has promised to send me a case of it to America this autumn, when these very grapes I have seen to-day are crushed into the golden liquid.

Although it was quite late, I took numerous photographs of the living rooms, which have been completed in their restoration and repairs, and the old gobelins that seem to lie rolled in every attic of Italy were indeed beautiful in their present arrangement. The Russian daughter-in-law of the Countess, born a Princess Dolgorouki, took tea with us, and afterward we went to the second villa of the Bracceschi family, only to find that through a misunderstanding of the time of our arrival, the whole party had ridden across country on a short hunting expedition. As it was only a little further, we went on to the charming villa of the Marchesa Marini, a friend of our hostess and a member of one of Perugia's old families.

There was a pretty arrangement at this Marini villa of descending fountains, and the view from the

slight elevation on which the villa is situated was particularly lovely this evening over the Umbrian plain.

The famous ancestor of our hostess of to-day, Fortebraccio, is to me one of the most interesting and certainly the most daring of the mediæval condottieri. A captain of condottieri under Pope John XXIII, his only rival to the name of the foremost warrior of the age was Sforza. He was a Count of Montone who held his ancestral fortress near Perugia, and so frequently harassed and attacked his native city that he was banished completely from the town. When, in consequence of the deposition of John XXIII, Bologna declared itself again a free republic, Braccio, who was thereabout with his soldiers under papal pay, concluded a treaty with the city and retired, and afterward renewed his attempt to seize Perugia, where he made his victorious entry on July 19, 1416, and usurped the seigniory. Orvieto, Todi, and Rieti also accepted him, perforce, as ruler. He compels our admiration by his audacity, his manly character, and unremitting energy. After having made himself ruler of so much, it no longer seemed impossible to aspire to Rome, and after having subjugated all of Umbria and a part of the Sabina, he actually forced the Romans to receive him, and what is more, to do so with honor. The audacious condottiere made his entrance into the capital of the world with the Romans swinging palms and calling, "Long live Braccio," thus acknowledging him their lord. He made his abode in the Santa Maria on the Aventine, and the cardinal legate fled to the Neapolitan garrison in Sant' Angelo. Braccio assumed the title of "Defensor Urbis," but his reign was a short one,

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lasting but seventy days. He dared not attempt to withstand the attack of his enemy, Sforza, who had been sent thither by Joanna, Queen of Naples. He retired in August, 1417, to his own Umbria, for he was still the tyrant of Spoleto and a part of Tuscany as well.

In reading of the victories of these various tyrants, one is perforce made to realize that they were due as much to craftiness as to military skill; when Petrucci's secretary, Antonio da Venafro, was asked by the Borgia Pope how his master kept the turbulent Sienese under control he replied without hesitation, "Con le bugie, Santo Padre" (By lies, Holy Father).

We received a telegram this afternoon from Marchese Giorgio Guglielmi urging us to surely stop over at his castle for a few days on our way back to Florence. The invitation came at exactly the right moment, and is very much like the sender, who generally seems to do about the right thing in the right place on all occasions. If he is as good a host as he is a leader of cotillions, our visit will be a very merry one. I had scarcely sent our acceptance by wire to Guglielmi, when the Marchesa Monaldi who was so charming to me in Rome, as you will remember, motored over with her husband to beg us to come to her for a few days. I have wanted to lengthen the autumn by a few weeks, but I think I should have to lengthen it by many months if I were really able to enjoy all the good times that my kind friends are planning for me. We shall, however, see the Monaldis again, for they are lunching at the Guglielmi castle the day we expect to arrive there.

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We have had no news whatever of my poor bag, and I very much fear it is gone for good. Whatever shall I do for my notes and films! I cannot be harsh enough with myself for such carelessness as to have allowed the bag to be put on the outside of the car. But hard-luck stories are never interesting, so good-night for this time.

T.

PERUGIA, UMBRIA, November

My dear M:

Before we start out this afternoon I will send you a few lines about our visit this morning to the paintings of Perugino. Of course I can speak only of a few, but I really believe, of all the pictures in the world, I prefer the wonderful Madonna of Perugino that I have seen this morning. As one walks before the picture, not only the mild, devout eyes of the Virgin, but the whole head seems to turn and follow you. There is an exquisite beauty about the picture that greatly appeals to me.

We took a walk about the town this morning, and in one of the main streets had a good view of a real Italian market day. The entire street was given up to small booths, and everything from pigs and chickens, down to sewing silk and calico, was to be had here for a few lire. The carts arrive very early in the morning, and Cesnola says that by eight o'clock all the booths are set and the bargaining well under way. A favorite purchase seemed to be large bright green umbrellas, and I got the proprietor of that particular booth quite

interested in a conversation as to the various merits of his wares. It was in this very square, from the wrought-iron balcony of one of the great palaces, that Fortebraccio proclaimed his seigniory over Perugia.

We went by the large palace in the centre of the town where Leo X as Archbishop of Perugia lived for many years; in fact, Perugia was so much and so long under papal rule that there are churches everywhere — so numerous that some of them are kept closed. At one time it had fifty convents, most of which have now been suppressed. It was here too in Perugia that the religious fanatics, called Flagellants, first made their appearance about 1260. Chroniclers of the time give the most gruesome account of the frenzy of repentance which seemed a sort of moral tempest that spread from city to city, and so worn out were the people with the never-ending discord and strife between Church and empire, that the mountains and valleys re-echoed with the touching cry, "Peace, peace! Lord, give us peace!" Even children of five years scourged themselves. Aged hermits, monks and priests, walked the streets inflicting self-torture and calling aloud. They formed processions and walked barefooted through the frosts of winter, carrying tapers at night. The enthusiasm spread from little bands to hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, and even historians of the time speak of this strange occurrence with amazement. When these bands of pilgrims approached a town they rushed upon it like a terrible storm, and the infection of the Flagellant Brotherhood finally reached Rome. In some ways Perugia seems more of a papal city, more a place

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of religious fanaticism, than Rome itself, and surely the appearance of these Flagellants was one of the most striking phenomena of the Middle Ages. It was in this dark form of penance, this popular expression of a universal misery, that the struggle between Church and empire saw the beginning of the end, and out of this reawakening of moral consciousness came Dante.

To-morrow we are going to Assisi, of which we have a beautiful view from my window, which looks out over the broad Umbrian plain. We have determined to make an early start, and of course we can only review the treasures hastily. Good-bye for this time. More anon.

T.

PERUGIA, UMBRIA, November

My dear M:

We had no difficulty in getting off very early, as to-day is a festal church day in Perugia, and by half past four in the morning every bell in every one of the numerous churches was pealing forth all the noise it could possibly make. We have been awakened sufficiently early every morning, as we thought, by two or three sonorous bells of a church near by, but the din this morning left no comparison with ordinary days. If the religion of the inhabitants is measured by the noise they make on festal occasions, they certainly should be very good, and in consequence I may get my bag. It seemed as if the ghost of Clement IV had come back to Perugia, and determined to revive the festival which he celebrated here

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in 1266, at the time of the Anjou conquest of Sicily. Poor Guido Le Gros Fulcodi de St. Gilles! When he so rejoiced at the French conquest in Sicily, he could hardly foresee that comparatively only a few years later the French Ambassador would insult his successor (Boniface VIII), the great Chair of St. Peter be removed to a French town, and that French Popes, directed by French Kings, would rule the destinies of the Church for seventy years. How few people recall that among the long list of Popes was this Provençal, who had been a noted lawyer, a councillor in the cabinet of Louis of France, a married man and father of several children. It was only after the death of his wife that he entered the Carthusian monastery, becoming Bishop of Puy and Archbishop of Narbonne.

As one motors from one city to another through this country, and realizes more and more the momentous historical events that took place practically all along the road, it makes one's memory of church history very vivid, particularly here in Perugia, which was for so long a Guelph centre. All to-day we have been with St. Francis, who seems to me one of the most sincerely devout and beautiful characters of the Middle Ages. Surely this life of genuine devotion to the betterment of the Church and to the uplifting of his fellow-men was given to the world by an All-seeing Providence at a time of crying need. The luxurious and all-powerful Innocent III,¹ to whom St. Francis appealed for his

¹ Innocent III, who is often called the true Augustus of the Papacy, the Pope who had reached the loftiest height of power yet attained, the creator and destroyer of emperors and kings, also died here at Perugia. His bones were removed to the church of St. Giovanni in Laterano, Rome, in 1892, and form one of the many papal monuments in that church.

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right to go about his mission, felt that the holy man could hardly be harmful, and gave little heed as to whether he could be of any service. Innocent was rather quicker to recognize the practical aims of the fiery Spaniard San Dominico than to realize the hidden meaning of the mysticism and poverty of Francis.

It is only a short run across the Umbrian plain on a road which lies almost in a straight line from here to the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli. The great church, built around and over the original little oratory of St. Francis, was begun by Vignola in 1569, but not finished until 1640, and the nave and choir had to be reconstructed after the earthquake in 1832. This little oratory is the famous Portiuncula, of which there is a fresco here in the church, and behind it is the cell where St. Francis died and the beautiful terra cotta statue of the saint by Luca della Robbia.

It is only a few moments from here to the hill of Assisi, and certainly St. Francis had a most picturesque spot for the founding of his Order. As all the world loves him, all the world knows his story, and the fact that he was a rich merchant's son, gay and reckless in his early youth, only tends to make his conversion and subsequent life of humility, self-sacrifice and devotion the more interesting. I could not but think to-day as we looked at the simple little oratory where we were shown the stone upon which St. Francis slept, and the rope with which he took his self-inflicted penance, how tragic it would have been for him to see his mystic idea of poverty so completely distorted in the minds of his followers, and his commands to them not only ignored, but almost immediately disobeyed after

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his death. Simplicity was his main thought, and before he died he dictated his will, in which he forbade any elaboration of the rule of the Order or any discourse under pretext of explaining the testament. "As it is clear and simple," he says, "understand it as such without commentary, and put it in practice to the end." Yet Gregory IX, who as Cardinal Hugolino was his most zealous defender, did not wait four years before he published an elaborate interpretation of the document. The fact of the matter is, few people can understand the full beauty and value of simplicity. A mingled complication of ideas appeals much more to the average human nature.

This whole country abounds with legends of St. Francis. The peasants by the road will tell you one story after another of their beloved saint, who was sympathetic with all who suffered. He loved the animals, and all the world knows his story of the wolf; he fed the birds, and when he came to die flocks of larks encircled the Portiuncula; in dying he even called Death his sister. There is something sublime in his breadth of understanding and in his extreme devotion to humankind. Perhaps in another age he might have been the founder of a new religion.

I am bringing home to you a little booklet that they gave me at the famous garden of roses, near the sacristy, where the customary thorns are supposed to have left the flowers at the approach of St. Francis. I went to Assisi with as much the preconceived idea of seeing the Giotto frescoes as of learning more of St. Francis, but I came away with my admiration for the mystical paintings entirely secondary to my revived

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enthusiasm for this wonderful and altogether lovable saint of the Middle Ages. The happiest years of St. Francis' life were when he was living with a few followers near the little chapel of Portiuncula (the little portion), which the Benedictine abbot had given him.

But later these Franciscan friars influenced every stratum of society. As early as 1219 Francis could count five thousand followers under his banner, and the establishment of convents for these mendicant brothers became events of importance.

In the crypt of this great monastic church is the tomb of St. Francis, and this, like everything about the elaborate building, is interesting and, in many respects, beautiful, but its very magnificence seems so absolutely inconsistent with the main idea of the simple soul whose life was a complete contradiction to the surroundings given his earthly body. As for the paintings of Giotto, I know now that I am quite correct in my feelings that Giotto is to be admired and studied as marking an interesting and most important period in the progress of art; that he expressed and represented the strange mysticism of the age in which he lived, but that another age was necessary and other times needed for a full expression in art of real beauty.

There is also a Gothic church here called Santa Chiara, and beneath the high altar are the remains of Santa Clara, the devoted follower of her chosen saint. The charming new little church of Chiesa Nuova is built on the site of the house in which Francis was born; and I wish we might have stayed on here several days, and taken the various walks all about the

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place that have to do with the legends and life of the saint.

We had a most delicious luncheon at the little hotel Leone, which adjoins the now suppressed monastery of St. Francis, and I shall never forget the beautiful view over the plain toward Perugia that we had from the terrace where we took our coffee.

We go to Lake Trasimeno, to the Guglielmis to-morrow. Much love. More anon.

T.

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CASTELLO GUGLIELMI, ISOLA MAGGIORE

LAKE OF TRASIMENO, UMBRIA, November

My dear M:

NO wonder that the Italian language has been adequately supplied with a means for superlative expression, and when I sit down to write you in our cold and Puritan English, and try to tell you of this altogether beautiful place, I must call upon the words of the sweet language of the country to even begin to give you an idea. All is "bellissimo" and "rarissimo."

If the Italian painters have the most wonderful color on their canvases, it is because they were surrounded by those colors at every turn in their own land and in their everyday life. If the Italian language is the most musical of all tongues, it is because the throats of the people found it easy and natural to give utterance to their thought in pure, rounded, vocal sounds; and if their throats, which are the expression of human health, were thus musically attuned, the health that gave them their perfect shape and tuneful utterance was but a result of the glorious climate in which these people lived; and as health gives not only normal form to the inward organs, but outward perfection of physical development, it is quite easily understood that the Italians, as a race, have produced so many gifted and beautiful specimens of humanity.

I am writing from the little bay-window of my large

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room in this great old convent castle. The perfumed breezes of the pines that cover the hill just at the back of the castle come to me through the window on one side, and I have but to turn my head to have the most beautiful view of this lovely lake.

I have had many examples and charming proofs of Italian hospitality in my journey this fall, but none greater than the extreme courtesy and thoughtfulness of Marchesa Guglielmi and her son. We had promised to come, and even though it was raining hard when we left Perugia early this morning, we made up our minds not to disappoint our friends, as there was no time to reach them by telegraph or telephone. Of course I did not know that the castle was so immense, and that their entertaining was done on so large a scale as to have made the arrival of one guest more or less quite immaterial. When we were about five or six kilometres from Tuoro, where Guglielmi had told me to come, we discovered approaching us a large automobile. We felt sorry for the travellers in the rain with their canvas cover, but our surprise knew no bounds when the automobile signalled us to stop, and out jumped the Marchesa Guglielmi, who had come, clad in a mackintosh, to welcome us. Guglielmi was driving his car, but left it at once to greet us, and took F. B. with him. We were soon at Tuoro, where the Guglielmis have their large garage, and found the little steamer ready at the landing-place to take us to the castle, which is built on the largest of the three islands, that is known as the Isola Maggiore of this Lake of Trasimeno. The others are Isola Minore to the north, and Isola Polvese toward the south-east.



CASTELLO GUGLIELMI ON ISOLA MAGGIORE
LAKE TRASIMENO, UMBRIA

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So often, in visiting, arrivals are difficult; bags, trunks, and bundles are the inevitable nuisances which must accompany the goings and comings; but even though it was pouring, all our bags were quickly deposited in the lower cabin, to which Guglielmi and his mother led us, and where we had complete protection from the storm. Once at the castle, the Marchesa presented us to her guests: the Princess Ruffo Palazzolo and her pretty daughter, Count Moroni, and numerous other friends. After insisting on a bit of fine marsala to prevent any possible chill, the Marchesa took us along many corridors and winding stairways to this lovely room. Please remember that we are not near any railway, that we are on an island; yet I have a beautiful bathroom, an electric bell calls a maid who is put entirely at my service, electric lights are conveniently placed by my dressing-table, and the room is generally well lighted. Though I had been once to the room during the day, yesterday before luncheon I had to ring for the maid to guide me down from the wing where we are to the great dining-hall. The Marchese and Marchesa Monaldi and numerous other friends arrived for luncheon, so that the table stretched to the number of thirty, which the Marchesa says is her average number of guests during the autumn season at the castello.

This afternoon I have seen with much interest the latest productions of the lace school that Guglielmi's sister Elena has started among the peasants on the island, whom she has had taught, and very well taught too, the crocheting of the Irish lace. It has meant a great deal to the poor peasants of this island, who for

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a great number of years have had only their fishing to depend on for a livelihood. Indeed, before the draining of the surrounding country, malaria was rampant throughout this part of Umbria, and bandits and brigands found convenient hiding-places in the neighboring hills, which served the purposes of the great Hannibal so well long years before. This afternoon, in looking over some photographs, Guglielmi showed me the picture of the last of the bandits, who was captured and killed a few years ago in some petty fight of the peasants whom he had tried to molest.

The lace school at present numbers about twenty, and is constantly increasing. The women earn three or four hundred francs a year, and Elena has fully taught them not only dexterity with their needle, but the principles of domestic economy, for all these girls have their little savings-bank books, and in a few years will have nice little marriage portions to make the first days of housekeeping much easier. The lace is so well made, and the school has been so successful, that they are able to sell their product not only in Rome at the main office of the *Industrie Femminili*, but in Paris and other parts of Europe.

Naturally, the acquisition of the castle by the wealthy family of Guglielmi has brought shining prosperity to the inhabitants of the island, and while they are very grateful to their benefactors, and the women are deeply attached to Elena, they still go more devoutly than ever to the little shrine at the other side of the island, where St. Francis is supposed to have come; for the legend runs, so Guglielmi tells me, that on a dark and dreary night a monk, wearing a brown

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cowl and looking worn and tired, knocked at the door of a fisherman, and begged him to take him in his boat to the neighboring island on the lake. He made his demand with such sweet insistence that he won the wavering peasant's consent. The poor monk held in his hand a lighted taper, which, in spite of the fury of the wind and rocking of the little boat, seemed never to go out, and looked like a tiny star in the dark. The voyage was a hard one; the boatman pulled at his oars, and late in the night the Isola Maggiore was reached.

Strong in his faith, confident in his safety, the monk, who was no other than St. Francis, alighted from the boat and knelt down on the rock to thank God, leaving as he arose the imprint of his knees in the stone. Here the holy man lived in a tiny hut, built gradually by himself, for forty days and forty nights, and the plentiful fish of the island made a fortunate substitute for the avoided meat. The legend runs that, as he walked about, roses sprang up in his footprints, green sprouts came between the rocks, and the water of the island brooklet is said to have been blessed because the holy man drank from it. So peaceful and so beautiful was this Lent, spent in solitude, prayer, and devotion to his holy faith, that the saint seems to have left the odor of his spirit forever on the island.

Companies of peasants came in pilgrimages to kiss the impress of the kneeling saint, and here and there rose tiny chapels dedicated to him. He was so poetical, so simple, so natural in his love of life in all its forms, so human in his devotion and in his kindness to his fellow-men, that it is not surprising that St. Francis appeals more than any other to the Italian

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mind. Not only did the peasants come to the Lake of Trasimeno, but Pius II, the great Piccolomini, made a pilgrimage and passed the night here in the month of February, late in the fifteenth century. St. Bernardo of Siena, the blessed Conrad, and many others after them made their pilgrimage to what was believed to be the holy island. In 1328, on its smiling green hill, rose a convent, and near to the convent the great church of San Francesco. Little by little, men and women gathered to live upon the island, and across the lake in the early morning hours could be heard the sound of the matin bells of the campanile. Groups of monks wandered among the flowery paths, meeting ever more numerous groups of penitents and pilgrims, and the fishermen on the lake in their little barques sang the following song:

“Voglio invitar tutto il mondo ad amare,
Le valli e i monti e le genti a cantare
L’ abisso e i cieli e tutt’ acque del mare
Che faccian versi davanti al mio amore.”

Let me bid all the world to do naught but love,
The valleys and mountains and men to sing
The chasms and heights and seas o’ the world,
To my love let them sweet verses bring.

But the church of St. Francis and the humble peasants were not to be left alone in their little pearl of the world. The men of the island had sworn to Ermanno di Sassoferato, Captain of the People of Perugia and to his successors, complete obedience as early as 1278. Later the island came under the jurisdiction of Cortona, but its history is rather more linked with Perugia. There

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are legends of the occupation of the shores of the lake by the great Fortebraccio, but Ferdinand, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at last laid hold of the island, and it became eventually a part of the pontifical states, along with Perugia.

In 1860 it was taken from the monks and the monastery suppressed. The brothers abandoned their beloved cells, the convent remained deserted, and the church bells silent. The men of the place, who had lived so long in happy association with the brown-cowled brothers, were left alone, with nothing but their fishing to support life, while the women had but one occupation — to mend the nets. When the lake was faithless and the storms came and the nets were empty, the women saw Poverty at the door and Hunger sitting with their children. Then came the Marchese Guglielmi, who transformed the monastery into a princely castle, and now amidst prosperity and happiness they exclaim, "It was not possible for us to suffer long, for St. Francis has passed this way, and he will never forsake us!"

Indeed, they believe that on the day consecrated to him (the fourth of October) St. Francis descends the hill from among the pines to bless his beloved island. It is thought that the flowers bloom best at that time, that the air is sweeter, and that happiness is sure to come to all those who make the pilgrimage to this charmed spot at that season.

To-morrow, although not the fourth of October, we are going for a walk to the interesting little chapel, which still remains near the sacred rock where St. Francis is supposed to have landed.

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Later this afternoon, after tea, to which wine and cakes are often added in Italy, we left the small sitting-rooms, which were once the cells of the monks, and went into the large new wing that has been built by the Marchese, which serves as a combination ballroom and theatre; a very happy combination that we made good use of, especially after dinner to-night, for we had charades during the early part of the evening, and later, dancing, for the Guglielmis have, as a sort of household entertainer and companion, a very skilled pianist from Rome, who played indefatigably all the best waltzes. Count Moroni, Cesnola and the other men of the party all dance delightfully, and of course Guglielmi as a dancer is perfection, so you may imagine that I had a glorious time. At twelve o'clock we left the men ready to begin a bridge tournament. Night is the moment for Italians, and Cesnola admitted to me that it was three, or perhaps half past, before the bridge table was abandoned.

CASTLE GUGLIELMI, November

My dear M:

It is impossible to write you every day, and our visit here has been prolonged far beyond what we expected. The temptation was too great to remain among these kind friends, and amidst these beautiful surroundings, and both the Marchesa and Giorgio urged us so earnestly to remain that the calendar reads several days later than when we planned to leave this beautiful Castello Isabella, as it is sometimes called in compliment to the Marchesa.

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Before tea this afternoon I took a stroll with Guglielmi on the great terrace, which is built out in the front of the castle, and whose high, parapeted sides are lined with graceful ilex and tall cypress trees. The formal garden is beautifully laid out, and although it is rather late for flowers the chrysanthemums were luxurious, and, I suppose due to the memory of St. Francis, the roses in full and beautiful bloom. The view from this terrace on the lake, which is some thirty miles in circumference, was most beautiful, and one of the days of our stay we are planning for a picnic excursion to Minore, a smaller island of the lake, which Guglielmi tells me is very pretty and an excellent place for a day's outing.

After tea we all went into the big ballroom and the family kindly showed me some of the old records of the castle, which, of course, are most interesting and exactly what I wanted. Since our arrival, on the first day of hard rain, it has been perfect weather, and this morning early, before starting out, Guglielmi and I went up to the top of the castle to have a view up and down the length of the lake, and of the surrounding mountains.

Much has been written of the great battle, which was fought near here in 217 B.C., when the great Hannibal gained a complete but sanguinary victory over the consul Flaminius, when nearly fifteen thousand perished on the spot; and the memory of the streams of blood that once discolored the lake survives still in the name of the little village of Sanguinetto, situated by the tiny stream of the same name. I felt with Byron, in thinking of this long-ago battle, how beauti-

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ful to-day is the lake, the castle, and all the country, now irrigated and developed.

“By Thrasimene’s lake, in the defiles
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;
For there the Carthaginian’s warlike wiles
Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
The host between the mountains and the shore,
Where Courage falls in her despairing files,
And torrents swoln to rivers with their gore,
Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scatter’d o’er.

“Far other scene is Thrasimene now;
Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
Rent by no ravage save the gentle plow;
Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
Lay where their roots are; but a brook hath ta’en —
A little rill of scanty stream and bed —
A name of blood from that day’s sanguine rain;
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
Made the earth wet, and turn’d the unwilling waters red.”

As no trace of war or bloodshed is left in this peaceful and plentiful valley, so no trace of the convent is left on the exterior of the castle. Square machicolated towers are at the four corners, and a stately tower at one side rises high above the others, giving due dignity and fine proportions to the castle as a whole.

Our party to-day was of the merriest, and numerous other friends from neighboring villas joined us at tea this afternoon. There is a constant coming and going; the two or three little steamers belonging to Guglielmi are kept busy bringing and taking the visitors. The Marchesa is a most indefatigable and courteous hostess; she not only welcomes each guest with charming cordiality, but goes with every departing company of friends in the boat to the shore; the afternoon when we arrived,

she made no less than four trips in the pouring rain from the castle terrace to the steamer, directed the embarking of her guests, stepped each time into the boat, and accompanied them as far as the shore.

Nothing seems to trouble her, and one would imagine that all the creature comforts by which we are continually surrounded happened of themselves. Yesterday my curiosity overstepped the bounds, and I frankly asked the Marchesa how it was possible for her to give such really splendid luncheons and dinners to so many guests every day, when the question of supplies must be extremely difficult. We are near to no very large town, we are some distance from the railway, and yet every dainty of the market is on the table, to which from twenty to forty sit down at luncheon and dinner. Breakfast is even more comfortably served than in the great English houses, and unless some special plan is made for a certain time in the morning, I wait until the pine breezes awaken me before I touch my electric button, which quickly brings the smiling maid and a delicious breakfast. The Marchesa was rather surprised, but pleased, I think, to realize that I appreciated her valiant overcoming of difficulties, and explained to me a few of her methods. It seems that carts leave the nearest large village every day at four o'clock in the morning loaded with provisions for the next day for the castle. Three times a week at great expense (she did not say so, but I know it must be) ice is brought by the railway, taken in carts to the landing, and then the indefatigable steamers do the rest. One whole wing of the castle is kept quiet, and is reserved for the invalid husband of the Marchesa. The wing

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in which we are seems to me the most attractive, and as Guglielmi understands the good things of this life pretty well, I conclude it must be so, as his room is very near ours. Each wing of the castle has its own house-keeper, who has, in turn, her servants under her. A head butler, with several men under him, looks after the lower rooms of the castle, and I do not know how many cooks prepare our dainties in true Italian fashion. Then, of course, there are the numerous boatmen who manage the launches, of which there are several besides the steamers. So you can see that there is nothing that can be done that is left undone for the pleasure and comfort of the guests of Castello Guglielmi.

Last evening, although I had been dancing, they begged me so hard to sing that I did so, and was quite surprised at Giorgio's enthusiasm, for I did not imagine him to be particularly musical. I mean musical from the Italian standpoint, because, of course, every Italian has a certain amount of musical understanding, and generally considerable talent.

If I followed my inclination, I fear I should wear out my welcome in this altogether delightful place, but we have rigidly promised ourselves to leave day after to-morrow, for I feel I cannot go without another trip in the launch, and another view of this beautiful island with its round towers jutting out into the water, its great old castle, its stately trees, and its mystic and fascinating legends. We had our picnic, and great fun it was, too; a fine day completing the arrangements, and a jolly party kept things moving all the afternoon. As it was Sunday, on our return to the castle we went to the vesper service in the former

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convent church that Guglielmi's father has had restored, and the family priest looks after the religious welfare of the inhabitants of the island. It is very late, so good-night. More anon.

T.

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FLORENCE, November

My dear M:

HERE we are back at Florence! Guglielmi and his mother saw us off, and actually tucked us into the automobile, waving us a good-bye, but first exacting a promise to come back again next year. It was from no lack of desire that I hesitated to promise, for one never knows where Destiny will take me; but you may be sure if it is to Italy it will be also to Castello Guglielmi, for I can never forget the altogether lovely visit we have had, in what I suppose really is reckoned as one of the most picturesque and beautiful country castles in all Europe.

Giorgio told us of a little roundabout road which was very picturesque and pretty, rather off the main highway after we left Arezzo, and on the other side of the Arno.

But I must say in coming back to the city (Florence) I felt again with Byron:

“There be more things to greet the heart and eyes
In Arno’s dome of Art’s most princely shrine,
Where Sculpture with her rainbow sister vies;
There be more marvels yet — but not for mine;
For I have been accustom’d to entwine
My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields,
Than Art in galleries: though a work divine
Calls for my spirit’s homage, yet it yields
Less than it feels, because the weapon which it wields
Is of another temper. . . .”

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So far my little automobile trunks — praise be to the ever-wonderful “Vuitton” — have provided all necessary toilettes, and although I have not had nearly as many changes as I might have liked, I have had sufficient to make me presentable and comfortable, but have arranged to have my winter things sent from Paris to Bologna, where I mean to get a trunk, and express back my summer clothes to Madame C., who will look after them for me until I return to Paris. I am surprised to find such nice shops here in Florence. I have invested in numerous hats, and was fortunate in finding a really beautiful sable cape, which, as the French say, “I offered myself” this morning.

Cesnola insisted upon our going to see his family again this afternoon. We had a pleasant tea and bade them good-bye, for to-morrow we are going to Pisa. It is quite late, and we have to start rather early to-morrow morning, so I will not write more.

T.

PISA, November

My dear M:

WE have enjoyed our few days in Pisa very much. The Grand Hotel on the Lungarno proved very comfortable, the obliging landlord taking every pains to have our menu satisfactory. The weather was perfect, and we enjoyed our visit with the Countess Pozzò di Borgo at her really charming villa only a few miles from here, at the little town of Moline di Quosa. We met there her mother, the Princess of Belmonte, whose villa we hope to see later in Palermo. The Countess had much to tell me about the work of her lace school, in which Queen Elena takes the greatest interest. I took some pictures of the large villa, the main entrance room being particularly lovely. Count Pozzò di Borgo and his little son came in shortly after tea, and I am sorry that the Countess is not coming to Rome, for I have liked her so much.

Pisa is always a delight. We had an excellent guide who had passed his examinations before Government officials, and so could call himself in this instance really an official guide; we enjoyed going to that wonderful piazza, the like of which is scarce to be found in any part of the world, to my way of thinking. With a setting of soft green lawns, apart from the noise and bustle of the city, stands the great cathedral, built in the old basilica style, with but the innovation of the dome over the centre of the cross. At just the right



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

SALON OF THE PRINCESS POZZO DI BORGO,
DAUGHTER OF THE PRINCESS OF
BELMONT, NEAR PISA

AND COUNTRY SEATS

distance stands the baptistery, begun in 1153 and built entirely of marble. Its circular structure surrounded with half columns below, and the gallery of the smaller detached columns above, with the conical dome, together with its beautiful portals, make it one of the most exquisite bits of architecture in the world. The guide took me inside and showed the wonderful echo with his full, deep voice and we had the most curious effect from my trill on a high note. It was lovely to see once more the pulpit in this baptistery by Niccolò Pisano; and then the campanile, the ever-lovely leaning tower, with its wonderful colonnades, adds one more joy to this collection of gems of the world.

The beautiful picture in the cathedral by Andrea del Sarto it was a joy to see again, and we bought numerous photographs of the wonderful lamp of Galileo (designed by Battista Lorenzi), whose regular, even swaying caused him to think out the science of the pendulum. The numerous other beautiful works of art made it difficult to shorten our stay, and F. B., who has never been here before, was so entranced with this Piazza del Duomo, as well as with Pisa generally, that he would like to spend the autumn here.

We insisted upon going on our way home across the river and down the little narrow street to see the statue of Monna Vanna (made famous by Maeterlinck) to commemorate her valiant saving of the city at the time of the great siege.

My mental picture of Monna Vanna is always the graceful and dramatic impersonation by Mlle. Bréval, whom I heard sing the opera by Henri Fevrier on its opening night in Paris not long ago. It was an inter-

ITALIAN CASTLES

esting incident in the history of Pisa, and I was glad to see the little statue which is now placed in the wall on one of the small streets of the town through which Monna Vanna is supposed to have passed on her hazardous errand.

It is hard to realize that Pisa was not only once a Roman colony, but a nation by itself, which drove the Saracens from Sardinia, which it conquered, took a prominent part in the Crusades, and extended its trade over the entire Mediterranean, being really supreme over the whole coast from Spezia to Cività Vecchia.

It is a clear cold autumn evening and the lights along the graceful curving Lungarno throw their reflections, now into the dark sombre waters of the silent river, now twinkle brightly up to my window.

Is it any wonder that the Italians are a people of sentiment when their every surrounding makes direct and potent appeal to all that is passionate and sensitive in human nature?

T.

AND COUNTRY SEATS

ÆMILIA, BOLOGNA, November

My dear M:

WE have given our wonderful automobile the severest test it has yet had in Italy. We left Florence in the morning, and though it was cool, we had no conception that we should have to encounter snow and wind; but I also had forgotten that we were to climb over nine hundred sixty-eight metres, for I knew we were taking the Pass della Futa, that is generally considered the easiest. I was afraid at one time that the automobile would blow over, and certainly it seemed as if Vincenzo, on the seat in front, must freeze with the beating of sleet and snow in his face for several hours. A "Fiat" seems however to weather every storm and surmount all difficulties, and Vincenzo courageously looked back several times on the trip and said to us, "Coraggio, Signora! 'Antonio' non ha paura." (Courage, my lady! Anthony has no fears.) Anyhow, here we are most comfortably settled in our rooms, which we found decorated with flowers preparatory to our arrival, which was just in time, for last night was the opening of the opera season. Count Malvezzi de' Medici thoughtfully arranged for us to go with him to his box, which is the best in the opera house. Indeed, all the land upon which this theatre is built belonged to his family, and he has the right, from old-time precedent, to enter the theatre and, standing in his box, say, "Let the play begin."

Naturally, in modern times, he does nothing of the kind.

The opera was "Aïda," and very well given, I thought, and I am rather a severe critic; but Bologna is a very critical place. I know that the great Ristori used often to bring her plays here for a careful and final judgment before taking them about the world, and to-night there was so much screaming, whistling and general commotion in the upper galleries that the management announced a change of tenor and a new soprano from Milan to-day. The system of giving operas in these small Italian cities is a very sensible one, and is bound to secure excellent performances of what the people decide they wish to hear. For instance, during this season at Bologna, which is to last six weeks, there will be but three operas given: "Aïda," Catalini's "Le Wally," and the "Valkyrie." The result is that what they do have is given extremely well, for one of the best opera conductors in Europe has arrived for the whole season, and I am happy to say that he has offered to come and play with me every day. You remember I wrote quite a little about Signor Mugnone in my book on Italy. He is a sensitive Neapolitan, and knows how to keep the orchestra well in its place, remembering what a great many modern conductors forget—that an opera is primarily for singing, to be accompanied by instruments, and not, as many times they would have us believe nowadays, a chorus of instruments dimly and distantly accompanied by voices.

I held a regular reception in the box last night, and all my friends seemed very glad to have me back

AND COUNTRY SEATS

again. Prince Hercolani and Countess Zucchini have put their boxes at my disposal any time I may like to go while I am here. I found my packages from Paris had arrived safely, so I am all right for clothes. The house last night was brilliant, and the women looked very handsome.

Countess Zucchini has insisted upon giving a large musicale for me, and as Signor Mugnone says he will play my accompaniments and the flute of the orchestra will play my obligato, I am going to sing at her house one day this week. Countess Cavazza is to give a luncheon for me, and there seem to be numerous plans developing for a good time during the few days we shall be here. T.

BOLOGNA, November

My dear M:

We have been to the opera nearly every night; sometimes with Prince Hercolani, sometimes with Countess Zucchini, and another time with Malvezzi. We have enjoyed the music very much. I stayed at home one night in order to be in good voice for the musicale at Countess Zucchini's, which went off very well. Many of them had never before heard a flute obligato with the voice, as most singers in Italy to-day have done so much singing of Wagner that they have rather neglected, or found it impossible, to combine dramatic singing with fine coloratura. I was surprised, too, at the enthusiasm some of the modern French songs aroused, but anything that is an expression of real sentiment always appeals to the Italians.

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Countess Bianconcini, born a Duchessa Nunziente of Naples, is one of the most delightful women I have yet met in Italy. She was not here when we passed through Bologna in the autumn, but came to call upon me almost immediately upon my arrival this time. She gave a delightful reception for me the other afternoon at her beautiful palace here, and I have seen much of her during these last days. Her husband is the brother of Countess Cavazza. The Countess Aldrovandi has been to see me often. Aldrovandi's sister, too, the Countess Perozzi, a handsome woman of great charm, is back in Bologna for the opera season. She looks exactly like her brother; I have never seen such a resemblance. One afternoon there was a charity tea and dance, and Theodoli came up from Padova to see us, and enjoy the dancing. It was one of the nicest afternoon dances I remember.

Carlo Zucchini and the Cavazza boys, in fact all the people here, have made this one of the gayest weeks I have had in a long time; music and dancing and dinners have followed one another from the moment we arrived.

Bologna has certainly brought me good luck, for on arriving here we received a telegram from the Captain of Carabinieri at Perugia, saying, "The valise found intact near the municipality of Todi." Shortly after we received another telegram from Todi, saying, "Have consigned valise to post-office at Todi to be sent by grande velocità. Municipal Inspector." Then followed a letter from Todi, saying that the bag had been found on the highway near Todi; that the reward had been paid, and the bag would be delivered to me

AND COUNTRY SEATS

very shortly in Bologna. They have kept their word absolutely, for I can write you with the greatest possible joy and satisfaction that this morning a splendid, tall officer of the Carabinieri came to ask if I were the "Illustrissima Signora Batcheller," and with a very low bow presented me my bag. He would not take the smallest remuneration in any way, and we paid besides the offered reward only the small express and advertising accounts. When he had bowed himself out of the room, you may believe I hastened to the bag, fully expecting to find the money and most of the valuables gone; but I assure you not one thing is missing, and even a little glass vial remained unbroken. I have my precious notes, the pearls, my Piccolomini films, and am greatly pleased, as you may believe. It seems that the peasant found the bag the next morning, took it quietly home with him, waited until he came next time to market, and left it at the police-station, asking if there were any reward. I wish all the people at home who make very discourteous and sharp remarks about the Italians, whom they derisively call "dagoes," could know of my bag story, for I doubt very much if anyone could lose a valuable bag on the highway of almost any other country and have it brought back again after some two weeks or more. It would seem as if the benign and beautiful influence of their great patron St. Francis had lingered on through the centuries and made the people of that particular vicinity in Umbria astonishingly kind and honest. I quite believe now, considering my own experience, the story of the gentleman from Rome who had his pocket-book, containing two thousand francs, which he lost on the

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road between Rome and Perugia, returned to him a short time afterward, as in my case. Honesty is one of the striking qualities of the Italian character, and I know that a prominent gentleman near Boston, whose home is in the vicinity of the great metropolitan water-works, told me that at the time of their building, some four thousand Italians were in and about the little town in which he lived. "Not a clothes-line was missed during the summer, nor a chicken nor vegetable stolen, and we only appreciated," he said, "the honesty of the Italians when five hundred men of another nationality arrived, and all outlying property of a small nature soon disappeared." This testimony I can verify myself, in a smaller degree, for we have had, as you remember, numerous Italians about our place at home, and I do not think that any one of them would take even a cucumber from the vegetable garden. There are other nationalities who come to our shores, who have very dark hair and cannot speak English, and sometimes the misdeeds of these people are laid by an unthinking prosecuting officer to the door of the Italian, because there are generally more Italians than any other newly arrived foreigners, and because the languages of these dark-haired men are all equally unintelligible to him. I have taken great pains to ascertain facts and figures from various people who have had practical dealings with large numbers of Italian laborers, and in every case without exception I have had the same answer given to me, and the same opinion of absolute trust in the honesty of these men.

We are going after lunch to-day to Turin, for I have



To dear Mrs. Batchelor
 Lina Bianconcini
 di Prignano
 12/19/09

THE COUNTESS BIANCONCINI

*Lady-in-Waiting to H. R. H.
 The Duchess of Aosta*

had a very gratifying telegram from Her Excellency the Marchesa di Villamarina, saying that Her Majesty Queen Margherita would receive me in special audience at the Royal Palace of Stupinigi. I am greatly pleased, as Her Majesty sees almost no one during her months in the country, and I am looking forward to the pleasure that I know is in store for me. Last night Captain Cuturi came into Hercolani's box to bid us good-bye. He is a handsome, interesting man, and has married a Russian princess who has that peculiar charm that seems to go with all Slav women of birth everywhere. My room is a bower of flowers, and I must say I regret very much leaving this altogether lovely city of Bologna.

No wonder the beautiful Ginevra Sforza, as the wife first of Sante Bentivoglio and afterward of Giovanni II, and who was for so many years the Lady of Bologna, mourned on leaving here! She reigned for nearly half a century, and it seems a cruel and bitter fate that forced her to leave at last. When that dreadful, war-like pope, Julius II, entered Bologna, she refused to depart with her husband and children, threw herself at the feet of the pope, who was deaf, however, to her entreaties, while the childlike people, not realizing that they were exchanging an intelligent tyrant for a severe and hard master in the person of Julius II, cried, "Long live Julius, the Father of the Country, the Saviour of the liberty of Bologna!"

The Bentivogli found an asylum in Milan; but Bologna did not love their lord, and while Ginevra incited her sons to revenge, she lived to see the sack of her palace, said to have been the most beautiful in

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Italy. She died at Busseto in 1507, broken-hearted, while her husband died in exile in Milan a year later. Guido Posthumus dedicated an elegy, one of his best poems, to her.

The whole history of Bologna is to me particularly interesting, and it is never in vain that a people have education and a university in their midst. One could write a book on all the stirring events that have taken place in this historic town, which I think the average traveller sees much too little of, but which the more one sees, the more one is inclined not only to come back, but to stay on.

T.

PIEDMONT, TURIN, November

My dear M:

OUR journey here was very pleasant. Hercolani came to lunch with us the day we left Bologna, and charmingly rode with us outside the city walls as an extra mark of courtesy and kindness. He is, altogether, one of the best-balanced young Italians I have met, and has certainly shown us every possible courtesy during the summer. It is doubtful if he comes to Rome this winter, as he does not care much for society, and this season is planning a trip to Egypt.

Our audience to-day at Stupinigi has been a memorable and delightful afternoon, for it was not limited to a few moments, as is often the case with Royalty, especially during a court season, where the audiences are necessarily so numerous and consequently very short. A telegram was waiting for us from Her Excellency Marchesa di Villamarina, on our arrival at the hotel, appointing the hour at which we were to go to Stupinigi, which is some twenty kilometres out from the city, and far more beautiful than I had imagined.

It was formerly used by Victor Emmanuel II as a hunting palace. Its architecture is most unusual, and the general effect of the whole palace is that of a long folding screen, so extensive are the two wings on both sides of the main building. A colossal stag surmounts the central roof, and the entire decoration in the inside is suggestive of hunting scenes.

We were greeted most cordially by H.E. the Marchesa di Villamarina, with whom we feel on terms of real friendship now. She told us that Her Majesty had arranged for me to take whatever pictures I wished of the private rooms of the castle, after we had our audience.

H.M. Queen Margherita received us in a large, sunny sitting-room, and seemed most interested in my photographic results of the summer. She is so delightful a conversationalist, and understands so well how to appreciate not only the results of hard work, but the various intervening steps by which those results are reached, that it was a joy to talk over my plans. She seemed very much interested in my work, and was pleased to hear all the news of our various friends who are and have been so closely associated with her own life. She spoke in enthusiastic praise of my voice, and has asked me to sing at her palace in Rome this winter.

After an hour's talk with her, the Marchesa di Villamarina took me all about the lower rooms of the palace. Her Majesty had a photographer come out from Turin in order to help me, but I did so many things that he thought against general rules that I am very anxious to see the results of my films of to-day.

After we had tea, Her Majesty said to me, "You have been most successful with your photographs; perhaps you would like to take mine." I was overjoyed at being granted the privilege of photographing one of the most charming women and one of the most historic personages in Europe. I suggested that Her Majesty sit down, for I feared my lens would be too slow to take her photograph standing, as it is



CASTELLO DI STUPINIGI
Autumn residence of Her Majesty, Queen Margherita

very difficult for anyone to keep perfectly still for a period of thirty or forty seconds; but Her Majesty seemed to prefer to stand, and I have done my best. She has that remarkable repose so characteristic of the Italian woman that I dare say the picture will come out all right.

The Queen Mother was looking very handsome to-day in a gown of black velvet, which set off her beautiful white hair to good advantage. As we came away from this historic palace, I realized how privileged I have been this year to have had already several long talks with this first Queen of Italy. Queen Margherita will go down to history as one of the reasons of the first success of Italian unity. Her amiability, her never-failing tact, her wide and broad culture, which has brought courage and inspired effort in the minds of all scholars and artists of her country, her beauty, and that famous smile, which, with the diplomacy of a Cavour and the force of a Victor Emmanuel, is said to have made the beginnings of United Italy, all have tended to make a peculiarly bright halo of history about her life.

We ran quickly back to Turin and found the Countess Balbis di Sambuy waiting for us at the hotel. You remember I spoke of meeting her at the Princess Ratibor's when we were here in the summer. Princess Ernestina is away with her mother and sister on her travels, and the Countess Balbis came to tell me this evening that Her Imperial Royal Highness, the Princess Letitia Bonaparte, Dowager Duchess of Aosta, had come from Moncalieri, the great Royal Palace in which she is living near here, to spend the day in Turin;

also that I am to have the pleasure of an audience with Her Imperial Highness in the afternoon. I was rather sorry that she had put the audience as late as five o'clock, because I hoped very much to take photographs of her apartments, which the Countess says are charming, in the Royal Palace here in Turin; but of course I could give no expression to my feeling, and was glad of an opportunity to see the Duchess at all.

We shall ship the car directly from here to Rome, and I fear after this my letters will be infrequent and short, for you know what Rome is like, I have written you so much in years before; so if my messages come few and far between, you will realize it is because we are very gay and our hours are very late, leaving little time for letter-writing.

T.

TURIN, November

My dear M:

We are to take the train to-day for the first time, with the exception of our little ten minutes from Mestre to Venice this summer. The car has gone, and we hope soon to be in Rome ourselves, where one of the first people we hope to see is Prince Giovanni Torlonia, who was here in Turin with us last August. His villa is said to be the most beautiful in many ways of any in this land of wonders. Also it is very difficult to see, as cards of admission are rarely given, even to his friends. He has been most cordial, however, in his invitations to us, and I am looking forward not only



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

GREAT BALL ROOM AND SALON OF H. M. QUEEN MARGHERITA
In the Castello di Stupinigi, near Turin



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

AND COUNTRY SEATS

to seeing the "padrone di casa," but to enjoying his art treasures as well.

Our audience with H.I.R.H. the Duchess Letitia was charming. She is very vivacious, very simple, with delightful manners, and seemed greatly interested in hearing of our trip, the people we have seen, and what I am trying to do. It is possible that she will be in Rome this winter, if only for a few days, as she sometimes comes down for the court ball. She received us in her son's apartment (Count Salemi), because her own apartments were undergoing a renovation, so I probably would not have been able to photograph them in any case. Indeed she said that another time she should be very glad to have pictures taken of her rooms, and hoped I should come back to Turin to see her again next year.

It is train time, and I must close.

T.

ROME, LATIUM, December

My dear M:

WE are comfortably settled in spacious rooms at this new Hotel Excelsior and have had our promised visit with Prince Giovanni Torlonia at the Villa Albani. The glamour of its reputation is nothing compared to the beauty of the reality.

One would never dream, as one passed the high, plain wall just outside the Porta Salaria, that behind it were the countless treasures of rare marbles, fine architecture, old bronzes, priceless tapestries, paintings unnumbered and Roman excavations carefully arranged in the most artistic fashion. The fountains were playing this afternoon, and the golden sunshine of this early winter, which is still most temperate, lent an incomparable charm to this wonderful Villa Albani. Torlonia is the name, really, of Giovanni's mother, who brought an enormous dot as her marriage portion to Prince Borghese of the great Borghese family, that gave Paul V to the Vatican and many distinguished men to history. By arrangement of the marriage contract, the great Borghese was to renounce his name in favor of his wife, and the children were to be known as Torlonia. I think Prince Giovanni's title actually is Prince of Fucino, but no one by any chance ever speaks of him in that way. He is a deputy to the Parliament and one of the richest men in Italy, but best of all, he is our good friend.



Taken by Mrs. Batcheller

HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARGHERITA

In her Salon at the Castello of Stupinigi

We had a delightful time strolling through the grounds; Don Giovanni did everything to make the afternoon enjoyable, and had the whole villa opened for us. He cares very little for society, but we hope to see him now and then at little dinners. His villa differs from the others of Italy, because it was constructed primarily to be a treasure-house; a suitable dwelling for many rare antiquities and art wonders that the great Cardinal Albani and his intimate friend Winckelmann, whom he persuaded to come and live with him, devoted many years to collecting. One has the sensation of having come to a magical palace by the wave of a fairy godmother's wand, and one feels as if in the soft lights of evening, mystical beings of great beauty must frequent the place, and finding the marble halls as beautiful as themselves, begin to dance in the soft moonlight to the music of the spraying fountains, running afterward to sport in the marvellous colonnaded loggia at the end of the formal garden. In one of Winckelmann's letters, speaking of the marvellous columns of this curving loggia, he says: "The place is adorned with such a quantity of columns of porphyry, granite, and oriental alabaster, that before they were put in their appointed place they seemed like a forest of marble." In another part of the grounds are the ruins of the most exquisite little Greek temple; opposite, a fountain surmounted by an elaborate statue, and all about the grounds and palace are placed inscriptions recording the facts that Alessandro Albani built the villa and that Alessandro Torlonia restored it in 1871.

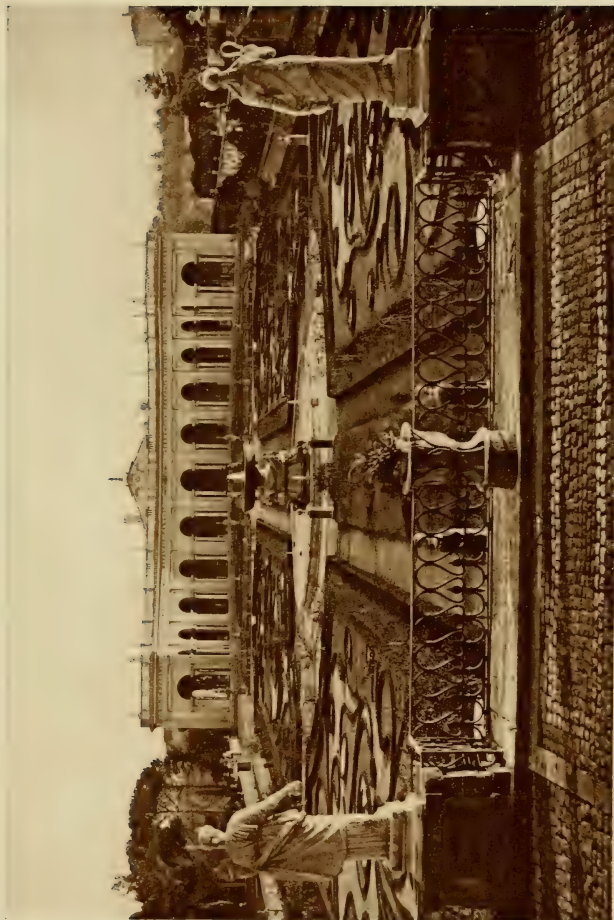
The villa was built in 1760 by Cardinal Alessandro

ITALIAN CASTLES

Albani, called the Great Cardinal, and although Marchionni was the architect, the designs were really the Cardinal's own. The lofty two-storied palace is flanked on both sides on the lower story by a spacious open colonnade running the whole length, and along which are placed statues and vases. It would be useless for me to give you a detailed description; indeed I could not remember all of the rare works of art that this villa contains; but I succeeded in getting a photograph of the bronze statuette representing Apollo (Sauroctonus), which is after Praxiteles, and also an excellent picture of the ceiling of the main hall by Raphael Mengs. In the first room to the left of the main salon where this fresco is, is placed the beautiful and celebrated "Relief of Antinous" from the Villa of Hadrian, and there are many many more beautiful and wonderful works of art.

One would almost expect Giovanni's name to be Camillo, as that seems to be the family name of the Borghese. Camillo Borghese was Legate to Spain in 1596 and succeeded Leo XI as Pope Paul V, that pope whose privilege it was to place his name on the great front portal of the Basilica of St. Peter that was finished and dedicated during his papal reign.

Another Camillo Borghese served in the French army in his youth, and in 1803 married that vain and beautiful Pauline, sister of Napoleon, by whom he was made Duke of Guastalla in 1806. He sold the Borghese collection of antiquities and artistic treasures that had been collected by his father, Marcantonio, to Napoleon, for thirteen million francs. To-day all the world enjoys the treasures and the beauties of the Villa



FORMAL GARDEN AND LOGGIA OF VILLA ALBANI

Borghese, for, as you know, the family lost its financial standing in the great real estate excitement in Rome some few years ago, and the famous Borghese villa and park were bought by the Italian Government, and is now officially called the Villa Umberto I. It is planned to erect a bridge from the Villa Borghese to the hill of the Pincio; I notice in our morning walks that the preparations to this end are already well advanced. It will be a great addition to Rome to connect these two beautiful parks, and greatly add to the afternoon drives. King Victor Emmanuel III contemplates placing a beautiful statue to the memory of his father as commemorative of this improvement.

We wrote ourselves down at the palace only yesterday, and this evening, the Duke of Ascoli, the Gentleman-of-Honor at the present time to Her Majesty Queen Elena, brought the official invitation to the audience that we are to have to-morrow. It is highly gratifying to be thus quickly received by Her Majesty, and Ascoli, who is always gracious and agreeable, explained that it was quite all right for me to leave the little presents I have brought the Royal Children with his wife, the Duchess (who, as the Queen's Lady-of-Honor is also now *de service*), for Her Majesty has expressed her willingness to accept and receive the playthings for the children.

People are gradually getting back to Rome; society will soon be in full swing, and our winter promises to be of the gayest. I called on Countess Gianotti, and found her just the same dear self as ever, and have promised to sing for her at her birthday celebration.

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Count Gianotti, who, as you remember, is Grand Master of Ceremonies at Court, assures me that we are to be invited to the court balls, which is nice to know. My piano is already in place, and Professor Bustini seemed very glad to begin our work together again. I shall not write for a few days, as we are to be so busy seeing friends.

T.

ROME, December

My dear M:

Yesterday we had our promised audience with Her Majesty Queen Elena, and never have I had a more charming interview with the Queen, for we were received in the afternoon, as only a very few had been given audience to-day. The reception was very different from my first formal presentation. We arrived at the palace and waited in one of the many salons adjoining the apartments of the Queen, instead of those leading to the state reception rooms. Countess Maria Bruschi, who has always been my good friend, greeted me with every expression of cordial welcome. I found, waiting also to be received, Madame Barrère the French Ambassadors, Lady Egerton the English Ambassadors, Marchesa Zaccaria-Melzi d' Eril and her daughter Mathylde, Count and Countess Cammarata, and a distinguished Italian general whom I do not know. It was very lovely to see all these friends again, and there was barely time for pleasant greetings before Countess Bruschi led us to the Duchess of Ascoli, who in turn announced us



RUIN OF GREEK TEMPLE IN VILLA
ALBANI AT ROME

to Her Majesty. I presented my book, and the Queen showed the greatest interest in it, expressed her admiration of the outward appearance, and said that later in the season, when her court duties were lessened, she should read it with great pleasure. She seemed very much pleased at the little presents I brought for the Royal Children, and said that the young prince had not let the "teddy-bear" out of his hands since the new American toy had arrived. The children, she said, were much interested in the costume of Columbia, made of the American flag, and in hearing the story of Priscilla as explanation of the dressing of the doll for the young Princess Mafalda. She asked me kind questions of my country, expressed her appreciation of what I had done for the *Industrie Femminili*, and after a conversation of some length invited us to remain until the other audiences were finished to take a cup of tea with her. She soon took her seat on the sofa, asking the English and the French Ambassadors to sit on either side. I was fortunate in being placed very near to Her Majesty, however, and the subject of art coming up in regard to the opening of a large exhibition of modern Italian paintings in the *Galleria Nazionale d'Arte Moderna*, Her Majesty told us of her admiration for Sartorio's works, and also of her own art lessons; for the Queen is an excellent artist, using pastel as her medium of color expression. She told us how she had been continually for some days to a celebrated master in Venice, incognito. She felt rather discouraged because each time the master would come and look over her shoulder, grunt, and walk away without a word. At

last one day she concluded to either stop her lessons or venture to ask an explanation of these unsatisfying criticisms on the part of her teacher. Accordingly, the next day as she was finishing a picture, the master came behind her and was about to walk away with an impatient movement when the then Princess of Montenegro asked if he thought her work was satisfactory and if she were improving. "I can teach you nothing more!" was his almost disgruntled reply. The Queen said from great discouragement she was highly delighted, and went home from her lesson determined to devote her life to the perfecting of her artistic talents; and then she said, with the quaintest smile, "That day I met the King."

Her Majesty still paints and clings to her pastel pencils, for she explained that she finds pastels most satisfactory for catching the fleeting and beautiful lights of the sunsets or sunrises, the ever-changing lights on the water, and the many quickly varying colors in landscape painting. She has bought the larger part of Sartorio's landscapes, and it is greatly to be regretted that she almost never exposes any of her own painting. From art the subject wandered to music; the Queen, as you remember, is an excellent violinist. The Ladies-in-Waiting to-day were all my friends, so that I did not feel in the least in a strange land. Princess Teano was looking very handsome in black, and she has kindly arranged for us to go, a little later in the spring, to her great family castle of Sermoneta, from which her father-in-law takes his title. Princess Viggiano I find as charming as ever, and she seemed very glad to see me.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELENA OF ITALY



ITALIAN CASTLES

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AND COUNTRY SEATS

After a half-hour with conversation, tea, and cakes, Her Majesty retired to her own apartment, while the Ladies-in-Waiting looked after the teacups, and we left the palace after five o'clock. It was a most delightful tea, served by the most distinguished women of Italy, and it is one of my most charming memories.

Besides my friends of to-day, I have seen many other people, and many have come to call already. We went from here, although it was almost too late, to the Villa Lante for a short visit and greeting to dear Madame Helbig. We found her sitting at her piano playing the most lovely Christmas music of Liszt. Her son Dmitry, most unfortunately, is not here this year, but is deeply engrossed in his scientific studies in the country near Milan. We met Professor Helbig this afternoon also, and went out on the terrace to have the renewed pleasure of this beautiful view of which Stendhal wrote: "I have seen Romans pass entire hours in mute admiration as they leaned on the window sills of the Villa Lante on the Janiculum."

I quote this, as Madame Helbig has just sent it to me this evening with this card:

DEAR PARAGON:

I send you the lines of Stendhal with my best love. God bless you.

NADINE HELBIG.

There is hardly anywhere in the world, even in Rome, a more grandiose site than that of the Villa Lante, on the very top of the mountain. At the right is the mountain where St. Peter was crucified, blessing the city and the universe; to the left the Vatican

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and the dome of St. Peter's, carrying the triumph of the Cross toward heaven. The garden where Tasso wrote, a short time before his death, adjoins the gardens of the villa. Just below is the church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, the most ancient Roman basilica that is dedicated to the Virgin. Still below, the Tiber flows tranquilly on, while beyond, across the plain, one can see St.-Paul-without-the-Walls, and in the distance the blue mountains of ancient Latium lift their peaks toward heaven. Below lies all Rome, with its many houses, streets, palaces, and churches, from which one hears the innumerable bells at the time of the angelus. One may well say with Père Barrelle that at Villa Lante "one has all Rome at one's feet and the whole heaven above one's head."

Madame Helbig lives here, as did Madame Barrat, in a certain isolation, but she is too much beloved not to be sought out even on the top of the Janiculum, and her many friends from all parts of the world find a charming and generally a musical welcome awaiting them at the Villa Lante. If Madame Barrat, during her life here, interested herself in the plants, gardens, and animals, Madame Helbig has interested herself not only in plants and animals, but has founded a hospital for sick children in this district of Trastevere. Over thirteen thousand children have received medical aid and been treated, during the seven years since this hospital was established, and Madame Helbig told us to-day how Queen Elena often comes to the dispensary, and personally inspects the wards, in which she shows not only a kindly, but very intelligent interest. Her Majesty told me this very afternoon

AND COUNTRY SEATS

how two hours of each day her children are obliged to devote to doing something that shall benefit the poor. Recently they have been cutting out envelopes for the medicines of the children at this hospital. The poor, the sick, the suffering have never had kinder friends than Queen Elena and Madame Helbig. During the winter or early spring months there is usually a concert for this charity, and Madame Helbig then, and only then, comes from her seclusion at this beautiful villa, and lets people hear what a wonderful pianist she is. She has asked me to sing with her at this concert, and if we are here at the time, of course I shall be very glad to do so.

There are many beautiful frescoes in this villa, which was designed by Giulio Romano, who also did many of the paintings, and it was a delight to be here again and to have so pleasant a welcome from Madame Helbig.

Our invitations are coming thick and fast. Morpurgo came to greet us last night, and asked us to his ball, which comes off in a few days. The Marchesa Cappelli has been to see us, and asked me to sing at her "Wednesdays," when all Rome is to be found at her apartment in the Torlonia Palace. It is very late, and as we have much to do to-morrow I must close.

T.

ROME, March

My dear M:

This is Easter morning, a bright, beautiful day, and the pansies are all abloom in the little grassplot in

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front of the Palazzo Margherita, where I had the most delightful and memorable evening of my life only a short time ago. I wrote you that Her Majesty had invited me to sing a full programme at her palace. The Marchese Capranica del Grillo came to call upon me, and I asked him what Her Majesty would like me to sing, but he said that the Queen-Mother wished to make no suggestions, and would be very glad to listen to a full concert programme; consequently I arranged with Professor Setaccioli, who teaches the flute at the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia here, to play the obligato for me.

The time set was nine o'clock, and I heard beforehand that Her Majesty was giving quite a large reception, and was told that Countess Gianotti and Her Serene Highness Princess Ernestina Ratibor, whom Her Majesty knew to be special friends of mine, were bidden, as well as several of Queen Elena's Ladies-in-Waiting. When I arrived at the door of the great state reception room, Del Grillo hastened to meet me, but Her Majesty did not wait for me to be brought to her, but came forward herself, and after a most charming and cordial greeting, took my hand and led me to H.R.H. the Duchess of Genoa, with the remark, "Mamma, I want you to know Mrs. Batcheller, she speaks such delightful Italian; and we are going to hear her sing this evening." Then Her Majesty took her seat and asked me to sit near her. After a few moments conversation with the Queen, her mother, and various friends, she asked if I were ready to begin the programme. She had greeted most pleasantly Bustini and Setaccioli, as Her Majesty is never fail-



*Alla Signora Trappese Dotes Dotscheller
 ricordo di
 Roma giugno 1909*

*Giorgio Capranica
 del pila*

MARCHESE CAPRANICA DEL GRILLO
 Gentleman-of-Honor of H. M. Queen Margherita

ing in her courtesies and kindnesses to artists, be they professional or otherwise.

I began under the happiest auspices, for everyone in the room was thoroughly musical, and Her Majesty graciousness itself. A large platform had been raised at one end of this great room, and a perfect Steinway piano placed in position, together with the most convenient arrangements for the flute. There was not a flower anywhere that had an odor, although masses of azaleas were arranged artistically with palms in different parts of the room. It would seem that Her Majesty knew every small wish of a singer's heart, for no detail had been omitted to make my surroundings perfectly comfortable. I began with an aria from the "Nozze di Figaro" and followed it by another of my beloved Mozart arias, the "Re Pastore." Setaccioli played a delightful obligato, and I much prefer the flute with this aria to the violin. Then I sang the aria of the "Queen of the Night" from the opera "Magic Flute," and I was very much gratified and rather surprised that these court ladies should applaud so vigorously. Her Majesty left her seat, offered me her hand in congratulation, asking if I were not tired and if I wished to rest. I was feeling, however, very happy and exactly in the mood, so I continued the programme with some modern French, and then my nightingale aria with the flute. The little song of René Lénormand pleased Her Majesty very much, and she came to the piano, took the music, and looked it over carefully. When the flute song was finished she came and took me to a seat, and again seeming to know every thought of the singer, so arranged the conversa-

tion that I really did rest my throat, and was talked to, but not made to talk. She then asked if I would continue, and I finished the programme with Brahms and German music, adding "The Violet" of Mozart, which brought forth especial praise from the Duchess of Genoa, whom, you remember, was a daughter of the King of Saxony. At the end Her Majesty asked if I would sing "The Last Rose of Summer," which I was asked to repeat. After a pleasant rest and talk with many of the ladies and gentlemen present, Her Majesty rose, and coming first to me, thanked me in the most charming and gracious terms of praise, expressing the pleasure she had had, and hoping she would see me again. She spoke in Italian, and made a most graceful tour of the room, giving her hand to every person in it, as she bade each and all good-evening. Just before retiring she came back to where I stood and said once more, "Good-night," in the most perfect English, and again expressed her satisfaction at my singing. As Queen Margherita is one of the most highly musically educated women of Europe, be it layman or Royalty, and as she asked me to sing for her through my own personal meeting and knowing her, I must say that I have never had a more gratifying and happy evening in my life; with that evening alone I feel quite repaid for the many years of hard work and sacrifice that I have given for my throat, voice, and art.

This morning, to my surprise, and, as you may imagine, to my delight, I received a letter which I quote to you.

AND COUNTRY SEATS

GENTILISSIMA SIGNORA BATCHELLER:

Sua Maesta la Regina Madre m' incarica di consegnarle l' unito gioiello quale ricordo della serata passata al Palazzo Regina Margherita in cui la Maesta Sua ha potuto ammirare la Sua bella voce ed il talento Suo musicale veramente rimarchevole. Mi rallegro con Lei di tutto cuore e la prego di gradire cara Signora i miei distinti saluti.

MSA DI VILLAMARINA.

DEAR MRS. BATCHELLER:

Her Majesty, the Queen Mother, charges me to send you herewith this jewel as a souvenir of the evening passed at the Palace of Queen Margherita when Her Majesty admired your beautiful voice and really remarkable musical talent. I rejoice with you with all my heart and I beg you to receive, dear lady, my distinguished salutations.

MSA DI VILLAMARINA.

With it came the most beautiful jewel — the Royal eagle of Italy with the cross of Savoy — in the fine gold work that is done so well here in Rome, and into the design is worked a pattern in diamonds of "M" for Margherita. I have written my letter of thanks, but it seemed hopelessly inadequate as an expression of my feeling of pleasure, gratitude, and deep affection for this great Queen who has bestowed upon me so much kindness and generous consideration.

I never saw Her Majesty look more beautiful than on that evening. Her hair was dressed in a turban fashion of the Napoleonic days, the soft folds of the turban being entwined with some of her famous pearls, and she also wore the longest rope of those great white glories of the East, which reached far below her knees. I think few women in the world are as graceful in their

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movements, and as easy in their general manner as Queen Margherita of Italy, and it is not at all surprising that she enjoys the love, the admiration, and the esteem of every Italian, and of all the world as well. Naturally, I have worn my jewel with the greatest pleasure, and it has been very much admired by everyone. Her Majesty has accepted the dedication of my new book, and has honored me with a beautiful picture of herself, which she sent me a short time before I sang, in an exquisite leather frame such as they make in Rome, hand-tooled with gold; but best of all, the picture had inscribed upon it the precious Royal autograph.

Of course it is too early in the spring for any country life in the villas about Rome, for the Romans go to their country places only in the autumn, and then generally, only for a few weeks; but we are to have permits, and many times our friends will go with us to their villas in the campagna about here. Already we are invited to come to many of them this following autumn. I fear if I should keep on accepting invitations I should never come back to you in America, and we are planning now to come home after our trip to Sicily.

T.

ROME, March

My dear M:

These last few days have been so furiously busy, that it has been impossible for me to write you.

The days are beginning to be warmer, and though we have had to wrap up a good deal, we can however enjoy our days in the country. We made our first

trip yesterday to visit two castles, belonging to the Marchesa Roccagiovane, that are situated beyond Tivoli in the Sabine Mountains. I have seen quite a good deal of the Marchesa in a quiet way, for she is in mourning this winter; but we have had tea together several times, and I greatly enjoyed her rich collection of Napoleonic souvenirs, for the Marchesa's mother-in-law was Julie Bonaparte, daughter of Charles Bonaparte. She was born in Rome, married Marchese Roccagiovane, and died here. The Marchesa has a fine portrait of this distinguished woman, who naturally inherited many of her famous ancestor's belongings. It was a beautiful day. We went first through Tivoli, to which we are going to devote much more time a little later. Luncheon was taken at the little hotel there, from the terrace of which one has such a beautiful view of the ruined Tempietto of the Sibyl, called by some the Temple of Hercules and by others the Temple of Vesta — favored deities in ancient Tibur.

Our appetites were of the best, and it seemed delightful to take the meal out of doors and exchange the *tziganes* for the rushing waters of Tivoli. Nothing could be more superb than the views from these heights of Tivoli of the campagna with Rome in the distance; but to-day we hurried on through the valley of the Anio, past the church of Sant' Antonio, with its little old portico of ancient columns, and up into the town of Vicovaro, built on the top of a small spur of these Sabine Mountains, at the base of which the road follows the graceful, curving river. We left the automobile below for the

pleasure of the morning walk, and a sturdy peasant woman directed us on our way into the main square of the town. It is astonishing how these peasants carry heavy weights on the head, and as they climb to their homes their fingers fly, seemingly unconsciously, with the knitting needles.

The whole valley was quite beautiful in its fresh young green of spring, and numerous flocks of sheep were wandering along the smooth fields lining the edges of the river. Every foot of the way teems with ancient associations. The Sabine farm of Horace is supposed to have been near here. The town of Vicovaro now gives the title to the princes of the House of Cenci, and the present Princess Vicovaro was a Miss Lorillard-Spencer of New York; but the peasants told us that no member of the present family had ever been to the square old palace that commands a view of the central part of the town. Prince Bartolomeo Ruspoli, who is a friend of the Vicovaros, tells me that the Prince V. has carefully preserved all the records of the unhappy Beatrice, and suggests that I write the story of the ill-fated girl, as it seems that Prince Vicovaro would be very glad to have the matter put into literary form. It certainly would be an interesting work. Beyond Vicovaro we skirted the valley for some distance, when suddenly by a turn in the road the precipitous rock upon which is built the castle of Roccagiovane came into view. The great rock reaches far out over the valley, its steep sides forming an impregnable foundation for the picturesque though rather stern-looking castle above. Great pines rise from below, but their topmost branches fail to meet the high point on which

the castle is built. It is believed that some temple of old Roman days crowned this height, and Rocca-giovane is also thought by some to be the "fanum vacunæ" of Horace; but it is more probable that the villa of Horace lay at the bottom of the valley near Licenza. Where, from the ancient records, there is known to have been situated a villa or dwelling-place of some great man, there are generally innumerable places which are considered by different historians to be the particular one; as here and in the case of the villa of Lucullus at Frascati. About the castle are scattered the small houses of the few people who form the little village, and are largely dependent upon the castle owners for their living. They evidently had seen few limousines, for when we arrived apparently everybody in the town rushed to the square, where the attendant of the Marchesa came to greet us. But for a hard cold she would have come with us to-day. As it was, we asked Madame Ricci-Busatti and her brilliant son who is considered one of the cleverest international lawyers in Europe. The views from the castle up and down this wonderful valley were incomparably lovely, but the situation is perhaps rather too austere for a long stay, and I quite understand that my friend prefers the more peaceful and beautiful location of her castle of Mandela, which can be reached across the hills in about an hour's walk from Roccagiovane.

As automobiles do not yet fly, we retraced our way down the steep ascent, and followed the valley until we came to the little station of Mandela, the junction of a line to Subiaco. Here we turned sharply to the left, went up the hill to the picturesque town, which

ITALIAN CASTLES

was formerly known as Cantalupo, but has now resumed its ancient name. It is sixteen hundred feet above the sea, and the castle is nestled among spruce and pine trees, though the tower, rising far above, can be seen for a great distance. Visitors were evidently expected, and as we turned up the main street near the entrance, the liveried attendant came quickly forward to take us at once over the castle and through the gardens. Mandela is somewhat happier in its situation than most of the castles in these Sabine hills. It is easier of access, and while its position is sufficiently elevated to command the most beautiful views of the valley, it is a far more lovely place to stay than many of the austere and harsher situations of the strongholds of this country. It is difficult to describe to you the soft greens of spring, blending with the deep green of the pines that clothe the lower part of the hills. Across the valley we could see the sharp cone on whose top are huddled together the houses of the hamlet of Saracinesco, made famous by the pen of Marion Crawford. It is said that from there, and from the little village of Anticoli at the base of the same mountain, come the handsome flower girls in Roman costume, seen each day in the Piazza di Spagna. They sell their flowers in the morning, and pose for the artists later in the day. As one looked across the valley, the tiny houses with their red tiles seemed like a toy village; just as if a child had gathered up her playthings and dropped the houses over an imaginary mountain, steeper than any reality could be. The only way to reach the village is on donkey-back, and I think one day we shall devote to this excursion, for it would be immensely

interesting, not only for the picturesqueness of the place, which takes its name from the ancient Saracen occupation of this country, but for the superb view of this wonderful valley, which, however, we enjoyed to-day from the top of the square tower of Mandela. Flowers were already in the garden, and it was hard to leave this lovely villa and the fresh, bracing air. Whichever way one looks, each rocky prominence seems to bear its history, and support its castle, and far away in the distance are the white snows of the Abruzzi Mountains. It was to this castle of Mandela that Madame Julie Bonaparte came so often to stay, and I took a picture of her room. After enjoying all the views from the castle, and a stroll in the garden, we wandered through the narrow streets of the quaint town. Everywhere friendly nods and smiles greeted us. We stopped before a door where a girl was weaving linen on a hand loom to be ready at the time of her approaching marriage, so she told us with smiles. Farther on we met two old women standing in the sunshine, turning their hand spindle with one hand, and holding their distaff with the other, while they exchanged the village gossip of the day.

As we are to stay quite late this spring in Rome, we are determined not to hurry our excursions, and although we might well have seen one or two more castles a little farther on, we decided to go back to Tivoli for tea. I shall never forget the sunset lights over the campagna as we came down from the Tivoli heights, past long groves of ancient olive trees. The last rays of the setting sun caught and caressed the great dome of St. Peter's with their mellow, fading tints.

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There is an *allure*, an atmospheric charm about the Italian sunset that no pen can adequately describe. The blue-green of the olive leaf seems to contrast particularly smoothly with the soft pinks of the setting sun. These old trees about Tivoli, that probably furnished olives to Camillus, who subjugated Tibur in 380 B.C., are far more picturesque with their gnarled and ancient stems, now often split quite in two, than the younger, straighter, and I dare say more valuable, newly planted olive orchards of other parts of Italy.

T.

ROME, March

My dear M:

This morning we went out from Rome in another direction along what is called the New Via Appia to Albano, designated on the maps as Albano Laziale, but which is never, by any chance, so called. On the way we passed a great many of the picturesque wine carts of the Castelli Romani, with their big, one-sided, fur-lined protection from the sharp winds, that sweep down over the campagna from the Alban hills, and often have a touch of the Abruzzi snows in their swift passing. The little "lupetini" barked furiously at the automobile, but many times the drivers never wakened, having probably gone into Rome in the night, and the good horses turned out quite skilfully without their masters' aid. There is little to be seen in Albano itself, which dates from about 195 A.D. There were probably ancient temples of Roman days and a

Roman amphitheatre here, but the ruins are so "ruinous" as to be uninteresting.

Princess Venosa had made arrangements for us to visit her villa here at Albano, for of course it is too early for her to leave Rome. The Prince cares little for society, but is devoted to his gardens and the culture of his rare and wonderful flowers. The Venosa pink has become famous the world around, and certainly I have never seen such carnations as were in the numerous greenhouses entirely devoted to their cultivation in the grounds of this villa. To Prince Venosa is due the credit of having brought out the first violet pink; and after we had made a tour of these elaborate grounds, enjoyed the beautiful views of the sea in the distance, and the views of the surrounding hills through vistas of the Italian pines, the gardener, who had been most courteous in showing us about, presented me with a huge bunch of these rarities of his greenhouses. I have never seen more attention given to the careful cultivation of rare-leaved plants, and two whole greenhouses are devoted to varieties of ferns. Of course there were innumerable roses and orchids, but the pride of the Venosa flora is the Venosa pink.

We went on from here to Ariccia. The women of Albano and Ariccia are said to be remarkable for their beauty, and I suppose on that account we noticed some particularly pretty girls as we came through the town and stopped before the palace of Prince Chigi, which is just at the left of the great viaduct, built by Bernini for the Chigi Pope, Alexander VII. The town occupies the citadel of the ancient Ariccia, a town of the Latin League, and there is a strange story of the temple of

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Diana Aricina, whose priest was always a runaway slave, who was called king of Ariccia (*rex Ariciae*).

It must have been a very uncomfortable position to hold, for, according to tradition, every fugitive slave had the right to kill him and occupy his place until he was killed in his turn.

Thanks to the courtesy of Prince Chigi, we were shown all about the palace, which is very large and contains much that is elegant in furniture and decorations. Some of the walls of the rooms are covered with the rarest of old Spanish leathers, and Prince Chigi's study is decorated with frescoes of Ancient Rome. The throne room is enormous in size and height, but the most interesting place in the palace is the room containing a collection of the portraits of the most beautiful women in Italy in the seventeenth century; while another chamber has the portraits of the twelve nieces of Alexander VII, who were so impressed with the elevation of their uncle to the papacy that they all became nuns to please him.

In a large room at the top of the palace is a carriage of the Chigi Pope who was elected in 1655 and died in 1667. It is to this Pope that we owe the magnificent colonnade that is built in the Piazza of St. Peter at Rome.

The House of Savelli sold Ariccia in 1661 to the Chigi family. This family originally came from Siena in the time of Sixtus IV, and grew rich in exchange transactions. Agostino Chigi was the banker of Alexander VI and afterward became the financial adviser of the war Pope, Julius II (*Della Rovere*).

Chigi's wealth increased to such a tremendous

POSITIVO, BAY OF NAPLES AND MT. VESUVIUS
(SEE PAGE 204)



ITALIAN CASTLES

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Chigi's wealth increased to such a tremendous



degree that his income was estimated at seventy thousand ducats, an enormous sum for that age. He is said to have owned a hundred vessels and had business houses in Lyons, London, Constantinople, Amsterdam, and even Babylon, and so great was his fame that throughout the East he was known as the "great Christian merchant." He ruled the money market of his time, and when he arrived in Venice the Council did homage to him, and he was placed beside the Doge at the great reception given in his honor. His villa in Rome was magnificent, filled with works of art, statues, pictures, medals, gems, etc.; poets have described the marvels of his princely residence, for it became one of the most famous monuments of the time. Born in Siena in 1465, he died in his art palace in 1520, and his family experienced the common lot of the uncertainty of fate, and later returned to Siena. The villa was sold by auction later, with all its treasures, to Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, the relative of the beautiful Julia. Later it came into the possession of the dukes of Parma, and is to-day known as the Farnesina. Agostino Chigi's brother Gismondo was married to Sulpizia Petrucci, a daughter of that great tyrant of Siena, Pandolfo, and was the ancestor of Fabio Chigi, for whom this villa at Ariccia was built after he became Pope Alexander VII.

After going through the palace we strolled about in the famous Chigi park, which inspired P. Loti to write his "*Belle au Bois Dormante*" (Sleeping Beauty), for through its dense foliage no gleam of sunshine ever penetrates.

We had beautiful views, to-day also, from the

gardens of the Villa Barberini at Castel Gandolfo. The Princess Barberini had kindly arranged for me to see what I wished of the villa, where the ruins of a villa of Domitian make picturesque additions to the present-day gardens.

The family of Gandolfi seems to have come from Genzano, a little town through which we shall go on the way to Nemi. These nobles, after the Tusculum counts, were the only ones to rule in this district of the Latin Mountains, but they disappeared at the close of the thirteenth century, when the 'Savelli took possession of the town at the time of Urban VIII, the Barberini Pope. Castel Gandolfo, the ancient *Castrum Gandulphorum*, which took the name of the original builders, has been the favorite resort of several pontiffs, indeed the Papal villa here is the only one that the Popes now possess in the *Castelli Romani*, and it enjoys the privilege of extra-territoriality, by the guaranty of 1871.

Our days are very busy, and this evening we went to a brilliant reception at the villa of the Princess Giovanelli. H.R.H. the Count of Turin, who is just now in Rome, honored the Princess by coming, and the lovely Princess is always a gracious and charming hostess. I had tea with her the other afternoon and took some pretty views of what we should call a palace, but what is generally called in Rome a villa, for the reason that it is built for the occupation of but one family. In the old days the heads of great families built their great square palaces not only for homes, but for places of defence. Generally the head of the family lived on the first floor of the palace, his eldest son and his family

AND COUNTRY SEATS

on the second, the second son on the third, while the daughters of the house married and went to live in the palaces of other families, or, not marrying, took the veil in some convent. Old maids were not the fashion in the Middle Ages, bachelor maids never dreamed of. Many of the wealthy young Italian nobles now prefer to have their own villas, and the Princess Giovanelli, the Marchesa Casati, the Marchesa Bourbon del Monte, the Marchesa di Rudini, and many others, have all built new homes in the sunny, high part of Rome that is spoken of as the Veneto quarter, which begins with the spacious palace of the Queen Mother, situated at the beginning of the street of this name. It is impossible, however, for Italians to live in ordinary dwellings like the rest of the world. They are used to immense space, large rooms, high ceilings, sun and air, and the villa of the modern Roman would be a palace for most people.

It is very late, and as for a number of days our every minute is counted, you will not have a letter, I fear, for some time.

T.

ROME, March

My dear M:

If the winter in Rome is fascinating and delightful, I am not sure when these warm spring days make it possible for motor trips to the surrounding country, that the city does not become even more enjoyable, for surely our last week has been filled with novel and unusual experiences, and best of all, our good times

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bid fair to continue. One day last week as I was having coffee in the palm room after dinner, the Marchese Serra whom everybody calls "Gigi" here in Rome, and whose friends are legion all over Italy, brought me an invitation from his friend the Duke Lante to luncheon, at the far-famed villa at Bagnaja, a little beyond Viterbo. Of course we were very glad to accept, and the next morning pretty Miss Kelley of Philadelphia, Madame Fourton and her daughter Ninette, of Paris, Count Terzi of Milan, Baron Lo Monaco of Palermo, and others made a jolly party, in several motors, which started out from Rome on the Via Cassia, by the beautiful little lake of Martignano, on past Caprarola, (of which I will write you another time), still up and over the mountains, with ever changing and beautiful views of Monte Fogliano, Monte Cimino, and the whole great range of mountains, until we came to Viterbo, where, instead of entering the old gate of the city, we turned off to the right, and were soon passing the great iron gateway of this most famous and certainly entrancing villa. The Duchess was away on a vist, but the Duke, whose mother was an American, gave us a cordial welcome, and we soon found ourselves seated in the large dining-room quaintly frescoed with hunting scenes. The Duke is full of fun, and to-day the family priest was the butt of most of his jokes; but the black-garbed churchman seemed to be used to Lante's teasing, and instead of being disgruntled, helped to pour the liqueurs and coffee, which we had served after luncheon on little tables in the midst of this garden of wonders.

The history of this villa is long and complicated. In the fourteenth century Ranieri, Bishop of Viterbo, built a hunting lodge for himself around Bagnaja, where he came to hunt the hawk. The little lodge is now used as the stable, and the arms of the old bishop may still be traced through the whitewash. Cardinal di Gambara, inspired by and doubtless envious of the beautiful villa of the Cardinal of Este at Tivoli, and the magnificent castle-villa of Caprarola, determined to emulate these luxurious leaders of the Church by building for himself a villa near Viterbo, where he was at this time elected to the bishopric (1566). He fortunately secured the services of Vignola, the greatest of villa architects who, born in 1507, developed his talents just when the glory of the *villa* life was at its height. He lived at nearly the same time, though somewhat earlier than Palladio, and these two men completed the early Renaissance. Vignola, from long and loving study of classic art, believed little else worthy of attention, and the twin villas of Lante are simple in line, but so beautiful in their perfect proportion and soft gray coloring, that one easily furnishes the whole scheme in the imagination. Although many writers on villas and garden architecture of Italy have asserted that the two separate houses of the Villa Lante were designedly built to make a complete whole of garden beauty, I understood Duke Lante to say that the original plan of the villa was intended to be very similar to the present Villa Medici at Rome, as I can show you by the photographs. When the old Cardinal had completed the two houses, and had laid out vast expense upon his ever-beautiful gardens, Pope

Gregory XIII, hearing of the beauties of the villa, announced his intention of paying a visit to the enterprising prelate who was spending so much for his own pleasure; the Pope did not go, however, but sent the severe San Carlo Borromeo, who remarked as he was led through the wonderful gardens: "The money spent on this would have been better employed in erecting a hospital for the benefit of the poor of Viterbo." The Cardinal's conscience troubled him, the reproof was heeded, and accordingly a hospital was built in Viterbo, and large sums devoted to the cathedral, while the central part of the villa was left unfinished. It is quite useless to say that the garden and water scheme was intended to be continuous, for there are as many beautiful water schemes at the back of the great villas throughout Italy, and as much time is devoted to the woodland in the rear, as to the fountains and formal garden in the front. The broad terrace, which is now all that connects the two villas at the sides, was intended to serve as the foundation for the central part, and it is very easy to see that this must have been so, when one compares it with other villas of this style of architecture, where the central part of the building is higher and the two towers rest on the square buildings at the sides. The ceilings of the rooms of one villa are charmingly decorated by the brothers Zucari, and are done in the best style of these graceful decorators. The Papacy endeavored to have the Cardinal give up his property right in the villa, but he had had special rights accorded him by Pius V, and he kept "his delight" as his own, though his successor, Cardinal Casali, bequeathed it to the

Church, by whom it was afterwards rented to the Bishop of Viterbo. The Duke is having the fine hall re-decorated, and the beautiful ceiling by Zuccaro which is composed of large female figures in high relief, is being brought into new splendor by restoring and gilding. The guest rooms of the villa are here, and the women of our party left their wraps, and did the necessary veil-prinking in one of them to-day, before going across the terrace to the other villa for lunch. These rooms are hung with some of the earliest of French wall-papers made in small pieces about twelve inches square, gayly painted by hand with birds and flowers, and the colors are still as bright as when they were new. The frieze of the great hall introduces the armorial bearings of the Cardinal Montalto who at last came to be bishop here, and it is to him that we owe the crowning ornament in the wonderful water scheme of the garden, where four great man-statues hold aloft the mounts of Monte Alto (high mountain) surmounted by the star, as we see them in the arms of Pope Sixtus V. It is almost impossible to believe that these four splendid figures are not of bronze, but the constant action of the waters, which come from the snow mountains, and have trickled over the stone figures for many hundreds of years, has produced an extraordinarily beautiful result. The hard travertine will probably long outlast bronze, and it will not be melted for coin, anyway. Year after year one prince of the Church after another enjoyed the glories of this villa, until 1656, when Duke Ippolito Lante begged Urban VIII, the Barberini Pope, to compensate him

for his loss of Villa Lante on the Janiculum, which the Pope had confiscated, with the Bagnaja villa. Neither Urban VIII nor the Pamphilj Innocent X would consent; but the Chigi Pope, Alexander VII, granted Lante's request, on condition of the payment of six scudi yearly to the Holy See on St. Peter's Day. The estate now belongs outright to the family, who also represent the great families of Montefeltro and Della Rovere.

Sixtus IV, the Della Rovere Pope, who founded the Capitoline Museum, allied his family by marriage with the Montefeltro of Urbino. Sixtus made Federigo Duke of Urbino, and Federigo gave his daughter Joanna in marriage to Giovanni della Rovere, the very youthful brother of Cardinal Julian, and through her the Della Rovere family inherited Urbino.

Federigo was followed by Guidobaldo, the last of the illustrious line of Montefeltro, who suffered such fearful treachery from the hands of Cæsar Borgia. On the death of Guidobaldo the Pope had ratified the son of the sister of Guidobaldo in the prefecture of the city, and he became the young heir of Urbino; hence, we read on the Duke of Lante's card, Lante Montefeltro della Rovere. It hardly seems possible that a calling card can speak so much history.

The next Della Rovere Pope was the famous Julius II, who inherited much of the forcefulness of his uncle, Sixtus IV, and whose warlike proclivities were as unapapal as the life of his predecessor, Alexander VI. Nevertheless, the name of Julius II shines in the history of the Church, and of Italy, as the most energetic priest-king who ever sat on the throne of the Vatican.

As a man his monumental individuality makes him one of the most original figures of the Renaissance. Everything he touched was powerful whether for good or evil. The celebrated "Court of Damascus" by Bramante was also begun under this Pope, but the grandest of all his conceptions, and one which entitles him to everlasting fame, was the new cathedral of St. Peter, whose foundations he laid on April 18, 1506. It is to the ancestor of our hospitable host of to-day that we can look for the turning point in the Church of Rome, for the founding of St. Peter's was the beginning of a long, secure period following twelve centuries of unrest and contention. The empire of Constantine had passed, and the new cathedral was for a changed race, long to look to the Roman Church as its head and director.

I could write on and on of this wonderful and interesting personage, whose force of character and whose splendid schemes seemed to bring into being renowned architects, painters, and sculptors; Bramante, Michael Angelo, Perugino, Signorelli, Sodoma — all painted in the Vatican. Marvellous statues were brought to light by the spades of the investigators of the ruins about Rome, and Julius II was the first to give these wonders a place in the Vatican, thus founding the museum where the whole world goes to-day for artistic enjoyment. But to return to Lante and its glories and my good times of to-day. I could but think as we wandered up the broad stairway of the terrace, lined with roses and bordered by massive balustrades, past the fantastic fountains, under the noble plane trees and titan-like ilexes, of the brilliant scenes that

have been enacted at this villa, when Margherita Marescotti, wife of Don Vincenzo Lante, had her gay private theatricals here. Surely no more exquisite setting could be had for an out-of-door festivity. All the fountains are named: "The Duck," "The Giants," "The Octagon," and "The Gambara Crab." "The Montalto Mounts" or "The Three Eagles" of Lante are seen at every turn. The great gateway with its fine wrought iron gates was erected by Cardinal Marcello Lante in 1772.

Mixed with the blood of his famous ancestor, the present Duke Lante has a good American strain, for his mother was an American, and he has much of the quick energy and inventiveness of our people. As we drank our coffee amidst this fairyland, the Duke asked me if I would be interested to see his new invention for the cover of automobile tires, and led me to the lower part of one of the villas, which serves as an ample and excellent garage. There are many wonderful surprises and experiences to be had in Italy, but a garage with beautiful frescoes by Zuccaro is a rarity not to be duplicated, I believe. At my exclamation of surprise the Duke said: "Yes, but this large room I have no other use for, and it is exactly suited for my automobiles." He sprang lightly to the top of his car, and took apart one of his excellent leather and chain combination covers, which he says save him numbers of tires on his daily trips back and forth to Rome, some sixty or seventy kilometres distant. After due inspection of the automobiles, we took a long walk, starting across the terrace, along one of the paths that lead near the beautiful waterways, which

are held in a carved stone conduit, that passes under the terrace carrying the waters to the great central fountain. We had already enjoyed walking over the tiny bridges, and making our way among the intricate curved pathways, that, with their little balustrades, complete this water fairyland at the front of the villa; and now, as we wandered to the back of the gardens, where more fountains embellished the terrace, on through the woodland, at most unexpected turns, but always in the most appropriate places for a view, we found many other beautiful fountains, each playing merrily, and catching the bits of sunlight that came through the trees of the forest on their rising waters. After quite a long walk we arrived by a circuitous path at the little casino (which is merely a word meaning little house, and here at the Lante villa is only a canopied resting-place). Presently Lante came up, and guided me through a path among the trees which surround the enclosure where he keeps his wild boars — ferocious-looking creatures which the Romans still like to hunt. I tried to photograph the animals, but they ran far off to the other end of the woods, and looked much too savage for me to wish them any nearer. The various improvements at the villa are largely due to the Lante family. In the days of French gardening under Louis XIV, when La Nôtre was making the wonders of Versailles, the Duke Lante brought a landscape gardener from France, and to him we owe the great box hedge that greatly adds to the beauty of the “water art” of the front garden, and frames it in its masses of soft dark green.

It was hard to say good-bye to the Duke, his charm-

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ing daughters, and this beautiful scene, but we have promised to come another day. The Duke's two eldest daughters are by his first marriage with a Neapolitan noblewoman, while Miss Allen of New York, who has become the Duchess Lante, has some very sweet babies of her own, who are being brought up in this Italian fairyland. The Duke is an excellent painter as well as inventor. One sees the Lantes very little in Rome, as I think neither the Duke nor the Duchess cares much for society, though they usually come in for two or three weeks of the season in the winter.

To-day we have been lunching with Count Luigi Primoli, whose mother was a Bonaparte, and whose villa is full, to the point of crowding, with rare mementos not only of his ancestor the great Napoleon, but room after room simply teems with the results of Count Primoli's many travels and constant collecting. His luncheon was served quite differently from any that I have ever seen. The table was decorated with ten tall gold columns surmounted by figures of the great Emperor. At each person's place was a series of plates one above the other, into which the successive courses were served, until the pile diminished to the last for dessert. The large menus had reproductions of photos taken by Primoli on his recent trip to India. It is hopeless to try to tell you of all the rare souvenirs this villa contains. Count Primoli is interested in everything that is good art. He has been all over the world, and seems to know all the world, and certainly his house is a veritable museum. The cosmopolitan party was rather large, and jokes went from one part of the table to another in any one of five languages.



Interior of Villa Primoli, Rome

INTERIOR OF VILLA PRIMOLI, ROME

Rome is nothing if not cosmopolitan, and for that very reason one of the most interesting places in the world. Most of the large cities, however luxurious, are in reality very provincial, and you are expected, on arrival within their social limits, to do exactly as those who are decreed to be the leaders may themselves choose to do. In Rome all is quite different, provided you do not outrage good breeding and good taste, you may do what you please, go where you please, and entertain to your liking. You can get on with any one of five languages, but you will be happier if you speak them all. You may have the best of titles of any part of the nobility of Europe, but if you are dull you will be left at home except on formal and great occasions. I see so many people come to Rome fancying that the titled Italians are going to be impressed by their wealth and extravagance; and while the Italians are astonishingly kind and generous in their reception of strangers, they know also how to correctly draw the line of courteous acquaintance, and many of these would-be self-important people leave Rome with a far greater respect for the Italian of to-day, and a far better realization than they ever had before, that money will not buy an entrance into the gateways of Italian society nor purchase Italian friends.

After our luncheon with Primoli, I went to tea with Princess Giustiniani Bandini. She is a sister-in-law of Princess Trabia of Palermo, to whom she has kindly given us letters of introduction, for it will not be long before we shall be leaving beloved Rome, and making our way with the car toward Naples and Sicily. The

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Duchess is also a sister-in-law of the Duchess Niccolotta Grazioli, with whom I had tea the other day at her lovely apartment in the Palazzo Barberini, and who perhaps is one of the most popular women in Rome. Another sister of this famous family is the graceful and elegant Donna Elena Rospigliosi. The telephone is as much, perhaps more, used in Rome for social purposes, than at home, for so many little teas like the one of this afternoon are arranged in a short time, and fitted in among a series of more formal and larger affairs. They are above all the most delightful, and I had such nice talks with several friends to-day, who are helping me plan my Sicilian trip. The Princess and all her family speak English perfectly, and, indeed, Prince Giustiniani Bandini has the Scotch title of Earl under Edward of England, and when Princess Isabella Giustiniani Bandini married Mr. Howard of the English diplomatic service, she could claim her title of Lady in England as well as that of Princess in Italy. To-morrow we are going out again over much of the same road, for Henri Cambon, the Secretary of the French Embassy and a son of the French Ambassador to London, has procured for us special permission to see all of the usually closed apartments of the famous villa built by Cardinal Farnese at Caprarola. The French Embassy has for many years occupied the great Palazzo Farnese, that, like Caprarola, belongs now to the Count of Caserta, consequently these permits and privileges are only to be had from the French Embassy at the Palazzo Farnese. Mr. Corbin, another of the French secretaries, is also going.

T.

ROME, April

My dear M:

We had the most enjoyable picnic day with our French friends, taking our luncheon on a little hill just back of Viterbo, and the "asti spumante," and the fat pigeons from the kitchen of the "Excelsior" were delicious in the open air of this early spring day. We enjoyed seeing Viterbo and afterwards went back toward Rome, turning off the main road down the steep hill to Caprarola. One sees many photographs of this imposing villa, but the gardens are so extensive that no photographs can really give one an adequate idea of the splendor of Vignola's scheme, carried out for the Cardinal Alexander Farnese, that nephew of Paul III (1534) whose family came into prominence because of the passion of Alexander VI for the beautiful Julia, whose portrait by Pinturicchio we saw in the Borghese apartments in the Vatican. Caprarola is undoubtedly one of the finest villas of the Renaissance. It is placed high above the town, whose steep main street ends at the rock-like bastions of this villa of luxurious but dangerous days. Its severe front forms a sort of screen to the inner round central court, with its successive tiers of pillars and arches, and to this central rotunda are joined five wings, making the ground plan of the villa as a whole, pentagonal. The frescoes that decorate the long series of rooms are scenes from the history of the Farnese family, as well as scenes from the history of France. They were done by Federigo, Giovanni, and Taddeo Zuccaro. Their paintings are most interesting, not only for their artis-

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tic, but for their historical value. The great Council Chamber is decorated with frescoes of the towns which belonged to the Farnese,¹ while in another great room are represented the deeds of the Farnese — the marriage of Orazio Farnese with Diana, daughter of Henry II of France, the wedding of Ottavio with a daughter of Charles V, etc. The costumes of these periods are most interesting, and Catherine de' Medici, the gallant Henry IV of Navarre, Mme. de Montpensier, and Mlle. de Rohan are portrayed accompanying Alessandro Farnese and Charles V in a campaign against the Lutherans. The portraits of the three Zuccaro brothers are represented in the persons of the bearers of the canopy of state. Paul III comes in for his painting, and is shown in one of his favorite occupations — that of conferring favors on members of his family. In the smaller halls the frescoes are perhaps still more lovely. The Spring and Summer rooms are really beautiful, and in the Autumn apartment, the quaint old legend of the vine is portrayed. The Bacchus trampled down by Titans is seen rising from the fire, where his limbs have been burned, new and more comely than before. The vines of bell' Italia are thus crushed, trampled on, squeezed, and fermented for wine, and the scattered branches burned; but the vines send forth fresh, beautiful green leaves with returning spring, and bear even more luscious fruit than the young vine of the year before.

No pen can describe the magnificence of the view

¹ Parma, Piacenza, Castro, Vignola, Scarpellino, Capo di Monte, Camina, Ronciglione, Fabrica, Isola, and Caprarola.

from the long windows of the great state chambers, which are reached by the circular staircase that leads to the second tier of colonnades overlooking the courtyard, from which one enters these magnificent apartments. The ceilings of the open colonnade are beautifully frescoed in delicate designs. Great doors lead into the main hall, and it is from the central windows of this great room that one looks toward Rome far across the broad plain of the Sabina, in the midst of which rises the bold Mount Soracte, while in the far distance one descries the dome of St. Peter's with the Volscian Hills as a picturesque background. To the east are the Apennines, to the southeast the snow-capped summits of the Abruzzi, and, directly below, the old bastion and moat that originally surrounded the castle; for in the days of the luxurious Julia, a pleasure-house, even so near to the authority of Rome, needed to be well protected by men-at-arms, and a practical fortress did not always serve to prevent an invading force from entering the castle and carrying off the beautiful Julia.

Nothing more fascinating can be imagined than the exquisite casino which is placed on the crown of the hill back of the great palace, which is much too austere and extensive for the happy name of villa. The little casino is in reality the *villa* of Caprarola. It has exquisite frescoes, and the charming disposition of its rooms, which open out on to the inevitable three-arched façade, make it one of the most attractive of the small houses of Italy. "What a wonderful place for a honeymoon!" we all exclaimed, as we recalled the romantic love of Don Camillo

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Pamphilj for Olimpia Aldobrandini, the young widow of Prince Borghese. Innocent X was furious that his relative would not accept the red hat, and did his best to break up the already deep attachment of the young people; but it was not so easy, and Don Camillo and Olimpia were married in February, 1647. Thus it would seem that for once the "place, time, and the loved one" came true in real life, though supposedly never but in fairy tales. So happy were the lovers that "to the astonishment of all Rome" they spent the whole spring and the following hot summer in their idyllic retreat.

The great hermes and caryatides that enclose the upper terrace and exquisite formal garden, in front of this little villa, are somewhat more weird than attractive, more picturesque to see "*en passant*" than to live with, I should think. Each one is different. A faun with conch shell blows into his companion's ear; another grins at an uplifted cup; and all bear vases, which were once a mass of Italy's lovely blooms, with which the earth has no real parallel. On both sides descending the hill on which this little villa stands are broad terraces of stone, and directly beneath them, springing from an artistic grotto, rushes the water from a giant goblet, over the ever-varying and beautiful stone waterways that seem to complete the garden scheme of these villas, placed with sufficient nearness to the snowy peaks beyond, to reap full enjoyment of their melting snows, and the least possible discomfort from their piercing winds. The whole magical place is enclosed in a great massive wall some three miles in circumference, a solid bastion of masonry descending into a

hollowed-out moat-channel, making the grounds absolutely isolated and unapproachable. This palace, too, has seen most wonderful festivities, and entertained many persons of high rank in the world's great places. In the days of the Cardinal Alessandro, Liberati's play, "Gli Intrighi d'Amore," was enacted here. San Carlo Borromeo exclaimed on entering the gardens after seeing the wonders of the castle: "What must Paradise be like!" Gregory XIII was the guest of the Farnese Cardinal in 1585, when a procession of one hundred maidens dressed in white, carrying olive branches and clashing cymbals, formed part of the great pageant in the Pope's honor. Though the male line of the Farnese became extinct in January, 1731, with Antonio, Duke of Parma, Caprarola was left as dowry to his niece Elizabeth, who married Philip V, King of Spain and Naples.

It was later than we thought when we finished buying photographs of the old guardian, and we hurried over the hills toward Rome, past the road that leads to Bracciano where we are soon to go. Mon. Cambon, as well as we, had a dinner engagement for to-night, and fortunately the tires were polite.

In a few days the Marchese Serra is going out with us to this castle of Bracciano, that famous stronghold of the Orsini family of which I shall write you more. The history of the families of these friends whom I see every day, and to whom I am becoming much attached, is a never-ending source of interest to me. The old feuds are gone. The Vittoria Colonna of to-day has married into the House of Caetani, and the feuds between the two families, covering centuries, no longer

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exist; but into the history of Rome, which is really the history of the world, are interlaced, in most intricate fashion, the lives, the doings, and the deaths of these great Romans. I doubt if the members of the families themselves could trace without error the complete history of this marvelous city, in which their ancestors have each and all had so prominent a part. Of course, where some great person in the different families not only covered a page of history but made an epoch, as in the case of Pope Boniface VIII, it is easier to group about this central figure the lesser members of his family; but of all the great families of Rome none can be said to have been more powerful than the Orsini. But more to-morrow.

T.

ROME, April

My dear M:

To-day we have been with the Marchese Serra to famous Bracciano. This great and imposing mediæval castle is situated on the lake of the same name, which gave a title to one of the Orsini. Its castle was built about 1460, and has played an important part in the annals of this great, glorious, all-powerful family of Latium. It would fill more than one book to tell you in detail the history of the numerous and celebrated Orsini whose deeds and fame have filled many pages in the history of not only Italy but Europe.

Gregorovius explains the origin of the family name with the idea that a man, probably a fortunate warrior endowed with rude energy and called Ursus the Bear,

became the founder of a race which in numbers and tenacity are practically unequalled in history, but the date and the person of this famous ancestor are veiled in obscurity. The family called Filii Ursi (Sons of the Bear), and an Orso di Baro appears as early as 998 A.D.; but Litta represents the historic family as beginning with Orso, the great grandfather of Pope Nicholas III. The arms of the Orsini family are charged with the rose and bear in the base, a fess in gold charged with an eel. Numerous little bears hold up the sign of the family at gates and portals all over the castle of Bracciano, though the branch of Monte Rotondo alone has on the helmet a bear holding a spray of roses in his claws.

The beautiful Clarice Orsini became the wife of Lorenzo il Magnifico dei' Medici in Florence, while an Isabella of the Medici House became the Duchess of Bracciano. To-day in going over the castle it was more easy to believe the numerous and rather gruesome legends that surround this woman of the Florentine family, for near to where her marble bust is placed is shown the oubliette down which were thrown those of her surrounding admirers who had ceased to amuse her. Outraged at last by her daring and licentious life, her brothers Francesco and Ferdinand betrayed her to her husband, who found means, which seemed to be never lacking in the Middle Ages, to rid himself of a wife of whom he had already grown tired. According to those grim records, Paolo Giordano Orsini, the Duke of Bracciano, was not only anxious to be avenged, but anxious also to marry the beautiful and unfortunate Vittoria Accoramboni, for whom he

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had formed a desperate attachment. The story goes that the Duke of Bracciano went to the Villa Poggio Imperiale near Florence where his wife was staying; he met her with affectionate greetings and presented her with two beautiful greyhounds for the next morning's hunt. For the benefit of his surrounding household the conversation was agreeable, even tender, during the dinner and evening, but before morning the poor Duchess was strangled, and the Duke was free to marry as he pleased. Poor Vittoria! Her beauty made her tragic history. She had been married by her father to Francesco Peretti, a nephew of the Cardinal Montalto who afterwards became Pope Sixtus V. Supposedly by the Duke of Bracciano, her husband was assassinated, and the widow fled from her father-in-law's house to that of her lover the Duke. Pope Gregory XIII opposed her marriage to the Duke so far as to keep her a prisoner in the Castel St. Angelo nearly a year, but that did not prevent the union. Shortly after the marriage, Orsini died, leaving the whole of his fortune to his widow, who, however, was to have no peace in life since her husband's relative, Ludovico Orsini, the lover of Isabella, from jealousy, revenge, and cupidity, murdered the poor woman in her home in Padova in 1585. No wonder her story has been made the subject of novels and tragedies!

This wonderful old castle so picturesquely situated overlooking the lake became the property of the Princes Odescalchi in 1696. In 1894 the Odescalchi family began the restorations, which have been carefully continued, until Bracciano to-day is one of the most perfect examples of a mediæval stronghold.

Through the courtesy of the Marchese Serra, Prince Odescalchi had arranged for us to see everything of interest, and certainly the restorations have been done most skilfully and artistically. There is something very splendid in the magnanimity of Prince Odescalchi, who has given so freely of his wealth, time, and interest to this castle whereon he has not once put the Odescalchi arms and insignia. Bracciano and Orsini throughout the centuries are associated together, and with a feeling as delicate as it is intelligent Prince Odescalchi restored not only the falling walls of the castle, the artistically-painted beams of the wonderful wood ceilings, the ramparts, and indeed the whole castle, but each and every part bears the rose of Orsini, the eel, and the bear. It is astonishing how many beautiful bits of color and graceful designs have been disclosed from under the wretched whitewash, which I suppose was ruthlessly used in time of pestilence; for no other explanation can be given for the hiding of so many of Italy's artistic glories, not only in feudal castles, but churches and palaces alike. One of the most interesting parts of the castle is the old mediæval kitchen, with its strange odd-shaped utensils still hanging about the walls, and its ovens which seem large enough for a veritable army. Under the archway that leads to the main court are two large and interesting frescoes by Antoniazio Romano, which represent Virginius Orsini and his family. The interior of the castle has been carefully refitted with fine early Renaissance furniture, and though the mediæval atmosphere has been carefully preserved, the castle is now livable and lived in. In an upper chamber we were shown

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one of the fantastic wrought-iron beds so much the fashion in the Middle Ages, and the flower scroll-work of this particular bedstead, which is said to have belonged to the famous Isabella, was most elaborate.

The view from the castle over the lake is superb, and we have greatly enjoyed our day. "Gigi," as everyone calls Marchese Serra in Rome, is most kind in interesting himself in my enthusiasm for the castles and villas, and we are planning other trips a few days hence.

T.

ROME, April

My dear M:

To-day we have had another delightful trip to the Castelli Romani; indeed, nearly every pleasant day finds us motoring into the country in one direction or another. A few days ago we went with Princess Eugenia Ruspoli to her wonderful castle at Nemi, and had a quiet luncheon with her. Afterwards we went all over the stately mediæval stronghold, and I took many photographs. To-day we were of her large luncheon party, and enjoyed the grim old fortress on closer acquaintance even better than before. Of all the little towns around Rome none has so completely kept its mediæval aspect. This is perhaps natural from the very situation of the town, which is to one side of the main road, and away from the beaten path of daily travel; but as one follows the curving road that leads from the main turnpike along the edge of a high wooded



CASTELLO AND LAKE OF NEMI



SALON OF CASTELLO OF NEMI

hill, and approaches the stern, gray castle with its round, forbidding-looking tower, one feels that one must surely find a mounted guard of soldiers protecting the great entrance doors, which open on to the main street of the town.

The history of Nemi is clouded obscurely in the most remote antiquity, and its origin must be conjecture only. It is sometimes thought that its name is derived from *Nemus*, a grove sacred to *Diana*, and it is believed that on the border of the strange, mystical lake that lies below the castle, there once existed a temple to the favorite goddess of the wood, *Diana*, since from the earliest times the smooth little sheet of water has been called the *speculum Dianæ*. This lake is three and a half miles around, and in some places one hundred and ten feet deep. Its oval basin and the precipitous wooded slopes of tufa and lava that surround it, almost prove that it was once the actual crater of a volcano.

As lava is the best possible fertilizer for vines, these heights surrounding the lake have long been cultivated, and produce wine that looks like molten gold; its taste is not secondary to its beauty, as we proved to-day, when *Donna Eugenia* served it at luncheon, telling us with evident pleasure that it had been made on her estates. The lake is apparently fed by a subterranean spring, and it has been discovered that at the bottom are two magnificent Roman galleys thought to date from the time of *Caligula*. In the fifteenth century many attempts were made to raise them, without success, but through the agency of divers, fragments of wood and ornamental bronzes of exquisite manufacture

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have been brought to light, and the existence of the two galleys at the bottom of the lake is now indisputable. Surely their recovery will be of great historical value, and it now seems assured at an early date, since the Minister of Public Instruction is adding his official assistance to the wealth and enthusiasm of Princess Ruspoli.

About the ninth century, Donna Eugenia tells me, the place was called *Massa Nemus*, and was probably in the possession of the sanctuary of St. Giambattista of Albano, from which it passed to Agapito of the *Tusculum* counts, and afterward to Oddone Frangipane. Pope Anastasius IV gave the castle and town to the Cistercian monks, who held it for some time; later it was besieged by the Caetani Pope, Boniface VIII, and given by him to Orso Orsini. In the fourteenth century it was successively ruled by the Capi-zucchi and Annibaldi families, and by the Colonna and Cardinal d'Estouteville, in the fifteenth. The Borgia Pope included Nemi among the various estates that he bestowed upon his beautiful daughter Lucrezia, but after his death the Colonna again seized it. During the sixteenth century this treasured bit of nature was in turn owned by the Cesarini, Piccolomini, and Cenci families; but in 1572 the Frangipane again became masters, and undoubtedly enlarged and amplified the castle. It remained under the control of these lords up to the time of 1781, when the castle was sold to Don Luigi Braschi (a nephew of Pius VI), who caused the walls to be adorned with the series of frescoes by Coccetti, which are very attractive for the reproductions which they give of Nemi in the eighteenth cen-

tury. Vincenzo Monti, the secretary of Duke Braschi, spent some time at Nemi, and in his "Feroneide" admirably describes the attractions of the castle. From the Braschi it passed in 1870 to Prince Don Filippo Orsini. The castle, however, was probably built by the Colonna, and its great round tower, which is one of the "glories of Latium," gives it a very austere and mediæval aspect, especially when viewed from the other side of the lake at a distance. Most beautiful views are to be had, too, from the little garden on the ramparts, which Donna Eugenia says she has made out of "ruins and sand," so that now it buds and blooms in true Italian beauty, and stately peacocks add their brilliant coloring to the picture, for no garden in Italy is complete without these graceful, picturesque birds. Their wonderful plumage is like everything in Italy—an exquisite harmony of color—and their white sisters move about like fairy birds in enchanted scenes. When we were walking through one of these gardens this summer, watching the blue and the white peacocks, a young Italian said to me: "Every woman should study a peacock. When a woman can enter a room as that bird does the flower garden, her bearing is perfected. Our Italian women move well; do you not find it so? They surely have good models in these graceful birds." Whether the Italian women do really study their garden birds, I do not know, but they have as graceful poise and elegant bearing as any women I have ever seen.

Towards Genzano stands the villa of the Sforza Cesarini, and the feuds which separated these two castles are now forgotten. Donna Eugenia has put

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a world of study, thought, and expense into the careful and appropriate refitting of the castle, and each of the seventy rooms that she has furnished has its own charm. Luncheon was served in the large room where frescoes tell the story of the occupation of the Austrian general Prince Lobkowitz, who, when he had been defeated by the soldiers of Charles III before the walls of Velletri, established his headquarters here. In one of the bedrooms Donna Eugenia pointed out the famous carved bedstead said to have been in the nuptial chamber of one of the princes of the house of Chigi, who, having married his bride under protest, by order of his father, took an unfair and terrible vengeance by strangling his beautiful bride the first night after the wedding. Another room is completely furnished in the Empire style, and the great throne room is immense and imposing.

The party to-day included the Duchesse de Beaufort, Marquis and Marquise de Leysterie, the Comtesse Portalis, who was an American, the Marquise de Talleyrand and her sister the Princesse di Poggio-Suasa, both born Curtis of New York, and I could not but notice that in this Italian of Italian castles not a word of that beautiful language was spoken to-day at luncheon. The aversion at home to foreign marriages is quite incomprehensible to me, especially when I see American women presiding so charmingly over such historic and beautiful places as the Villa Lante and Nemi. And it is very gratifying to find myself the guest of a compatriot, who to-day is mistress of this famous old castle, and has done, indeed, not only a pleasing work for herself, but a good deal

for art and for Italy, in the careful restoring and refitting of this marvelous old stronghold of the Middle Ages. As we walked about the ramparts after luncheon, and looked over the lake, which seemed like a jewel touched with the sun's rays, we could, through the clear air, see straight away to the sea, for Nemi is some ten hundred and forty-five feet above it. It is not surprising that its picturesque situation, its beautiful lake, together with its romantic history, should have inspired Byron in this fashion:

“Lo, Nemi! navell’d in the woody hills
 So far that the uprooting wind which tears
 The oak from his foundation, and which spills
 The ocean o’er its boundary, and bears
 Its form against the skies, reluctant spares
 The oval mirror of thy glassy lake;
 And calm as cherished hate, its surface wears
 A deep, cold, settled aspect naught can shake,
 All coiled into itself and round, as sleeps the snake.”

His last lines may refer to the weird and awful rites of the Nemi forest, and to the ancient legend that anyone who entered this wood, supposed to be sacred to Diana and her temple, was to be killed and sacrificed on the altar; or he may have thought of the unfortunate victims who were thrown from the projecting tower at the right of the castle to their death below. A chapel was built in a part of this tower as if to forever expiate the memory of such barbarous deeds and times. In the recent excavations a figure representing Diana, goddess of the chase, was found, and a votive offering to Diana for the health of the family of the Emperor Claudius was discovered in one of the cells of the supposed temple.

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The sunset scene that we were able to enjoy just before starting back for Rome, was a color scheme not soon to be forgotten. Near at hand is the lake, reflecting the green of the surrounding trees; beyond, the broad plain, turning to dull violet colors with the setting sun, and stretching down to the strip of pale green sea where, away in the distance, one spies Cape Circeo. There is a distinct feeling of isolation from the world at Nemi, and I cannot imagine a more beautiful place in which to work, for the horrors of the modern tram are here unknown, and once within the thick walls of the castle one is sure of absolute quiet; though I must admit to just the smallest bit of melancholy that seemed to penetrate the atmosphere of this fascinating place. The strawberries here are very famous, and the people in the little village find a ready market for their fruit in the surrounding towns and in Rome. The village has little of interest beyond the tiny church of the Crucifix, built by Mario Frangipane, to which shrine came Pope Benedict XIV and Pius IX in bygone days.

We came back through the rather poor village of Genzano, and as we waited for essence in the centre of the town, we watched the peasant girls coming with their picturesque water jugs to the central fountain in the square. I sometimes wonder if we should be as clean as these pretty peasant girls, if we had to carry on our heads all the water we use. I am told that a good many prisoners on probation are sent here, and the district is thought to be rather desperate. Some small boys threw handfuls of pebbles at the car, but it seemed to me more in fun than in anger. I cannot



ROOM IN THE CASTELLO OF NEMI

With frescoes commemorative of General Lobkowitz's occupation of the Castle

understand how people can travel, believing themselves always at variance with the peasants and the people of the country through which they are passing; so far, my experience has been that the peasants are very pleasant people, and wonderfully patient with the numerous automobiles that now rush back and forth through their quiet towns.

We reached home in time for dinner, and this evening have been to a magnificent reception given by the Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican, Marquis Ojeda. He has but recently presented his letters of credence to His Holiness, and to-night was his first reception. It was held very early in the evening, as it was known that two or more of the Cardinals would attend, and the venerable dignitaries of the Church never keep late hours. However, eleven Cardinals, each attended by two vested altar boys bearing lighted candles, honored the Ambassador, and gave a vivid touch of color to the already brilliant company. This is the first time that I have seen the elder Princess Lancellotti at any social function, for the Lancellotti family is blackest of "The Black," and one of the few to restrict itself absolutely to "Black" functions. It was also one of the first times in Rome that ladies have been permitted to attend a reception in low-necked gowns where Cardinals were invited. I went carefully prepared with a lace scarf, but I found all my friends in décolleté gowns, and several of the women among the "Black" society were going on, later, to the ball that the Princess Viggiano gave this evening in her beautiful apartments in the Palazzo Altieri. It is only in Rome that such a beautiful living picture as that we have

enjoyed to-night at the Spanish Embassy is possible, for nowhere else are the palaces so vast, the rooms so high, and the society so decidedly cosmopolitan, and certainly only in Rome can one see the stately Princes of the Church assemble in so great a number in their really regal costumes, which they wear with dignity and pleasing grace. Princess Aldobrandini was looking particularly pretty this evening, and has arranged for me to go to her far-famed villa at Frascati one day very soon. The Viggiano ball was very jolly; I danced a great deal, and Lieutenant Mietzl, the delightful Austrian military attaché with whom I talked music this evening, is coming to play my accompaniments some afternoon soon. I heard someone singing at a reception after a dinner Madame Giorgi gave for me the other evening, and after a moment I listened more to the accompaniment than to the singer. Such a sympathetic, intelligent pianist! "Who is the accompanist?" I asked. "How wonderfully he plays!" Later, Lieutenant Mietzl asked for an introduction. He is extremely musical, and has a decidedly attractive personality. I think all Austrians are fascinating. I have never met an unattractive Austrian, man or woman. Baron Di Paoli of the Austrian Embassy in Berlin is another handsome man who loves music and dances divinely, the famous Count Æhrenthal, and those handsome guard officers in Vienna, Counts Thun-Hohenstein, Schall, and Wolkenstein, the distinguished Count Fery Wenkheim, — and, oh, so many others! They all seem to be intelligent and clever, besides having an extra portion of comeliness. I took tea with Princess Viggiano the other afternoon. She was born a Princess of Bauffré-

ment, and her ancestors number many distinguished men, soldiers and statesmen, in the history of France. We enjoyed a delightful luncheon the other day with Marchese and Marchesa di Rudini. Marchesa Dora's villa is lovely, and she is one of Rome's prettiest young matrons. Her husband is charming, and, like many Sicilians, a very clever conversationalist in many languages. I also had a little chat with Prince Filippo Doria, who arranged to come and play some of his violin obligati with me. One would never dream that the young Prince of this great Roman House was an Italian, since his blue eyes and light blond hair spoke eloquently of his English blood. His mother was a sister of the Duke of Newcastle, and his father also is the child of an English mother, Lady Mary Talbot.

All the world has known and seen the wonderful Villa Doria, built by the brilliant and clever Donna Olimpia for her son Camillo during the reign of the Pamphilj Pope, over whom she had so much influence. The gardens are elaborate and beautiful, and the views on all sides, particularly that looking toward St. Peter's and the Vatican, are exquisite from this elevation. The villa was built from designs of Falda, by Algardi, and is filled with memorials of Olimpia, who made it second to none in magnificence. Its ancient position on the Janiculum is the site of the one-time gardens of the famous Galba, and tradition says that the murdered emperor was buried here by his devoted slave Argius (A.D. 69). An ample park surrounds it, and the sheep grazing on the green slopes recall England, but I cannot agree with many authors that it

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resembles in any way an English country seat. Nothing is more Italian than its scrolled and arabesque formal garden, and at every turn ancient statues and playing fountains remind us that we are in the land of Italy, the land of many mountains whose eternal snows made possible cascaded terraces and water art unequalled in the world. We have driven often through this part in the afternoons of spring, and I like young Prince Doria very much.

T.

ROME, April

My dear M:

This morning we have gone in still another direction over this ever increasingly interesting and wonderful country surrounding Rome. We asked Monsieur Ollé-La-Prune of the French Embassy and a friend of his to go with us. For some distance we followed the Appian Way, passing through Albano and Genzano again, going through Velletri, and on over the straight Via Appia, leaving the picturesque mountain town of Cori on our left and turning off a little beyond the town of Cisterna di Roma. Princess Teano had kindly provided me with permits for the great castle of Sermoneta, but we were so enchanted with the ruins of the towers of Ninfa, that rise amidst a watery marsh, which might almost be called a lake, that we determined to have luncheon where we could feast our eyes, as well as satisfy our appetites. Then, too, we felt that we should have the whole afternoon for a climb to the great castle of the Caetani, which stands out boldly on the top of a high hill directly behind Ninfa,



Dea di Rudini

MARCHESA DI RUDINI

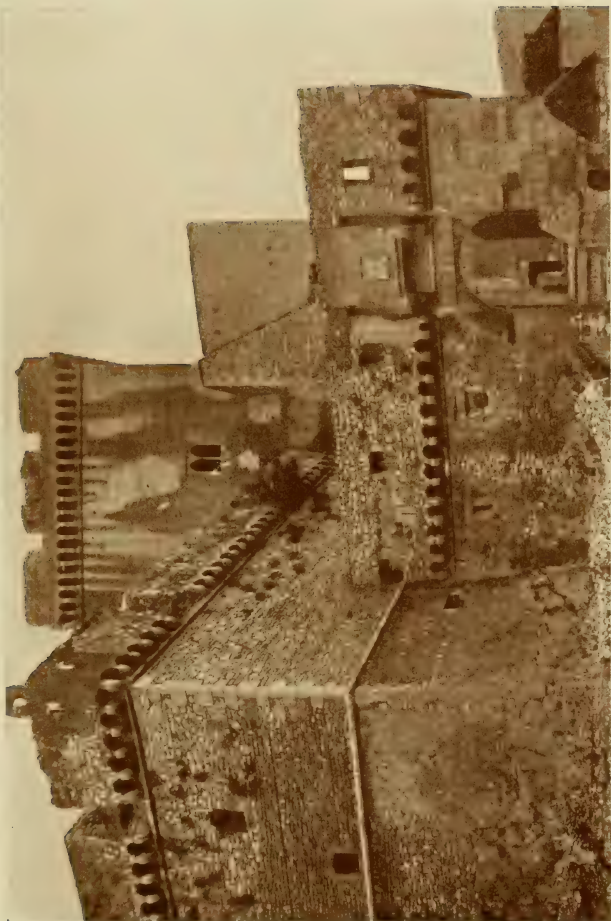
and I was most desirous of going, also, to the little town of Norma (famed in opera) perched on the side of the high mountain near Ninfa's ruins. The history of Sermoneta is most interesting.

That despotic and passionate Caetani Pope, Boniface VIII, was undoubtedly a highly gifted man, and his nepotism was managed with extraordinary success, for he left no stone unturned to found his family dynasty. There was fierce indignation among the Roman barons against the overbearing aggressions of this Pope, whose family became suddenly and rapidly so rich, and with riches, so powerful. He was continually at war with the powerful Colonna, who headed the injured nobles of Rome in an attack against him. He had taken advantage of the misfortunes of this family, and though previous Popes had prohibited the sale of estates on the Campagna to nobles of Rome, he revoked this law in favor of his nephew Peter, and Sermoneta, strongly situated on one of the spurs of these Volscian Mountains, Norma, and Ninfa (the ancient Nympha), estates which in ancient times had been presented by the Byzantium Emperor Constantine in 743 A.D. to Pope Zacharias, became the centre of the Caetani dominion in Latium. Boniface, in the name of the Church, confirmed his nephew in his possession in perpetuity, as a fief of the family, prohibiting, however, its being ceded under any title whatever to the ex-communicated Colonna. Sermoneta, the Sulmona of ancient days, whose fortress now gives the ducal title to the House of Caetani, was sold with Papal sanction, together with the town of Bassano on the other side of the mountain, and San Donato near

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Terracina, to Peter Caetani, nephew of Boniface, in 1297 for thirty-four thousand gold florins. The town of Bassano to-day gives the title of Prince of Bassano to the second son of the House of Caetani. Peter had also bought Ninfa, and the picturesque ruins we see to-day are all that is left of the magnificent castle built shortly after the acquisition from the Church. The tall ruined tower clothed with ivy, standing up boldly in the midst of a great marsh, surrounded with numerous soft-colored water-plants, is probably a far more beautiful picture than the austere castle of former days; for the property of Ninfa was one of the largest in the whole of Latium, and stretched from the Volscian Mountains across the marshes with its towers, its country houses, its lakes and woods, down to the shore, and even into the ocean for a hundred miles. Not only did this great barony extend far out into the sea from Ninfa to the Cape Circeo, but from Ceprano across the mountains to Jenne and Subiaco.

The name of Caetani, before the celebrated Pope of the family, is scarcely mentioned in Roman history. With the death of their relative and Papal protector, trouble and misfortune was hurled at the Caetani family by succeeding Popes. Alexander VI (Borgia) not only confiscated the property of the Colonna and the Savelli, but began the establishment and aggrandizement of the Borgia house largely by means of the Caetani properties. In 1499 Alexander, by a stratagem, entrapped Giacomo Caetani, then the head of the house, and by false sentence caused him to be pronounced guilty of treason, when he promptly confiscated all the Caetani estates. Protestations were



CASTELLO FORTE OF SERMONETA

useless, and the unfortunate man was poisoned in the castle Sant' Angelo the next year. Bernadino, the youthful son of Niccolò Caetani, was murdered by Cæsar Borgia's bailiffs at Sermoneta, and it was only with difficulty that the other son, Guglielmo, escaped to Mantua. Papal troops occupied Sermoneta, which afterwards became the property of Lucrezia Borgia, and was given by the Pope to Roderigo, her two-year-old son by the murdered Alfonso of Naples. Later Cæsar, her fearful brother, seized Sermoneta, saying: "She is a woman and cannot defend it." In 1504, however, the wheel of fortune turned again. Julius II became Pope, and hastened to annul the sentences pronounced against the Caetani by Alexander VI, in a special bull of restitution, January 24, 1504. Conservative Europe seems to marvel at the sudden rise and fall of many of our American fortunes; but one has only to turn the pages of Roman history from twelve to sixteen hundred to find that the greatest names in the land, the Colonna, the Caetani, the Borgia, and the Della Rovere, had their sudden rises of fortune, and their more sudden falls. It would seem that the race of the Caetani were not only exceptionally strong, but must have been exceptionally clever, for through all their vicissitudes of fortune, at one time, in the day of Honoratius, apparently well-nigh ruined, they seem to have bravely defended themselves. The great castle of Sermoneta to-day, which is one of the most majestic strongholds in Europe, certainly speaks eloquently of the brave men who built and defended it. They have succeeded in holding it up to the present time, for the Caetani are still rich, strong, and power-

ful, and it was the blind Duke of Sermoneta, who was selected as the most prominent of Roman nobles to present the plebiscite of the Roman people to the new King of United Italy, Victor Emmanuel II, in 1870. This scene was vividly brought to my mind by the excellent modern paintings that we saw in Siena in the Palazzo Comunale. It was easier to understand the great force and power of this family as we went over the vast extent of this great castle. Here were the immense barracks, large enough for a veritable army of soldiers; the thick walls seemed invulnerable, and from the high tower to which we all bravely climbed, Count Peter could gaze far over the distant mountains, plains, and ocean, and look only upon his own. With nineteen fortresses in Latium, thirty-two fortresses in the kingdom of Naples, with carefully hoarded and shrewdly managed wealth, the Caetani were indeed strong. One can get very little idea of the extent of the old mediæval castle in going over such ruins as Loches in France; indeed, I had never realized until coming to Sermoneta, what a veritable citadel these mediæval strongholds were. There seemed to be no limit to the castle and its adjoining buildings, and yet encircling the whole was the massive wall, which again was protected by the deep moat. The castle is not inhabited at the present time, though sufficient conveniences are arranged for a stay of a day or two, and a few rooms are fitted up for the use of Don Gelasio, the youngest son of the house, who is fond of coming here and studying the old archives of the family. The present Duchess is an Englishwoman, a sister of the Earl of Crawford.

Each of her four sons is talented and definitely interested in some particular line of study. One is a successful composer, and his compositions have been given by orchestras of standing in Paris and London. Don Gelasio is a mining engineer, and has travelled extensively through our western country.

It was a steep climb, and a peasant on the road, seeing that we were the expected foreigners, quickly dismounted from his donkey, and hat in hand begged me to mount his small beast, and let him take me to the castle, which I was very glad to do, as the walk is a long one, and I had still in prospect my excursion to Norma afterward.

Though the Caetani fought and warred throughout the Middle Ages with the powerful Colonna, to-day the Princess Teano, wife of the eldest son of the Duke of Sermoneta, bore before her marriage the historic name of Vittoria Colonna. She is one of the handsomest woman in Rome — but like so many Italian women, intelligent as well as beautiful — a perfect type of Roman beauty, though she, as well as her husband, has English connections, and the Princess is very popular in London, where she usually passes the season. She is a Lady-of-the-Palace to Queen Elena. She has not only taken a kindly interest in my work, but has given me a great deal of practical help, and many of her suggestions will, I know, ease the difficulties which are to be many, as I fully realize, in getting together the pictures and exact historical accounts of the families of my friends here in Italy. My Italian friend of the other day, in referring to the peacocks as models for women's carriage, may have been thinking

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of the Princess Teano, for she has unusually fine poise, and a rather more stately bearing than is generally seen in so young a woman. There is no question that children of mixed blood have a keener intelligence and brighter minds than others; and doubtless the high standard of culture and intelligence as well as beauty of physical form of the men and women of Italy (and I may add those of my own country) is due to their varied strains of blood.

To-morrow we are going to Frascati, and I will write you later of our trip.

T.

ROME, April

My dear M:

Villas and castles! Each day we see more and more, all lovely, yet each with its own peculiar charm and interest.

The road leading from Rome to Frascati passes through one of the most picturesque parts of the Campagna, and we had magnificent views of the great Claudian Aqueduct, built in A.D. 52 by the Emperor Claudius, to bring water from the neighborhood of Subiaco. Historic and wonderful ruins line the whole way, and I felt much more the influence of Ancient Rome than that of Mediæval Italy, though now and again a ruined tower reminded us of robber-baron days. As one approaches the town, however, the magnificent villas recall the days of the luxurious Princes of the Church. We felt this more definitely as we came into the town of Frascati, for on the main



PRINCESS OF TEANO

Born Vittoria Colonna

Lady-of-the-Palace of H. M. Queen Elena

square fronts the wonderful Villa Aldobrandini, built by the Cardinal of that family.

Frascati in latter days, and before it, Tusculum, of which it was originally a suburb, may be spoken of as the Versailles of Rome. Its situation on the slope of the Alban Hills overlooking Rome is ideal. The climate is, and evidently has always been, unusually fine and seems to clearly explain the fame, first, of Tusculum and its marvellous villas of the old Roman days, and, later, of the princely palaces built for Popes and Cardinals. The Villa Aldobrandini, to which we went immediately on entering the town, is generally considered, and undoubtedly is, the most beautiful of all the numerous villas of Frascati to-day.

I believe so much in first impressions, and knowing beforehand that I could not enter at the main gate (which is always kept shut even to the Prince himself), nevertheless I insisted upon motoring through the main square which the villa overlooks, in order that I might get the full beauty of the terrace scheme, which Giacomo della Porta laid out in 1603 for Cardinal Pietro Aldobrandini, the nephew of Clement VIII. Della Porta was the great Lombard who came after Vignola, and did his last work in and about Rome. The story goes, that of a summer evening when driving back to the city with the Cardinal, he was taken so violently ill from having dined not wisely but too well, that the Cardinal was obliged to leave him at the Convent of San Giovanni Laterano, where he died that night. The villa was not entirely completed, and the last touches were added by Fontana. It stands in a commanding position at the top of a succession of broad

terraces, with the soft green background furnished by the trees of the large park in the rear. Having enjoyed the view evidently chosen by the designer of the villa, we turned the motor up the hill, and entered by the gate that leads to the back part of the building, which, in a way, is more beautiful than the imposing aspect from the front; indeed, I think that the beauties of the rear of the Italian villa often exceed those of the front which seem arranged so as to present to the world an austere and elegant reserve, while after entering the gateway, and once within the garden, the whole effect becomes that of the cordial greeting of a host to his guests. As the motor drew up before the great doorway, the magnificent and curious iron gate, which serves as a sort of protection to the great central door, swung open, and the steward of the Prince came forward to greet us, offering his services, and presenting me with a large and beautiful bouquet of fresh spring violets and jonquils.

The water art of the Villa Aldobrandini is arranged in a semi-circular loggia. A carved inscription placed like a frieze along the upper part of the hemicycle tells us that this extravagant magnificence was made possible by the subjection of the town of Ferrara to Papal rule, the substantial income of the revenues of this rich city being turned over to the Pope's relative. A great alcove in the centre gives shelter to a giant statue of Atlas, who holds the earth above him, though the ocean seems to be always running out over his head; and on looking up one sees a beautiful stairway of foaming water, which is carried under this circular loggia, and by its steep descent, forced up with this

most artistic result. At one end of this marvellous circular building is a chapel dedicated to the patron saint of the family, St. Sebastian, decorated with appropriate paintings; in the alcove on the other side there was formerly an organ played by the water. A hundred years ago or more, the last of the Aldobrandini left the family estates to the Borghese on condition that they should belong to the second brother, who was to assume the Aldobrandini name. Don Paolo Borghese, fearing the dampness, carried off these frescoes, together with many paintings in the palace, to the Borghese palace in Rome.

On either side of the central archway are other arches where statues and fountains are artistically disposed, while elaborately carved caryatides, rare vases on carved marble pedestals, busts of emperors placed high in curved niches, combine to make a superb whole. Under the first archway we were shown a spiral staircase, and soon found ourselves upon a balustraded roof of this marvellous water theatre; for, as the actors in their niches are eternally inactive, so the main part has been, and ever will be, enacted by the ever-changing, ever-beautiful play of the fountains. Not content with the view thus obtained from the balustrade of his fairyland, the Cardinal arranged by the side of his flight of water steps others which he himself could ascend, to a still higher terrace at the top of which stand two immensely tall carved stone pillars. The whole conceit is so arranged that you are allowed to have one beautiful surprise at a time, and it is only when you have reached the top of the terrace that you are able to see the apparently natural waterfall, which

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seems like a bridal veil in the midst of soft green ferns. You are climbing the hill of Nature, and as you have left the magnificent artificiality of the theatre, so the disposition of the waters as you ascend seems to take on the surroundings, which constantly become more wild as you advance up the hill and into the park. Leaving the dainty veil of water you wander on through paths lined with wild daisies, and shaded by splendid great plane trees, until you come to a sort of stone bridge over which pours a foaming mass of water, watched on either side by two statues placed in shell-like grottoes, that seem to personify the gods of wood and stream.

We were so perfectly attuned to the music of the waters, and the fresh odors of spring, that we concluded to continue our walk through the park, on over the old Roman way up to the town, or all that remains of what was the town, of Tusculum, at the present day a part of the Aldobrandini property. The town dates from the year 1360 B.C. Originally the Sabines were here. The Etruscans are believed to have been here five centuries before Rome, as Tusculum is distinctly an Etruscan name. The people of Tusculum, according to legend, gave their veneration to a peculiar and severe god, Telegone, who allowed stepsons to marry their stepmothers, and the murderer of a man to invariably marry his widow.

As we made our way back from the cross, planted where once stood the Arx or citadel of Tusculum, through the great grove of oak and plane trees, it was as if we were taking an entirely new walk, for the reverse sequence of the fountains gave new and beautiful

views. Arriving again at the villa, we were shown through the series of interesting and beautiful rooms. The large main salon, which is now used as a dining-room in the villa, contains some fine tapestries by Annesio di Barbara representing Parnassus and the Muses; and a fine bronze bust of Clement VIII commemorates the fact that in his old age the Aldobrandini Pope came often to this villa to stay with his nephew. Some of the watercolors in the rooms were painted by Kaisermann. The story is told how Goethe came to the villa at the invitation of the Prince, met his fellow-countryman, and ordered him to paint views of Frascati, which are now to be seen in the room where Goethe died in Weimar. Perhaps the most curious room in the villa is the little sitting-room of the Princess, which is hung with embroidered Chinese silks. This must have been a special fancy of the Aldobrandini, for when I visited the Princess a few days ago at her palace in Rome, she received me in a similarly exquisite room, complete in its Chinese decorations; walls and furniture in elaborate embroidered silks, and all the ornaments of rare Chinese porcelains. I took many photographs, and we went on from here to the Villa Torlonia, formerly known as the Villa Conti.

There are many reasons for thinking that this villa, which belongs now to the Duke Torlonia, occupies the site of the villa of Lucullus, that luxurious Roman, who was glad to escape from the noise and confusion of the great city of Rome to his superbly situated country house, where he gave his famous banquets, and surrounded himself only with his friends. Years ago a tile with Lucius Lucullus' name inscribed upon it was

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found here, and thus it seems that this Torlonia villa is the much-discussed location. Cato's villa was not far away, at Monte Porzio, that of Pliny the Younger at Centrone, and that of Cicero, or one of them, probably at Grotta-Ferrata. One can imagine the luxurious Romans coming to these sunny slopes, where the cool breezes of the mountains made the Italian summer not only endurable but comfortable, and as we read the description of these vast summer homes, we can picture the old Romans walking up and down the alleys of fine tall trees, amusing themselves at the hippodromes, completing their rest and reinvigoration in their perfected private baths, and at the end of the day dining sumptuously on terraces overlooking one of the most beautiful views in Italy.

The villa was originally owned by the Conti family, from whom the Colonna claim to descend. The Conti boasted their descent from Ottavius Mamilius, who, in turn, was by tradition descended from Telegone, the founder of Tusculum. Pietro Colonna, grandfather of Frederick I, having been taken under the protection of Eric IV of Suabia, took from his castle the name of Zoellero, which was afterwards changed to Hohenzollern; therefore the Colonna claim to have thus founded the reigning Imperial House of Germany.

The Conti incorporated the villa in 1703 in the primogeniture of the family, and it was only in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, through feminine descent, that it passed to the Sforza-Cesarini, and from that family by marriage to the present owner, Duke Leopold Torlonia.

A long and imposing flight of steps leads from the

driveway entrance up to a broad terrace, which, if followed straight on, takes one through a grove of stately trees to another clearing, in the centre of which is a great fountain surrounded by a circular succession of niches and small fountains, now made beautiful by age and tiny clinging ferns that grow seemingly from the very stones. Back of this circular stone-work of arches and fountains, in a cut between the great trees of the side hill, tiny waterfalls come rushing down in a curiously arranged succession of circular basins; and if your curiosity is still unsatisfied, you may pass under one of the archways, as at the Villa Aldobrandini, and follow these basins in the shade of the great trees to a stone balustrade which you spy at the top. As we climbed the steps we were told the strange story of the surprise fountain that always seems to burst upon one's view at the top of these water terraces, and in each instance is different from what one expects; for if one looks for a cascade it is sure to be a spraying fountain, dashing high into the air; and if, from the previous water arrangements, you feel it must be a waterfall in order to give force enough for the fountains below, the magician has thought differently. There seems to be no end of devices in this water art; indeed, these villas at Frascati were famous for their secret fountains, and only the wise gardener or the master of the house knew where to press exactly the right spot in the gravelled walk which, when given the proper pressure, would cause to come forth from the neighboring banks minute spraying streams of water that would cool the air, and scarcely more than moisten the clothing. I remember that at the Villa Rostand at Genoa, the old

gardener who showed us about gave us many examples of these fairy water-works; but I think this Genoese villa is one of the few that have kept in order all the secret pipes for this water-play. It is amusing when you are forewarned, but it must be highly disagreeable to be walking along and be confronted suddenly with a jet of water springing up directly under your nose. On the other hand, the tiny, fine sprays of water that came from the ground in the vine-covered wings of the little garden theatre at the Villa Rostand, must have been distinctly cooling of a hot afternoon.

But to return to the fountain of the Villa Conti-Torlonia. It is said that a monk once committed suicide by drowning himself in its waters, and as a penance for his sin his shadow is doomed to ever roam about the fountain in the moonlight, and the peasants will tell you that they have often seen the penitent friar approach the fountain, read his breviary, finger his rosary, and then disappear into the water. As we saw the villa in all the beauty of its new spring green in the bright sunshine, ghosts were not to be thought of, and we only regretted that we could not accept the Duke and Duchess' kind invitation to come back to Frascati in the autumn, when they will be here, and occupy the charming house which stands at one side, in a position to enjoy the magnificence of the view toward Rome, but in a place which does not in any way interfere with the complete woodland and water scheme, which seems, and is properly, by itself.

From the villa Torlonia we went, thanks to the courtesy and permission of the Princess Lancellotti, to her villa, the entrance to which is just at one side

of the main entrance of the Villa Aldobrandini. This villa was originally designed by Carlo Fontana for Monsignor Alfonso Visconti. It was afterward sold to Cardinal Fernando Gonzaga, afterward Duke of Mantua; and later it became the property of Robert Primo, whose daughter married into the Piccolomini family (as an inscription over the entrance to the villa records: *Petrus Piccolomineus, Anno MDCCLXIV*), in whose possession it remained until 1840, when it was sold again to a Bavarian, Francesco Mehlen. In 1867 it was bought by the present owner, Prince Don Filippo Lancellotti.

The villa is fronted with a large formal garden beautifully laid out, at the end of which is a circular loggia surmounted with a balustrade and statues, after the manner of the Aldobrandini, while huge ornamental pots filled with young orange and lemon trees line the walks. The large statue of Apollo, as well as that of Venus and one or two others in the side niches of this really beautiful circular garden decoration, were sculptured by Marchetti of Carrara, in whose studio young Canova was working at the time. It was in this circular loggia that Cardinal Baronius wrote his "History of the Church," and Carlo Emanuele IV, King of Sardinia, Pio VII, and many more illustrious names are among the lists of visitors to this beautiful villa. While not so elaborate as the great loggia of the Villa Aldobrandini, this of the Lancellotti garden is quite as beautiful in its fine proportions. A huge clock is placed in the centre over Apollo, and small statues at intervals line the balustrade at the top. The gardens were a mass of blooms to-day, and I had

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great fun trying to persuade one of the peacocks to be photographed with his wonderful tail spread in all its glory. I think I have been successful. We shall come many times to Frascati, but I doubt, even then, if we shall see all of its beauties.

ROME, April

My dear M:

We have been to-day to see the wonderful old castle of the Massimi family at Arsoli. Prince Massimo had carefully prepared for my visit; his agent met us directly on our arrival in the town, and courteously showed us all over this rocky citadel; for the castle, like many others in these jagged Sabine Mountains, is situated right on the top of a projecting spur which commands a view the length and breadth of the valley, and the Prince has kindly told me much of the history of his famous old stronghold.

It seems that in the year 1000, under the pontificate of Silvestro II, the castle of Arsoli is said to have belonged to the Benedictines, and it is thought that this is the legendary castle where the Abbot of Subiaco was imprisoned and put to death by the tyrant of Monticelli.

The Papal armies, passing back and forth from Tagliacozzo, which lies just beyond and above Arsoli in the Abruzzi Mountains, left little in the town but ruins and poverty, and that little was made less when the town was made a garrison for the Spanish and German soldiers, marching against the ecclesiastical state. Things continued in this way until Fabrizio de' Massimi, follow-

ing the counsels of the family saint, San Filippo Neri, acquired the seigniory. The three hundredth anniversary of the proprietorship of the Massimi family of Arsoli was celebrated with great festivities in 1874. Under the Massimi family the town recovered its lost prosperity, and Giacomo della Porta gave his skilful aid to the enlarging of the church and general betterment of the place. Water was brought to the town from the famous Acqua Marcia, that flows from the snow mountains of the Abruzzi near Arsoli.

The legend of San Filippo Neri continues around the castle of Arsoli as well as about the great Massimo palace in Rome; for the story is told how Fabrizio de' Massimi wished to take his two sick sons to his mountain property, thinking that the high air of the hills would benefit them after the heat of July in Rome. Doctors were called, and protested that to move the invalids would be sudden death. Fabrizio, unconvinced, sought the advice of the family saint, who urged the departure for Arsoli at the earliest possible moment. The saint was obeyed, and receiving the benediction the following day the family set forth. The account goes on to say that only four miles from Rome one of the boys left his litter, mounted his horse, and rode to the mountain castle, as if perfectly well, while the other son soon recovered in the snow-cooled breezes from the Abruzzi Mountains.

The son of Fabrizio, Pietro, gathered in this castle all possible arms and cannon for his protection, and to-day it was interesting to walk through the old armory where a few of the small cannon, and countless bludgeons, spears, and other weapons of mediæval

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warfare give ample proof of the savage times through which the castle has passed.

The fair of Arsoli (*la fiera*) on St. Bartolomeo's Day is one of the oldest festivals held throughout the Roman provinces. The Sambuche and Arsoli wines which are made in this vicinity have at least a local renown. The reason for the holy protection of St. Bartolomeo seems to be lost in the obscurity of past centuries. The church dedicated to him is joined to a Franciscan convent of the third order. St. Francis is believed to have passed this way, and the Arsolani tell us that the holy man of Assisi laid the foundation stone of the ancient monastery. According to Litta, in 1686 Fabrizio took the title of Marquis, and assumed the name of Camillo, which all princes of the House of Massimo, regardless of baptismal name, must assume when they come into the title. In 1733 Filippo Camillo entertained James III of England and the Royal Family with festivities suitable to the rank of such high personages. It is said of this prince of the House of Massimo that he lived in constant fear of being run over, and consequently, would never walk upon the street; but by a contrary fate, on returning home from the theatre, he was knocked down by the pole of a carriage as he was entering his house, and killed.

Marchese Camillo Massimo in 1817 was the last of the Roman barons to renounce to the pontifical states his feudal rights and full jurisdiction over Arsoli. At this time Cristina, daughter of Prince Saverio of Saxony, was married to Marchese Massimo, and naturally, the town benefited by the frequent visits of many illustrious personages through this Royal con-



Eleonora Brancaccio Massimo *Prin. d'Arsole*
M. E. Orsini de Parma *Francesco Prin. d'Arsole*
Massimo *e Leone Massimo*

PRINCE AND PRINCESS D'ARSOLI AND SON

nection. It was this Royal lady who laid out the gardens, which are beautiful even to-day, and make the steep hillside at the back of the castle, lined with pines, cypresses, and acacia trees, a charming walk of a summer afternoon; and the severe box of the formal Italian garden encloses endless flowers and rare blooming plants.

It was the present Carlo Camillo who brought from the baths of Diocletian the great statue of Minerva, which is placed at the highest point in the hillside garden. Princess Cristina seems to have been very religious; she founded a dispensary and the tiny pharmacy of the castle is probably due to her energy and goodness. Under the pontificate of Leo XII, in June, 1826, Marchese Massimiliano, his family, and descendants were raised to the rank of Prince, and his eldest son honored with the title of Prince of Arsoli.

On the sixteenth of March we went to the great reception held in the Palazzo Massimo, and made our yearly pilgrimage to the famous little chapel of St. Filippo Neri, of whom I have written you before. I have enjoyed meeting and knowing the Princess of Arsoli this winter; her mother was Miss Hickson-Field of New York, and became as Princess Brancaccio Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Margherita. It was very amusing to-day in going over the old castle to see at one end, the apartments of the Princess Massimo (who was born a Princess Lucchesi Palli), where the ancient bath is arranged in the Roman fashion, steps leading down into a marble basin, while the water is admitted from an almost invisible entrance at the bottom.

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In the dressing-room were the most wonderful copper-lustre bowl and pitchers, and a general air of bygone days was very apparent. Crossing the castle through the dining-room, hung with tapestries, and furnished with old Italian carved chairs, through the salon with its big Venetian glass chandeliers, and its wonderful view across the hills, we came to the American Princess of Arsoli's apartments. Out of the dressing-room was the most modern of modern bathtubs, and all newly fitted and arranged conveniences of twentieth century comfort. Even into Arsoli, quaint, historic, austere Arsoli, the American influence has gone, and with it progression and the ideas of the New World. The family come here in the late summer, and remain well into the autumn, and again our invitation must be declined. It would be indeed fascinating to come to Arsoli for a few days, for there seems to be more interesting history, more of the real atmosphere of the Middle Ages than I have had elsewhere in this broad Campagna. Here indeed, we may really see types of the ancient Sabelians, for nothing can be more Italian, strictly speaking, than the towns of the Sabine Hills, among which Arsoli has been pre-eminent.

Gregory XVI made a formal visit to the castle of Arsoli on May 2, 1834, and the festivities at that time are still talked of by the enthusiastic inhabitants. All the great Princes of the Eternal city gathered in the castle, and the account tells with evident pride of the "wonderful harmonization of three great bands of music," while the Pope's approach was welcomed by all the children dressed in white scattering flowers and palms before his feet.



THE ARMORY OF THE CASTELLO OF
ARSOLI



TOWN AND CASTELLO OF ARSOLI

AND COUNTRY SEATS

In 1873 the present Prince, Don Carlo Camillo, became Prince Massimo, and his interest in the town seems to be not less than that of his predecessors. The Princess, the daughter of Her Royal Highness Maria Carolina di Borbone and Duke Carlo Lucchesi Palli Campo e Pignatelli, is much beloved in her adopted city; and the daughter of the house, Contessa Zileri, has made her charitable and kindly presence felt at all times among the poor and needy of the town.

Not far from Arsoli is the little hill town of Sambuci to which even to this day no carriage road has ever been built. We courageously made the ascent the other day on donkey-back to see the strange old square-towered castle, that for many years belonged to the Benedictines and the Abbot of Subiaco. Documents of the family have been given me by the charming Countess Ciciliano (the name of this town in the Sabine Mountains, from which the Countess takes her title, is thought by some to have given the name to Sicily), who took tea with me the other day, and expressed great interest in my enthusiasm for these old castles of Italy. Undoubtedly the castle was built before 971 A.D., as a stone in the walls of the monastery of Santa Scolastica in Subiaco seems to verify. It fell under the dominion of the Tiburtini (people of Tivoli), who in 1300 ceded it to the Royal Family of Antiochia. An old legend says that Corradino of Suabia after his defeat at Tagliacozzo took refuge here in the castle of Sambuci, and the legend seems to be founded on fact since the castle belonged at that time to his uncle, Corrado of Antiochia, and it is this latter personage who gave his name to the neighboring town of Anti-

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coli Corrado, from which we have our delicious drinking water (Fuiggi). Sambuci also is in direct line from Tagliacozzo where Corradino was betrayed by the Frangipani. The castle passed later to the Orsini, to the Zambeccari of Bologna, and in the last century to the Piccolomini. To-day it is in the possession of the Theodoli, the branch of the second son, whose title is that of Ciciliano.

Pope Innocent X (Pamphilj) included Sambuci in the feudal rights of the famous Donna Olimpia, a sister-in-law of the Pontiff, who for many years held such an unparalleled sway over Rome, and whose accumulated riches and influence during the Papacy of the Pamphilj Pope were well-nigh supreme. Donna Olimpia came to Sambuci for many summers, and by her riches and energy made it one of the most attractive of the neighboring castles of Latium.

Olimpia Maidalchini was born in 1594 in Viterbo. Her family had intended her to be a nun, but though she had been taken to a convent as a child she had the strength of character to resist taking the veil, and finally secured her dismissal by announcing that all the confessors made love to her. Her first husband, Paolo Nini, a noble of Viterbo, died soon after marriage, and she later married Pamfilio Pamphilj, a soldier who seems to have been less important in her life (for he died not long after, leaving her three sons) than her brother-in-law, the melancholy abbé. She was forty-five before much was known of her, but she had already acquired, by her optimism and cleverness, an almost complete control over the melancholy Pamphilj prelate, who found her very necessary to his counsels and welfare

throughout his whole papacy. The last time that Innocent X left the Vatican in 1654 was when he was carried to Donna Olimpia's garden in the Trastevere. Olimpia tried to conciliate the succeeding Pope; she sent him gold vases and even asked to be allowed to kiss his feet, but the Chigi Pope sent back the presents with the message that the Vatican was not the place for women. Her rule of splendor was over, and she passed her remaining days in her villa near Viterbo.

The Countess Ciciliano tells me that the neighboring summit of Saracinesco takes its name from the fact that Virginio Orsini, returning to his principality of Vicovaro from the service of the Emperor, having taken part in the war against the Turks, permitted numerous Saracen prisoners that he had brought with him to take the lands on the summit of the mountain at the left of the Anio. Many of the families in the little hamlet of Saracinesco to-day, the Margutti, Morgante, and others, claim to descend directly from the old Saracen colonists. This is interesting because it differs widely from other accounts.

On our way home the air was quite cold, for there is another climate in these bleak Sabine Hills, but we stopped for a belated tea in a funny little hotel in Tivoli, where they gave us a luscious cake which we were told was a specialty of the town. The padrone of the house expatiated on the number of eggs taken to make the cake, and it was yellow enough for us to believe him. We have been back and forth through Tivoli many times, and one day we spent the whole afternoon amidst fern-grown ruins and fountains of that enchanted Villa d' Este.

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But I have promised to write you mostly of the villas and great country seats that have not passed into the romantic shades of ruin and bygone days, and much as I love the Villa d' Este and its beautiful fountains, its wonderful views and its enchanting atmosphere, I shall leave its description for you to read in the pages of many other volumes.

I had a charming meeting with Mon. Carolus Duran and his wife a few days ago, and we are going to spend tomorrow evening with them at the Villa Medici, to which this celebrated artist, now the Director of the French Academy, has given me permission to come as often as I like, and enjoy the wonderful gardens and their precious as well as remarkable contents.

T.

ROME, April

My dear M:

I have just come in, and rushed past all my friends, past the indefatigable tziganes musicians, in order to be quiet and keep, in all its fascination and charm, the souvenir of the evening I have just passed at that magical Villa Medici, with the Durans. Chatting of his work, of the history of the villa, pointing out to me the marble busts of the various directors of the great French Academy who have rendered such valuable services to art here at this famous villa, Mon. Duran proved himself the most delightful of hosts, and over the teacups our conversation wandered back to the events of the winter, and from the present-day festivities one could not but recall that

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on this very spot where now stands this monument to the taste, power, and glory of Cardinal Ferdinand of Medici, there once stood the great Hall of Apollo, where Lucullus feasted Cicero and Pompey at a cost of fifty thousand drachmæ. We have walked here often in the afternoon, for the great slope to which the aged Senator Pincius gave his name is still the favorite park and afternoon sojourn of the Romans of to-day. The gardens are built over the very walls of Rome, and near here stood the Sallust Villa, which was destroyed by the entering Goths. To the world in general the villa is opened but twice a week, but it has been our pleasant privilege to come here as often as we liked, and wander through the myriad perfumed paths, enjoying all the fresh essence of spring in these ideal surroundings. In 1540 Cardinal Ricci had laid the first stone of the new and beautiful villa, but its completion and perfecting were left to that Prince of the Church, who, like all of his race, had magnificent ideas, and magnificent resources with which to realize them. Made a cardinal at fifteen, young Ferdinand became the guiding hand in the papal states during the reign of Gregory XIII, and when called to be Grand Duke of Tuscany by the death of his brother Francesco, about which there are legends to which I have previously referred, an Italian author speaks of him:

“If Florence rejoiced at the coming of her Prince, Rome groaned at losing him. His disinterested character and his far-seeing intelligence made him looked upon as the most powerful personage in Rome.” With the Cardinal’s departure for his beloved Florence departed also the glories of the Villa Medici, and

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as one Grand Duke succeeded another he took from the glories of his Roman estate in order to add to those of Florence. The "Mercury," the famous "Niobe," and the Medici vase, with many pictures, left Rome never to return.

Even the Venus de' Medici was exiled to Florence because Innocent XI, in the one short month of his reign, protested to the people that the statue was an offence to modesty and morality. The immortal Galileo found an asylum here at the time when he was made to suffer before the Inquisition in 1634, and in gratitude for his asylum named the newly discovered satellites of Jupiter "Stars of the Medici." Queen Maria de' Medici, the consort of Henry IV of France, lived a part of her young life among these beautiful surroundings, and with the fading away of the great House of Medici in 1737 the Dukes of Lorraine and Austria became masters of Tuscany.

Too much is known of the artistic fame of the present Director of the French Academy for me to add more than my admiration of his work and wonderful portraits. Each year adds to his artistic creations, and I have passed a delightful evening talking of art and artists. There is a fascination and charm in the conversation of French people that scarcely has its parallel. There is a facility of expression, a euphony, together with an exactitude, that always seems clearly defined in the French language, that makes it a joy to listen to and a joy to speak.

The Villa Medici and its surroundings were seized by Napoleon, and an act of May 18, 1803, has the signature of the First Consul of the Republic, reserving the whole

AND COUNTRY SEATS

place for the benefit of the French Academy, founded originally by Louis XIV (1648), at the initiative of the Minister, Colbert. Famous names are written on the long line of marble busts on the walls of the great tapestried salons through which we passed to-night: Gaspard, Vernet, Fragonard, David, Ingres, Corot. To-day there are twenty-four students, who, having gained the Prix de Rome, are allowed to come here and live for four years; they are furnished with a studio and allowance, besides extra sums for materials and travelling. The great library hung with exquisite gobelins, as indeed are the other rooms of the castle, is decorated with a statue of Louis XIV, the donor of these precious fabrics, which were made in France from designs by Raphael.

Nothing in Rome surpasses the view from the exquisite little belvedere through which leads a walk entirely canopied and enclosed on either side by closely clipped ilexes, and many and wonderful are the Italian sunsets we have seen from this little tempietto of Nature.

“Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o’er the mountains; parting Day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till — ’tis gone — and all is gray.”

BYRON.

ITALIAN CASTLES

But to-night as we bade good-bye to our host and hostess, and the massive door of beaten iron clanged together, the moonlight flickered across the open courtyard and caught the jets of the rising water from the fountain in the centre. The perfumes of the oleanders and magnolias made the air heavy. The statue of the dreaming Eros could be discerned but dimly, and as I stepped down, between the two great lions, on to the gravelled walk, the roses that enclose the beautiful Apollo seemed to send me their still more delicate and ephemeral odors. Ever the fountain splashed on and on over its wonderful water plants, and as the moon went on her way, the stars grew brighter and more numerous. I was indeed surrounded by the beauties of Italy, but the atmosphere of France was paramount, and I seemed to hear through the music of the fountain, the soft running notes of Gabriel Faure's, "*Au Claire de la Lune*," and to understand more clearly than ever before the mystic melody of that poetical musician. Others of his melodies, "*Extase*," and the general sense of his musical thought, came home to me more realistically than ever before. The memory of the Villa Medici will always be one of moonlight, of rippling fountains, of sweet perfumes, and soft evening breezes. I entered my carriage as if in a trance, and fled from the clanging tziganes to be at peace with you and my pen. Italy, Italy! Surely I can sing with Byron to-night:

"Italia, thou who hast the fatal gift of beauty."

T.

ROME, April

My dear M:

Dr. Shearer persuaded us to go down to-day to Ostia ("River Mouth"), to which there is no railroad, but which we found easily with the motor. We came not so much to see the ruined town with its picturesque columns, as to go over the many-sided castello which Julius II (when he was Cardinal della Rovere) had built by Baccio Pontelli and Giulio da Sangallo in 1483. Peruzzi is supposed to have adorned it with frescoes, of which now no trace remains. From whichever point you approach the castle, its walls seem to be at an angle, and we climbed to the tower, from which there is an extensive and beautiful view over the Campagna and toward the sea. We could see plainly the Castel Porziano, the Royal Hunting-lodge, in the midst of a beautiful pine forest, where the King and Queen often come in spring for a few days' rest in the country after the fatigue of a Roman season. In summer the Royal Family generally go to Valdieri, the Royal farm, near Turin, where the Queen often dispenses with her Lady-in-Waiting and lives an absolutely simple out-of-door country life. These are happy months for the King and Queen, when they can be absolutely free from the arduous duties of the court. No one by any chance is received, and there is nothing but Nature, sunshine, flowers, and a complete rest; and I am told that Their Majesties look forward with keen anticipation to these six weeks every year in the country. The late summer and autumn months are usually passed at Rac-

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conigi, also near Turin. The château dates from the time of Henry IV of France, but there are walls of stone which recall a more ancient period. Racconigi was originally a monastery, but was afterwards a fortress of considerable importance. In the sixteenth century it was converted into a palace, and it is only in late years that an attempt has been made to equip the interior with the comforts and luxuries of the present day. It was the favorite residence of Charles Albert.¹ The park and gardens were designed by Le Nôtre, and Queen Elena is very fond of Racconigi and with her children enjoys riding and other out-of-door amusements in the park. It was at Racconigi that the little Prince of Piedmont was born, and it occupies with the Royal Family of Italy a similar place to that of Sandringham with Queen Alexandra of England.

But to return to Ostia. The town lost its importance when Pope Paul V reopened the right arm of the Tiber at Porto in 1612. Under Leo IV the Saracens in 847 sustained a signal defeat here, which Raphael has represented in his wonderful Stanze in the Vatican. After going over the castle of the warlike Julius, we went on to see the ruins of the ancient city. The colonnaded court, what was once the Forum, the substructure of a temple, are all interesting, but most picturesque is the well-preserved and fine ancient street, with rows of pillars on each side, which leads to a handsome and conspicuous temple, the only edifice of ancient Ostia that remained unburied throughout the Middle Ages.

¹ King of Sardinia, father of Victor Emmanuel II.



T. R. H. THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT, PRINCESSES
JOLANDA AND MAFALDA



THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING VICTOR
EMMANUEL III AND QUEEN ELENA

AND COUNTRY SEATS

To-night we had a very jolly dinner. F. B. had asked Dr. Shearer, and I had invited a number of other friends, Prince Bartolomeo Ruspoli, the Duke of Rivera, who has offered us kindly assistance in our journeys in the Abruzzi Mountains, where he has castles, and a charming and celebrated young Italian author, Signor Diego Angeli. Signor Angeli is one of the most cultured of Italian literati, and I have enjoyed my talks with him so much this winter. F. B., too, has appreciated his company, as he speaks delightful English. I was not quite so conspicuous as you might think, as the one woman of this circle of men, but the dinner was hastily arranged, and there was not time for me to make up a table formally. In any case this sort of dinner is often given by the hostesses of Rome, and I enjoyed the conversation of these clever men very much.

T.

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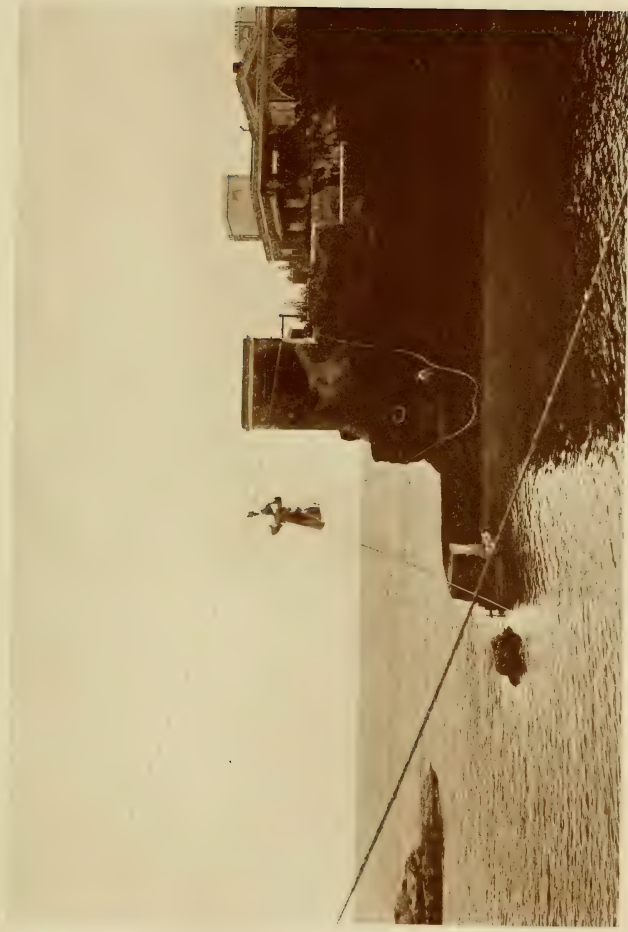
NAPLES, April

My dear M:

ONCE again our partings and good-byes were made somewhat easier from the fact that Dr. Shearer, our charming English friend, who won from the Oxford University a fellowship, and who has been some ten years or more following out his scientific studies at the wonderful Aquarium of Naples, decided to go with us from Rome to Naples, where he has a charming villa. I am looking forward to seeing his island home, for the photographs he has shown me of its fantastic approach in a little chair, which is swung by pulleys on an iron rope, from the shore across the sea to the landing-place on the island, looks unique and interesting in the extreme. It seemed as if my P.P.C. cards would never be finished, but with patience all things are possible, and at last they are done. My good-byes to beloved Rome are made, and numerous promises to return given.

Naples we have found fascinating and delightful as ever. Dr. Shearer carried us off to a restaurant to-day, on the hills above Posilipo, where he gave us wonderful wine, which F. B. appreciated better than I.

This afternoon we drove out to Solfatara to see the famous amphitheatre, which is one of the best preserved in existence, and where one can see the arrangements for the ancient mimic naval battles



VILLA OF DR. SHEARER NEAR NAPLES

AND COUNTRY SEATS

better than anywhere else, the great holes through which water was allowed to come, being in better preservation than elsewhere. We also walked over the steaming ground of the now quiet crater of the old volcano of Solfatara, and the guard started the whole place in smoke and flames, by lighting a match close to the little puffs of smoke that come constantly from the side hill. It was very interesting, but a little too calorific to be really amusing, and we did not linger. The ground sounds hollow in every direction, but the only recorded eruption from this place of fearful appearance was in the year 1198.

The visit to the villa was interesting and exciting, and it has been pleasant to find Count Cesnola here with Dr. Shearer. They are great friends and are living together. The doctor has cordially asked us to come and stay with him, but we are eager to get to Palermo in time for the automobile race, and must leave here soon direct for Palermo. We have seen with Dr. Shearer's guidance a great many interesting churches, monuments, and unusually interesting things that the average traveller misses, and that are not found in guide-books. Possibly I shall have time to write to-morrow. We shall probably have an audience with T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Aosta either one day soon, or when we return to Naples before sailing, for Their Royal Highnesses are living here in the Palace of Capo di Monte. The Duke of Ascoli told me he would arrange it when he saw us in Rome. The Duchess is a beautiful woman, much beloved here in Italy. You remember she is a sister of H.M. Queen Amélie of Portugal and H.R.H. the

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Infanta Louisa of Spain. If the Duchess is as charming to me as her sisters have been, my meeting with her should be very pleasant. The Duke is a very handsome, and I should judge, a very attractive man. Good-bye for this time. Much love to all at home.

T.



H. R. H. COUNT OF
TURIN



H. R. H. DUKE OF
THE ABRUZZI



H. R. H. DUCHESS OF
AOSTA

Born Hélène of France



H. R. H. DUKE OF
AOSTA

PALERMO, SICILY, April

My dear M:

WE had been carefully advised to go from Naples to Reggio; from Reggio, to take the convenient little ferry over to Messina, and from Messina to take the railway which runs along the coast of the Tyrrhenian Sea to Palermo; but in our case, as with most people, good advice went a-begging, because I was very desirous to see the Targa Florio, the name given to the great automobile race which is being directed and financed by young Cav. Vincenzo Florio, so we came directly here by boat from Naples.

We found delightfully comfortable rooms in this new "Hotel Excelsior," in a pretty part of what I already find to be a fascinating and beautiful city, and I have left my cards and sent the letters of introduction given me by various friends in Rome.

Palermo is a great surprise to me. I shall never forget our entrance into the harbor with the morning light, for an amphitheatre of great, imposing mountains makes the circle from Monte Pellegrino, on the one side, to Monte Catalfano, on the other, enclosing this wonderful fertile plain, called very properly the "Shell of Gold" (Conca d' Oro). Palermo is indeed well named "La Felice" (The Fortunate). We had planned to stay here but a few days, but already the Sicilian fascination is upon me, and I feel sure we shall prolong our visit far beyond the ap-

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pointed time. I believe it is often quite warm here in May, but fortunately for us, it is a late season, and this morning we have been riding for miles by lemon and orange trees, and strolling through the exquisite gardens of the Villa Tasca. There is nothing like beauties of Nature to enliven one's spirits, and a more lovely view than that to be had from the little tempietto in the great park of the Villa Tasca cannot be imagined. On the one side there seemed to lie limitless orange and lemon groves, while on the other black and white swans glided gracefully over the little lake, which is surrounded on all sides by extensive gardens, the luxuriance of which I have never before seen equalled. Flowers of every season, and trees of every sort, seem to flourish all at once, and as we drove back to the town we went through another wonderful garden, which is now a public park called the Villa Giulia; so called from Donna Giulia Guevara, wife of the Viceroy of the time when the gardens were first laid out (1777). Again the paths are lined with wonderful flowering shrubs, and the whole atmosphere is pervaded with the aromatic perfumes of the orange and the lemon blossoms. From here we had our first glimpse of the snowy cone of Mount Etna from a little platform at one corner of the garden. As we drove out from this place of flowery wonders, I noticed with surprise that the name of the street was "Via Lincoln"; but it seems that throughout Sicily there is the greatest admiration for our famous President, and through the influence of the Marchese di Rudini (Marchese Carlo's father), the ancient name of the main street of several towns in Sicily

has been changed to that of the American President. The man who stood for the freedom of men, and the freedom of thought, must indeed have appealed to the Sicilians, whose history is the history practically of the world; for the Trinacria was the pearl of the Mediterranean, and from the earliest days has been struggled for, bled for, and devastated for its treasures by each succeeding race that came to power in the world's history. It is really the connecting link not only of the East and the West, but of the North and the South, and has been the meeting-place and battleground for race against race. While tolerance existed here in the most remarkable degree over a long period of years, Sicily was at last given over to the wretched Inquisition, and to the persecution of the people of one creed by the people of another. But, as there have been fierce times, struggles, and bloodshed, so there have been times of peace and prosperity; and as physical surroundings must in the end prove superior to the mental attitude of one generation or another, in the moulding of a nation's character, the greatest heritage, after all, of the Sicilian of to-day, who has the blood of the Moslems, the Greeks, the Romans, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Saracens, and something, perhaps, of the early Siculans, is the glory of the land in which he was born, to whose influence all these varying races have succumbed, and by it been moulded in a way to become a part of the Trinacria.

We have been here only a day, yet the atmosphere seems to be that of happiness shining through the clouds of past misery. The ragged little urchins on

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the "calla" dance and shriek with joy, and their eyes, which a moment before have been sad almost to sullenness, sparkle with delight as you toss them a few pennies in passing. The gay little carts which recall the days of the Greek tragedy in their crude fantastic paintings on the sides, always representing some scene on the stage, the bright kerchiefs of the peasants, the fantastic "gear" that is cleverly arranged in all colors of the rainbow on the saddle backs of the patient donkeys, all reflect Nature's command to be merry despite the evils of the past, or the sorrows of to-day.

My letters from Sicily will give you only my own experiences, which I feel are going to be of the happiest; because to do Sicily justice, one must live here long, and study much to understand and appreciate all that the island means to-day, and has meant in its great, glorious, and historic past. I cannot understand why more people do not come to Sicily, and why we have so few books about it. It is very satisfying in the history of the world that Sicily has come to be a part of glorious Italy, for the Siculi, from whom the island is supposed to take its name, are thought to have come from that very town in Latium where we have been so recently, and from which the Countess Theodoli, I told you, takes her title Ciciliano. The Sicilian archæologists think that it was from this vicinity in Italy that Sicily was first peopled, and give as their reason the similarity of words and sounds, such as the favorite Sicilian final "ù" to ancient Campanian and Etruscan names, such as *custrumeriù*, *cameriù*, *vulturnù*, *tusculù*, the similarity of their burial customs, etc.; but there are other people who say that it

was called first Sicania, from the Sicanians, who inhabited it long before the people of Latium emigrated to its shores; for shores they were by that time, though the island is but a detached fragment of the great Apennine range, its rocks being precisely similar to those forming the parallel range of Aspromonte in Calabria, both of them being surrounded by sedimentary strata belonging to an early tertiary epoch. The south coast, which is destitute of natural harbors and lies almost in a straight line, was probably once connected with Africa by a tableland, of which the flat Malta Islands and the Lampedusa and the Ægadian Islands are remains.

During forty centuries Sicily has certainly been a living furnace of human activity, where every people of every civilization have had their abode, and have left traces of their passage in works of art, with the result that Sicily is not only a wonderful archæological museum, but a marvellous panorama of the history of the world, framed by Nature's most glorious setting. Though many authorities would have us believe that the dawn of Sicilian civilization preceded the arrival of the invading Greeks, the original inhabitants of the island doubtless owed their more perfect enlightenment to the new masters of the island.

I read in a book this morning, "To know Europe one must know Italy," but I am beginning to feel that to know Italy one must know Sicily, and I fear that it will be a long time before I shall know even a small part of what I want to of this beautiful island.

T.

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PALERMO, SICILY, April

My dear M:

We have had a very interesting and unusual experience to-day, and I proved the value of my permission from His Majesty to photograph the various Royal Villas of Italy. On inquiry we found that it was necessary to go first to the Royal Palace. I asked where I could see the official of the "Amminis-trazione della Real Casa." The old guard looked rather surprised, but indicated a stairway, and gave corridor directions. We found a very amiable middle-aged gentleman, installed in an elegant private office on the first floor, and to him I presented my precious paper, with the request that I be allowed to make photographs at once of the Royal Palace, and also in the afternoon, if possible, of the Royal Villa Favorita. Evidently permissions are most rare. The official, asking us to be seated, read the paper not less than three times from one end to the other; but the signature of Count Ponzo Vaglia, the Grand Master of the Household of the King of Italy, is sufficiently characteristic and well known not to be misunderstood, and at last the old official took off his glasses, put down the paper, and with an exclamation said, "There seems to be nothing for me to do but to make out the permits for you. May I ask who you are, and for what purpose you wish the pictures? This is a most unusual permission."

I explained the gracious interest which Her Majesty Queen Elena had taken in my first Italian book, and the kindness and generosity which His Majesty had now



Umberto



Jolanda



Mafalda



Giovanna

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT

H. R. H. THE PRINCESS JOLANDA

H. R. H. THE PRINCESS MAFALDA

H. R. H. THE PRINCESS GIOVANNA

*The Royal Children of Italy, autographed and
presented to Mrs. Batcheller by
H. M. Queen Elena*

shown me in regard to the second volume. The old gentleman became very affable, proved to be from Florence, and with Tuscan grace bowed me out of the room, giving his instructions to the guide to allow me to make my photographs when and as I pleased; saying at the same time that he would send word to the Villa Favorita, and he felt sure on presentation of a card which he had written for me (scattering fine sand in the old-fashioned way, for blotting), I should have no difficulty in making whatever pictures I desired there.

The Royal Palace of Palermo is in part of Saracenic origin. Additions were made by Robert Guiscard, King Roger, the "Bad" and the "Good" William, Frederick II, and the unfortunate Manfred; but with all these changes of time, men, and architecture, it still keeps a certain trace of the defensive structure. Of course the most beautiful thing in the palace is the wonderful Cappella Palatina, which was built before 1130 by King Roger II in the Arabic-Norman style and dedicated to St. Peter. It is an exquisite jewel of mosaic decoration, and one of the finest examples of mediæval art in the world. The glass mosaics representing scenes from the lives of Christ and St. Peter are on a golden ground, and the whole place radiates with Oriental splendor.

The floor is laid in wonderful designs done in porphyry, marble, and "verde antico." The Royal Throne bears still the arms of Aragon, but those of Savoy have now been added. The whole effect is beautiful and brilliant to the point of bewilderment. There are some other wonderful mosaics in another part of the

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palace called the Stanza di Ruggero, where the walls are inlaid with mosaic of the Norman period, and stately peacocks ornament different parts of the wall.

Queen Elena's bedroom, of which I took a picture, is done in delicate blue, a color which contrasts charmingly with the ebony of the furniture. From the flat roof we had a most wonderful view of Palermo, its great cathedral, and beyond, the harbor with its great Mount Pellegrino, that seems like an enormous watchdog guarding the city. The port, with its many boats, is like a cinematograph in its movement, and farther on, the palace of La Zisa, with its yellow colorings, adds a picturesque note to the scene. Just below are the Royal Gardens, and to the southeast the five quaint domes of the church of San Giovanni degli Eremiti (St. John of the Hermits). Beyond the church is the tall green cypress grove of the Campo Santo, and to the other side of this beautiful conch shell of gold Mount Catalfano juts out into the sea. What with my pictures, and our joy at the view, the morning had soon sped away, and we had time on our way home to go only to what had so much attracted us in the view — the Church of St. John of the Hermits. The building was originally a mosque. Under the Normans the entire structure was used as a burial-place for nobility, and only a few traces of the frescoes of the twelfth century are now visible. Adjoining the church are the most lovely half-ruined cloisters, now ablaze with roses of every hue and flowers of many kinds. Nature and her darlings seem to have run riot among the graceful columns that support the arches of the cloisters.

AND COUNTRY SEATS

LATER. — If Italy is full of surprises, Sicily is more so. Nothing in all our journeys has in any way resembled this fascinating little Villa of the Favorita where we have been this afternoon. Situated in the broad plain, surrounded by a vast and beautiful park at the foot of Mount Pellegrino, this tiny Chinese dwelling seems like a bit of China which had by some good fortune dropped into this garden unbroken and unharmed. "La Palazzina" was built during the first sojourn in Sicily of the Bourbon court (1798-1802) by Ferdinand IV, who, flying from the troops of General Championnet, took refuge in Palermo. The celebrated Maria Carolina, Ferdinand's queen, who, it is said, dominated her Royal Consort, arranged in this miniature palace fêtes and balls, as souvenirs of her lost kingdoms. The whole building is completely Chinese, and so interested were we as we approached from the long shaded parkway, lined with orange trees, that I did not notice the elderly servant of the Royal Household until I heard him say, "Excuse me, Excellency, is this the American authoress that is to take the pictures?" I suppose the "Amministrazione della Reale Casa" at the palace had telephoned, because all the guides lined up most formally to bow us into the gate of this Chinese fairyland. On entering, we went first of all down a small stairway into the subterranean dance hall of charming proportions. This long narrow room, which has seen so many brilliant balls, is decorated in Louis XVI style, and has not a window, being made only for evening festivities. The room is hung with interesting old engravings and water-colors of that

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time, and to one side is a little room for the inevitable buffet.

Then by an out-of-door staircase we went up to the first floor, where there is a magnificent reception hall, the sides of which are decorated with panels of beautiful Chinese embroidery. Opening out of this is an unusual, but rather attractive room called the bed-chamber of the King, and here the frescoes represent tiny Chinese figures that seem to be looking over a balustrade encircling the ceiling of the room. The conceit is well carried out and fanciful in the extreme. In this playhouse of Royalty there was no room for servants and servitors, and in the dining-room, which is fitted with a round table for six people only, there is an ingenious arrangement by which any one of the six plates, at the ringing of the right bell, is drawn down by a mechanical device to the kitchen below, refilled, garnished, made delectable by busy cooks, and with a second stroke of the bell sent up steaming hot before the person whose wishes needed attention. Each place had its own bell of a special ring, so that each person could send his plate separately to the kitchen if desired. Truly an ideal system for a dinner "a quattro occhi" (for four eyes), but not so important for six. On the floor above was the suite of the Queen, consisting of a dear little Turkish salon, the furnishings of which were presented by the Sultan of Turkey, and out of which led a Pompeian bedroom. Dainty stucco enclosed the portraits of the children of the Queen, done in Pompeian style, and under each one were affectionate inscriptions indicating the nicknames of the beloved children — "La mia

Gioia" (My Joy), "La mia Speranza" (My Hope), etc. Climbing still higher to the rotunda at the top, we had another wonderful view of the city of Palermo as far as the bays of Sferracavallo and Mondello. Chinese artists came from Peking to decorate this pleasure-house of Ferdinand, and the paintings in the little cardroom outside the dining-room are exceptionally lovely and give one unusual and interesting pictures of the costumes of the Chinese women of rank.

This morning I had a very charming note of welcome from Donna Franca Florio, who asked me to tea with her this afternoon. Of course she is very much interested, like the rest of her family, in the great automobile race which comes off very soon. I was also interested in seeing her photographs of her last journey to Sweden and Norway. The Villa Florio, as one would expect, since Florio is the richest man in Sicily, is very elegant, and the exquisite little villa, in one part of these Florio grounds, Donna Franca pointed out to me as her tea house; otherwise I should have thought it a little palace (*palazzino*). If the Sicilian highways and fields are loaded down with all kinds of flowers, you may imagine that the private grounds of Signor Florio in their beauty are something not soon to be forgotten. We only caught a glimpse of them to-day, but that glimpse was many hued and beautiful; however, we are to be with Donna Franca again to-morrow, for she is to take me to the opening of a charity bazaar, given under her patronage by the orphan children that are reared by Sicilian nuns in the religious school here in Palermo.

Donna Franca is a handsome woman, tall and

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well-built, with much more vivacity than many of the stately Italian women. She is a Sicilian by birth, and her animation is a characteristic of the people of her native island. Prince Prospero Colonna was one of the party to-day. Duke Tagliapietro, with one or two other Sicilian men, came in as I was leaving. Who should greet me at the hotel to-night but Prince Potenziani, who with the Princess has come for the races. As we have to start very early to-morrow morning, in spite of my protests, I shall not write more to-night.

T.

PALERMO, April

My dear M:

The automobile race was what I suppose all automobile races would be for me, rather disillusioning. We left early this morning, and rode to the little town of Buonfornello in the special train that carried all the automobile enthusiasts who had not departed on the 3 A.M. train before. In our compartment was the director of the Itala manufactory in Turin. He wore a tiny automobile in diamonds in his cravat, and Madame pinned her elaborate automobile veil with a large diamond motor. He told us a good deal that was interesting of his work for the success of the Itala machine.

Everything about the Targa Florio was very well arranged. On the arrival of the train, we were all directed up and over a bridge which prevented any one's crossing the course. So far as we could see the



Franca Florio

DONNA FRANCA FLORIO

Lady-of-the-Palace of H. M. Queen Elena

road was very fine, but in many places back in the mountains there were sharp and dangerous turns, and giddy heights to be traversed up and down. With faith in my "Antonio" I fully believed the FIAT would win, and it did, though it had worthy competitors in the Itala, Mercedes, Renault, Napier — all good machines. There seemed to be a superfluity of boxes in the grandstand, and while I was searching for the number of the one for which we were supposed to have paid, Signor Tito Ricordi came up to me, and explained that I could take the one that pleased me best. He joined us for our picnic luncheon, and we passed a pleasant day watching the various cars literally skim past the grandstand. On the opposite side of the road were Donna Franca and the Princess Trabia, who came down in their motor, but there was not much time for visiting, and certainly it was impossible to safely cross the course, for every few moments two pistol shots in quick succession announced an approaching car. A cloud of dust, a whiz — and it was gone; or, as in one or two cases, the whiz grew suddenly slower, and the car drew up under one of the sheds, where the necessary repairs, changing of tires, were made by numerous workmen, drilled and equipped for the purpose, with a speed and exactitude that was amazing.

But after ten or fifteen cars had passed, and after the big FIAT had come in on its last round considerably ahead of the other machines, my interest began to flag. Unfortunately I was not alone in this feeling, and when Signor Tito Ricordi took us to the train, we found about twice as many people on the

platform as the train was likely to hold. In about two seconds after the cars drew up to the station every available seat was taken, but F. B. and I concluded to stand up on the outside platform of one of the aisle cars, while Signor Ricordi preferred to wait until the next train. As we stood admiring the wonderful Sicilian sunset, which seemed to bathe in a golden glory the fair country on each side of the railway that is lined with great hedges of green cactus interspersed with scarlet geraniums, a gentleman came to me and in excellent English said, "Madame, I have found a seat for you in the train, if you will kindly come with me." I accepted this courtesy, and as I entered the compartment all seven of the gentlemen rose and bowed while I took the eighth place. I had never seen this person before, but presently he brought F. B. and one of the other men rose and gave him his seat. This is a part of Sicilian courtesy, I suppose, for yesterday, when we took a short walk to the Museum, a nice-looking young man, of whom F. B. inquired the way, doffed his hat, and walked with us to the Museum door, thanking us for allowing him to show us the way when we reached there.

The papers announce also a wonderful motor boat race which is to include the circle of the island of Sicily, but I doubt if we shall see much of it, though I think it starts from the beautiful Villa Igiea, where we went the other day for tea. The drive out to the hotel is attractive, and tea on the terrace, amidst flowers and perfumes, with the ever lovely view of the harbor of Palermo, is altogether enjoyable. Their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra had



T. M. KING EDWARD VII AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA OF ENGLAND
During their visit to Palermo, Sicily

luncheon there the other day, and I send you a picture of the Royal yachting party. The King and Queen are travelling supposedly *incognito*, and there will be no festivities in their honor, but three British gunboats in the harbor make the *incognito* reasonably safe. Signor Florio has placed his automobiles at the disposal of the Royal visitors. Queen Alexandra is looking as beautiful as ever, and His Majesty is, as always, gracious, and both are interested in all interesting things.

It is very much warmer, and in spite of the many things I have to do here, I have found time to discover a delightful French hat shop, and I missed you on my "hatting" excursion. One would hardly think of going to Palermo for French creations in hats, but I really found some lovely models, and feel much more appropriate in my spring flowers than I should in hot felts in this flowery island.

To-morrow morning we are going to get in a little sight-seeing, for Baron Lo Monaco and the Marchese Montemayor are coming to lunch, and every minute of the next few days is to be occupied with friends. I wish I could send you some of the wonderful tangerine oranges that are so plentiful here in Sicily. We have a great many at home, I know, but the taste is not the same. They mix the pomegranate and tangerine in a way that produces a most delicious flavor, and I have never eaten the equal of these Palermo oranges. This evening we have taken a stroll through the main street, Ruggiero Settimo, which is, like the Corso of Rome, the promenade of the Palmertans between the hours of five-thirty and seven. The

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Sicilians love their carriages and liveries in the same way as the Spanish, and we have seen a number of very handsome dark-eyed women in the carriages that have been up and down the promenade late this afternoon.

T.

PALERMO, SICILY, May

My dear M:

To-day has been another day full of interest, and we have just come in from tea, which we were invited to take with Count and Countess Lanza di Mazzarino in their wonderful palace in the Via Ruggiero Settimo.

On the way back from the cathedral this morning we drove through the old quarters of Palermo, where the people have their little stoves at one side of their front doors and cook their food in the open air. The close iron bars of fanciful pattern before every window on every story of a convent that we passed spoke of the tempestuous times in days gone by when advancing armies made nothing of ruining a convent and its inmates.

The street scenes of Palermo are rather more picturesque than anywhere we have yet been; there are so many different types of humanity. Some of the people of the streets have light blue eyes and golden hair, which speaks plainly of their Norman ancestry, while other urchins seem to be veritable little Arabs in their Oriental coloring and litheness of movement. The itinerant cooks that we see occasionally in the streets of Naples are very common here in Palermo,

but there are many other itinerant sellers: a bakery on wheels, a boot hawker who carries his bamboo with boots hung on it, water sellers with water barrels on a trolley drawn by a donkey, sellers of cloths with their goods done up in a dust sheet and piled upon their heads.

Everything must be decorative in Sicily. Nature has given every possible right to believe in color and brilliancy. Even the water seller walks round with a brightly painted table, with brass mountings, on which tumblers and bottles of syrup are arranged, and in a twinkling of an eye a delicious drink is prepared for the passer-by. But the most striking of all things Sicilian are the carts, seemingly used for all purposes by the peasants. They are unlike those of any other nationality, and in their elaborate coloring and careful decoration sometimes might almost be called works of art. They are little two-wheeled vehicles with high sides, each of which is divided into two parts. They are generally painted yellow, with red, blue, and green decorations on the dividing lines. The two spaces on each side are painted with scenes from plays or from subjects of mythological lore: The Rape of Europa, The Burning of Troy, The Retreat from Moscow, The Coronation of King Roger, The Landing of the Thousand at Marsala, and so on. Family pictures, attacks of brigands, are also to be found in these weird pictures. I am told that these carts sometimes cost as much as two hundred fifty lire, and I asked how these poor people, many of whom cannot read and write, should know anything about the Rape of Europa or the Retreat from Moscow. My answer

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was that the public story-teller (*contastorie*) is still very much in evidence in Sicily, and indeed a little group near the Porto was pointed out to me attentively listening to a man who was talking with many gestures and much enthusiasm, hoping by the interest of his story to earn the few centesimi that would be his due when he had finished.

The people here are devoted to the little *marinette* theatres, where they hear the whole of the Charlemagne epic. Indeed, there are nine of these little places in Palermo, well patronized by the poor people, who cannot afford the larger playhouses and their comfortable seats. The little carts are used mostly for carrying countless orange and lemon cases from the vineyards surrounding Palermo to the docks, from which they are shipped to foreign countries. They are also used with boards put across the middle of the cart to carry the Sicilian, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts on festal occasions. How one little donkey, laden down with a harness that literally sparkles with brass nails, and is decorated with feathers of every hue of the rainbow, can carry all this load and spin along over the road, as he always seems to, is incomprehensible to me. I have great respect for a donkey. I wonder why people are called asses when they are supposed to be stupid. It seems to me that a donkey is a very intelligent animal. They seem to be quite conscious of the fact that they are dressed up, and prance about, shaking the tall tuft of scarlet feathers on their bridles, and making the bells attached to the enormous saddle-piece of plumes jingle in response to their liveliness. The springs of the small

carts are worked in floral designs, painted in many colors, and though nearly lost to sight bear close examination, and are really sometimes very pretty. Even the great dock drays have the small portion of wood forming their sides painted and decorated in brilliant colors.

Just before we drove back to the hotel we passed a troop of Bersaglieri marching toward the large barracks. No soldiers are more picturesque than these "crack" riflemen of the Italian army. They are picked men physically, and their ordinary march is what most soldiers would term a double quickstep. As they passed us in the breeze, their flying cock feathers, ruddy, healthy-looking faces, and their swinging motion made really a lovely picture. This corps of soldiers was organized by General Alessandro Lamarmora, in 1836, and I remember I saw a statue erected in his honor in Turin.

At luncheon to-day the gallant gentleman of the railway was brought up by Montemayor, and presented to me. Mr. William Fog sounds very English for Sicily, but I believe his father is of English descent. We are to see him in Catania, where he is the director of the large sulphur industries, sulphur being one of Sicily's principal exports.

My experience with Donna Franca was very interesting. We started together from her villa this afternoon, and drove directly to the charity fair at the Bocca dei Poveri. She led me into a small room where the nuns, and numerous ladies, of the committee I suppose, were awaiting her arrival. The little children sang a short song, with fresh melodious

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voices; Donna Franca expressed her gratification at the work prepared by the children for this fair, and spoke a few pleasant words of encouragement to the Sister Superior, who now led the way to the hall, where examples of the various arts and crafts taught by the nuns to these orphan children were shown. As we filed into the hall, Donna Franca presented me to the various ladies, among whom I recall particularly a very sweet-faced blonde, who gave me her card, smilingly saying that her name (Duchess Giampilieri) was difficult to remember. I was surprised at the perfection of the lace made by these little girls. Much of the embroidery was beautifully done, and it must have taken many months of long and patient labor to complete so large a number of pretty fancy articles. I was very glad to get some of the lace in these Sicilian patterns. After a look about the hall, we all went out into the open courtyard of this convent school, where we took tickets in a lottery. A tiny book of "First Communion" and a daintily embroidered handkerchief came to me from the various numbers. Presently Princess Trabia with Countess Mazzarino arrived, and a little later Signor Florio and Prince and Princess Potenziani. Nothing could be more courteous and charming than the greetings of the Princess Trabia and the Countess Mazzarino. Two more attractive women I have not met in a very long time. After we had done full justice to the school, and to the scholars, who were allowed to assemble on an upper terrace, and smilingly beamed down in childish enthusiasm upon their benefactresses, Countess Mazzarino insisted upon taking me off to tea with her. Her

palace is a wonder-house filled with the rarest collections of porcelains, statuary, tapestries, and other glories of the collector's dreams. I had heard often of the palace and of the Count and Countess, but the personality of my host and hostess so far outshone even their wonderful collections, that to-day I have only had a glance at the treasures that this stately, severe palace contains. It is said that the Emperor of Germany came to tea with Count Mazzarino on his recent visit to Sicily, and on leaving made the remark: "It will be pleasant to see you in Berlin, but I fear I shall have nothing to show you that can equal your own treasures here in your own palace." King Edward has broken through his rigid incognito so far as to go with Queen Alexandra for a very private tea with the Count and Countess Mazzarino.

We are to go this evening to Princess Trabia, and I am happy to say that the Countess Mazzarino invited me again to-morrow, and indeed has shown such a charming *simpatia* for me that I look upon her as a prospective friend already. At tea the Potenziani and Donna Franca joined us, and another very pretty woman of Palermo in the person of the Princess Cutò, who I am told is a Pole, and the wife of a Sicilian deputy to the Parliament at Rome. We were all amused by the photographs of the recent amateur tableaux and theatricals, which this little circle of noblewomen of Palermo gave for the benefit of some local charity. Donna Franca made a very lovely sun, and the Greek draperies quite suited her stately type of beauty. It is time to dress, and I will write to-morrow.

T.

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PALERMO, May

My dear M:

Palermo is certainly a city of wonders! We have often driven by the long and unusual-looking palace of the Princess Trabia, which fronts directly on the Marina, but to drive by is one thing, and to be a guest quite another. The reception which Princess Trabia gave last evening was very enjoyable, though her invitation had merely been to "come at ten o'clock for a cup of tea." Her palace is larger than that of Count Mazzarino, and vies in elegance and beauty in its equipment. While F. B. was amused at a table of bridge, Princess Trabia was kind enough to take me all about her beautiful home. I send you a photograph of her bedroom, which is so elegant that Prince Potenziani, who made the tour with us, laughingly asked the Princess if the exquisite cupids that adorn the walls did not prevent her from going to sleep by their beauty and fascination. Among her many treasures, the Princess showed me the most marvellous coral embroideries done on cloth-of-gold of a sort I have never seen before.

Donna Franca did not come last night, but there were other ladies of Palermo; Prince Viggiano from Rome, and one or two other friends, enthusiasts of the recent race, were also among the guests. Not one small attention that could make me feel at home was forgotten. Nearly all Sicilians speak good English, but none better than the Princess Trabia, who was born a Florio, and is a sister of the husband of Donna Franca. Count Mazzarino is of the Lanza family



*Livia Lanza
d Mazzarino*

COUNTESS MAZZARINO

Lady-of-the-Palace of H. M. Queen Margherita

also, and I surely have been admitted to the charmed circle of this charming island.

A garden of the gods it surely is, and is rightfully famed for its climate as well as its beauty. I picked up only to-day a book whose title was "Sicily as a Health Resort," and the proportion of fine days throughout the year was two hundred twenty-nine. The thermometer rarely drops, even in winter, below fifty-two degrees, and rarely goes above eighty, and so far as our experience goes the Sicilian climate is, to use a Sicilian term, "incantevole" (enchanting).

The Princess Trabia has some of the finest jewels in Europe. She is a Lady-of-the-Palace of Queen Elena, and at the court balls she is always greatly admired, for she is beautiful with a beauty of line and intelligence, and I find on inquiry that I am not in error in my reading of her character, for everyone speaks of her in the highest praise. She was married when a young girl, and last night I met three of her stalwart, handsome sons, to whom she seems more like a sister than a mother, for Italian women seem never to grow old. Prince Trabia talked with me very entertainingly about America, about my winter in Rome, where I have become so fond of his sister, Princess Giustiniani Bandini, and expressed his great interest in my prospective book. It has been a delightful evening, and I hope to see much more of the Princess and her family before we leave Palermo. . . .

We are going out now for a drive to Monreale, and this afternoon I am going first to the Countess Mazzarino and later to Donna Franca. More anon.

T.

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LATER. — We have just come in from the opera, which was finely given, in the great opera house here. The people are wildly enthusiastic, and show their love inherited throughout the centuries for the play. The opera was new and by a Sicilian composer. It was supported, as, indeed, all the music must be, by the Trabias and the Florios, and it seems to be a great success.

My day with the Countess Mazzarino was, if possible, more charming than the first, and I enjoyed talking of Sicily, its history, past and present, with Count Mazzarino, who is a delightful gentleman of the distinctly Norman type. He was most kind in helping me to take numerous pictures of his wonderful palace, and explaining to me some of the peculiarities of its decoration. I think nowhere but here, except in the palace of Versailles, is to be found at the present day the use of candles in beautiful wrought-bronze holders over each door of the great reception salons of a palace.

The great soft square cushions placed in the centre of these large rooms and covered with beautiful embroideries are another French feature of this Sicilian palace. One room is hung with long, broad panels, which at first glance seem to be tapestry, but which on examination proved to be the most wonderful Sicilian embroideries done in colors of silk in the Sicilian stitches which we know as Kensington, and with a fineness and perfection of form and color that I have never seen before. They far surpassed all the embroideries in the Museum. It is useless for me to try to tell you of the numerous and varied porcelains,



BED ROOM OF THE PRINCESS TRABIA, PALAZZO BUTERA, PALERMO

rare Chinese vases, and no end of wonderful pieces of bric-a-brac that decorate this treasure-house of Palermo.

I have never met a European gentleman who speaks as perfect English as Count Mazzarino, who has just sent me a collection of books about Sicily, which will be invaluable to me. I send you a picture of the great entrance hall of his palace, which is so divided by the arrangement of furniture as to seem to be two or three rooms, and the great Minerva presides majestically over the whole apartment. I must say I love the big spacious rooms of these great old palaces of Europe. They are so high, one is never lacking fresh air, and the question of heating has been solved by the French calorifer, so that once these great stone houses are heated in the autumn they never get cold again until the fires go out in the spring.

Count Mazzarino told me that King Edward and Queen Alexandra were most gracious, and seemed much interested in the wonderful curios, marvellous tapestries, and other wonders of his home. He did not put it that way, but I tell you as it is.

Count Mazzarino is a cousin of Prince Trabia. The family name of this title is Lanza, and dates from the feudal house of Northern Italy, which appears in Sicily only in the thirteenth century. The acquisition of the Branciforte titles, Princes of Butera, of Campofiorito, both with the title of grandees of Spain, came into the family by the marriage of Prince Giuseppe Lanza with Stefania Branciforte, and all the titles of the House of Spinelli through a marriage with Eleonora Spinelli, the Princess of Scalea. "The

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Count of Mazzarino" is one of the Branciforte titles, and the Countess, who is a Neapolitan of the princely house of Motta San Giovanni, is one of the Ladies-of-the-Palace of Queen Margherita. When we had finished our round of the castle, and I had taken my pictures, the Countess took us to the little boudoir of her daughter, an exquisite room furnished with fine old Empire pieces. Young Contessina Oliva is an extremely pretty blonde, with blue eyes and the fairest of skins, and I shall not soon forget the picture she made as she played to us on her harp, an accomplishment which is too little studied in America, but which is one of the most graceful and charming. The harp is the principal accomplishment of young women of nobility in Spain, and this touch of Spain in this palace, where all spoke of Norman influence and French taste, was quaint and exceedingly attractive. After the little solo we had tea, and have promised, from urgent invitations, to come again another day very soon, for to-morrow we are all to meet at Donna Franca's in the afternoon. Best love to all at home.

T.

PALERMO, May

My dear M:

We have just now come in from a delightful tea with Donna Franca.

We went quite early at her invitation, in order to take some photographs of the garden. I supposed of course that she had notified the gardener of our coming, and told our coachman to drive into the grounds,



Julia Laura
di Trabia

PRINCESS OF TRABIA
Lady-of-the-Palace of H. M. Queen Elena

but not to the villa. We entered near the attractive tennis-court, near which is a quaint little thatched house, and before we could decide which of the flowery paths to take first, a man, evidently the head gardener, came up, hat in hand, and asked if he could show us about the grounds or assist me in taking my photographs. I thanked him, and we walked with him all over this wonderful garden. I took pictures of the great palm which is thought to be over a hundred years old, and rises higher than the villa itself. The walks were lined with thick masses of blooming stock of varied colors, and indeed every flower seemed to be luxuriant, and showed not only the wonderful results of sunshine and care, but the fertility of the island, which seems a veritable garden of the gods. As we returned from our tour of the garden, the old gardener disappeared into one of the greenhouses, coming back presently with a large bouquet of his rarest orchids and choicest blooms of other kinds, which he presented me with a low bow. The time had passed more quickly than we realized, and as I expressed my thanks for the flowers, I explained that we must go on to the villa, where Donna Franca was expecting us for tea. You can imagine my surprise when he exclaimed: "Oh, their Excellencies know the Signora Donna Franca! I thought they were strangers in Palermo." So perfect had been his "hospitality to the stranger" in accordance with the Sicilian idea, that even when he knew that I was the guest of his master, there was really nothing more that he could do to be courteous and polite. At tea I told one of the young Sicilians, whom I have met here, the story of my experience in the garden, and he

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explained to me that this gardener of Florio's belongs in some way to what is known here in Sicily as the Society of Friends, and what the world calls the Mafia.

No one seems to know just how the Mafia originated, and indeed I suppose no one really knows just what the Mafia is; but that it is a powerful under-current in the affairs of Sicily there can be no doubt. As you know from the history of the island, the people have passed through long periods of injustice and misrule. It is the natural instinct of man to protect his family, and when that protection is violated, his women outraged, and his home destroyed, it does not take very long for all such men to bind themselves together in a secret society whose object shall be the protection of the weak by the strong. It is my belief that it is from this primal instinct for the man to protect his women that the beginnings of the Mafia have come. That the Mafia is a very different organization at the present day is not to be questioned.

To-day the Sicilian will talk to you of *omertà*, and he will say: "In a school, a boy is told when a bigger boy hits him on the head, 'Be a man, not a tattle-tale.' In college you are told: 'Be a man.' If you are a freshman, you must not 'peach' on the 'senior.' Even the urchin of the poor in the streets is scolded by his father if he cries when knocked over the head by any playmate. 'Be a man!'" Again, he quotes you the Latin word, *homertas*, and asks its meaning. It has come to be a part of the Sicilian character never to betray a compatriot, be he enemy or friend. From their earliest youth the Sicilian chil-

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dren learn that it is the duty of a man to hold his tongue on the subject of adventures in which he may have been concerned. There is a proverb which says: "La verità si dici a lu confissuri" (Truth is told to the confessor). Even innocent people will allow themselves to be accused and condemned rather than to point out or tell on the guilty. From 1200 to 1860 the Sicilians have been the victims of one conqueror after another, who impoverished the island; each government produced new torments in order to exact the last coin by the most cruel sort of taxation. There was no time to think of the people; each viceroy must take what he could for himself as soon as possible. The police system of these governments is terrible to recall. The great proprietors gave up living on their country estates, and sometimes did not visit them for twenty years, frequently being afraid to do so, and with reason. Means of communication were purposely kept in bad condition to prevent any sentiment of nationality or unity springing up between the people of towns and cities, and to this day there is a distinct prejudice between the town and the country people. During any such state of oppression by a foreign government it seems a most natural consequence that the people of the island should have bound themselves together not only for the mutual protection of their homes, but for each other. Despotism was the order of the day, and justice smote rather the malcontents than the evil-doers. Under these circumstances it is not likely that any men of character possessing what the Sicilians call *omertà* would testify against each other to a court composed of unjust

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oppressors. To-day the government of United Italy has to contend against the force of traditional opposition to recognized authority, though the enlightened and educated Sicilian is only too glad to obey the laws of his country and to help in the administration of such laws. The people of Sicily voted by a tremendous majority to become a part of United Italy, and voluntarily put themselves under the law of the kingdom; but it is not to be expected that a race so long persecuted can at once realize that they have no longer need of combinations of individuals to protect their own.

One sees the varied history of the island portrayed in the faces of the people, and Sicilian character is probably as complex as the Sicilian appearance. In any case the great mixture of blood has produced a highly intelligent race, and while their national songs are melancholy, it has been said that a Sicilian is never too miserable not to be able to utter a jest. We came here to stay a week, and it is now three since we arrived, but we bade an unwilling good-bye to-day to Donna Franca who goes to-morrow to Rome and Paris. We, too, have decided that we must move on, and to-morrow we shall go to Monreale to see the great cathedral, and the next day we leave for Girgenti. The Prince and Princess Potenziani, who came for the races, and whom we have enjoyed seeing, also go back to-morrow to their estate at Rieti, not far from Rome. Princess Trabia sent me this afternoon some lovely pictures of her palace, and I am to see Count and Countess Mazzarino once more before we say a final good-bye. Donna Franca is returning here in early June, and has cordially invited us to come with her to

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one of her large castles on the islands off the coast of Sicily near Marsala. I am very sorry that we cannot make this visit, for it would be a most interesting and unusual experience, and then I should have the pleasure of being with Donna Franca, who is a charming companion, fond of out-of-door sports as I am, and generally gay and vivacious. I cannot understand why the Marsala wines, which, of course, Signor Ignazio Florio controls in Sicily, and which have contributed, together with his large shipping interests, to make his vast fortune, are not better known throughout the world. To me the taste of the fine Marsala is far more delicate and delicious than sherry.

T.

GIRGENTI, SICILY, May

My dear M:

The road from Palermo to Girgenti was altogether lovely, and varied as it was interesting. The railroad follows the valley of the river Torto, and crosses the great watershed between the Tyrrhenian and African seas, where the most northerly sulphur mines are situated, and then follows the valley of Platani, where the gauze screens about the station windows and the numberless eucalyptus trees told us of ever-present malaria. Now and then we passed a fifteenth-century castle, but of course through the sulphur districts the land is very barren. Through the river valleys the railway is lined, as it was the other day on our journey to Buonfornello, with the various colors of many kinds of wild flowers. The small, purplish-blue

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iris grows in great masses, and indeed F. B. and I had quite a discussion on one occasion as to whether the great mass of these low blue flowers growing at some distance from the railway was a lake or a mass of blooms; but with a turn in the road I was able to prove my point that it was not water, but flowers. Masses of blue and white lupins, vetches of varied colors, orpine, many sorts of daisies, a beautiful, wild gladiolus, cyclamens, and many other lovely flowers make it easy to believe that there are over four hundred and seventy-seven varieties of wild flowers in Sicily; a flora not to be equalled in many parts of the world, I believe.

We arrived in good time at Girgenti, and found a nice motor-bus ready to take us to the Hotel of the Temples, situated about half a mile from the town on a slight eminence overlooking these wonderfully picturesque ruins.

The little hotel is very simple, but our rooms are comfortable and large, and a broad-tiled balcony with balustrade overlooks a very attractive Italian garden ablaze with flowers, which send up their perfume and add to the poetry of this whole landscape. Nothing more picturesque and beautiful can be imagined than the view from this *terrazza* where I am sitting.

The wonderful temple of Juno Lacinia is beautifully situated on the edge of a steep precipice nearly four hundred feet above sea-level. The great fluted Doric columns are almost more beautiful in their ruin than in their perfection.

Only twenty-five whole pillars are now standing, for earthquakes have added their work of destruction to that of time, and all have been disintegrated by

exposure to the scirocco winds. The great Temple of Concord is one of the best preserved ancient temples in existence, and recalls in its magnificence that of Paestum near Naples. Then there are other ruins, which, to the eye of any but an archæologist, are merely picturesque groups of fallen columns, eloquent of past grandeur and present-day ruin. The temple, called that of Castor and Pollux, has been put together from various fallen columns in such a way as to add much to this whole scene, but is evidently a reconstruction rather than the remains of a great temple. I shall never forget the beauty of the moonlight view of last evening. Girgenti, I think, is the most poetic of places, and to be thoroughly appreciated and seen at its loveliest moment, one should wait for the charm and fascination of the moonlight. Far away the moonbeams dance upon the Mediterranean, and coming across the sea enter the temples, and at last find the garden and the flowers. All becomes enchanted under the moonbeams' power. The flowers seem more fragrant, one's imagination rebuilds the temples and peoples the ruined city (called by Pindar "the most beautiful city of mortals") with the rich men of those bygone days. In all directions the scene is beautiful, but the enchantment is broken by the distant cathedral bell, which seems to toll, one by one, the centuries that lie between the poetic, beautiful, moonlit temples and the stern mediæval church of the modern town.

So perfect has been our enjoyment of the Acragas of old, that I could not be persuaded to even go into the town of modern Girgenti. Far away among these

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ruins it has been delightful to meet Mr. Robert Treat Paine, his granddaughter, and a Radcliffe friend of mine. We find that our journeys are to lie parallel for a time and are looking forward to seeing the Paine party in Taormina. We go to-morrow to Syracuse, and I shall write you further from there.

T.

AND COUNTRY SEATS

TAORMINA, SICILY, May

My dear M:

WE had a delightful two days in Syracuse, and enjoyed the strange Latomie, the Greek theatre, and other wonders, but I fear we saw Catania in a very American way, for we were there only a few hours, but as Mr. Fog was kind enough to meet us at the station we lost no time, and saw at least the most important things.

First of all we drove to the Exposition, which was really interesting, as it showed the industrial progress and improvement of Sicily. Catania is famous for its amber, and I greatly admired some beautiful small specimens in the showcase at the Exposition. It was not possible, however, to find any guard, as it was just the noon hour, to ask if we might purchase them; but in some miraculous way, I suppose through telephones at luncheon time, Mr. Fog brought them to the station, and I felt rather chagrined at my enthusiasm of the morning, when he insisted upon presenting the whole set to me with his compliments. They are really beautiful, and I am sure you will enjoy seeing them. Catania also has its interesting history, and after Palermo is now the largest city of the island, the seat of a Bishop and an excellent University, founded by Alphonso of Castile, with a thousand students. About eight thousand vessels enter and clear the port annually, and the city counts many wealthy

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residents. The Marchese di Rudini has a villa near here, as has also the distinguished Italian statesman Marchese San Giuliano, but unfortunately they are both in Rome now, though we had expected to see them here.

I have just moved my writing table on to the balcony of this extraordinary hotel Timeo; in fact, everything about Taormina is unusually wonderful and beautiful. We arrived at a little town Giardini on the coast. Outside the station we found numerous victorias with these sturdy Sicilian horses, harnessed after the fashion of Naples with brass-studded harness, jingling bells, and two long pheasant feathers placed in a metal holder in the centre of the bridle between the ears. Up the mountain we started just at sunset, round and round the curved road we climbed, past the long rows of tombs in the bank at the side of the road, which the building of this highway has laid bare, and which spoke of ancient days and ancient burials. At last we turned into the gate of the little town and drove up through a narrow paved street to the door of what seemed to be a small hotel. The affable landlord greeted us and led us through a glass-enclosed vestibule through another small room, and then down a long flight of stairs. "Are we going to the cellar?" I asked. "No, Signora, but the hotel is built on the side of a mountain, and I think you will like your rooms." With that we passed up a long corridor, rather dark, but presently were shown into two rooms where long French windows opened on to balconies, and I am not sure whether we said anything further to the landlord of the Timeo or not, for once I had

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stepped on to the balcony, I think it would have taken a good deal to distract my attention. Just below, almost within reach, were the branches of the blossoming orange trees, and mixed with the perfume of the orange blossom came the more delicate odor of countless roses, which I could see blossoming in the fascinating gardens on the mountain-side, over which the balcony projected. Over the trees in the distance, the eye caught the beauty of the blue sea, and from its shores followed along the gradual curve ten thousand feet into the air to the snow-crowned summit of Mount Etna. I believe there is nothing in the whole world as beautiful as the view at Taormina. It is almost impossible to believe that the great massive cone of Etna is so high, for everything about the mountain and its surroundings is so immense, yet so perfectly proportioned that measurement ceases to form a part of one's consciousness. It is difficult to realize that the distance around the base is ninety miles.

T.

TAORMINA, May

My dear M:

This is surely a fairyland, a sort of earthly paradise, to which I hope you will come one day with me, for not to have seen Taormina is to have missed one of the greatest joys of the world. F. B. and I started out early this morning, not on the general route of the tourist for the Greek theatre, but on donkey-back for the mountain town even higher up than this wonderful Taormina. Up we climbed, the sturdy little

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donkeys seeming to need no encouragement or urging from the boys who patiently went alongside. The pathway all along was lined with flowers which in shape and form are like our sweet-peas at home, but very much smaller, and of unusual copper and dull yellow colors, countless cyclamen of various shades, and many other flowers that I did not know. The village of Mola has little of interest beyond the gorgeous view from the ruined castle. Near the "Porta Francese" there are rock tombs of pre-Hellenic origin, and we went into the little church where we found Miss Helen Reed jotting down notes of the quaint blue-frescoed ceiling, for some incident in her future stories, I suppose. While we were enjoying the view from the castle, Mr. Paine and his young ladies joined us, and on our return from the mountain I made a tour of the one long street of Taormina, which is lined with the most fascinating shops. You must know that they are attractive if I, who detest a shop, can find interest and pleasure in going to them. My little donkey boy refuses to leave me, and when we came out from the hotel after luncheon, I found him waiting with a large bunch of roses that he presented to me, hat in hand. Such roses they were, of varieties that we see only in greenhouses at home; and as I exclaimed over their beauty, the landlord of the hotel quietly said, as he strolled out from the front door: "But the garden is full of them for you to pick every day, Signora."

I have succeeded in getting an unusual and beautiful pendant: an enamelled pelican holding in its beak a small ruby, and surrounded by its young. The pelican is the one bird that picks its own breast to give

REMAINS OF THE GREEK TEMPLE AT TAORMINA, WITH
MT. ETNA AND THE VILLAGE IN THE DISTANCE
(SEE PAGE 400)



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donkeys seeming to need no encouragement or ~~being~~ from the boys who patiently went alongside. The pathway all along was lined with flowers which in shape and form are like our sweet-peas at home, but very much smaller, and of unusual copper and dull yellow colors, countless cyclamen of various shades, and many other flowers that I did not know. The village of Mola has little of interest beyond the gorgeous view from the ruined castle. Near the "Porta Francese" there are ~~rock~~ tombs of pre-Hellenic origin, and we went into the little church where we found Miss Helen Reed jotting down notes of the quaint blue-frescoed ceiling, for some incident in her future stories, I suppose. While we were enjoying the view from the castle, Mr. Paine and his young ladies joined us, and on our return from the mountain I made a tour ~~of the most interesting shops of Taormina, which is lined with the most fascinating shops.~~ ^{MT. ETNA AND THE VILLAGE} ~~of Taormina, which is lined with the most fascinating shops.~~ ^{SEE PAGE 499} You must think that they are attractive if I, who detest a shop, can find interest and pleasure in going to them. My little donkey boy refuses to leave me, and when we came out from the hotel after luncheon, I found him waiting with a large bunch of roses that he presented to me, hat in hand. Such roses they were, of varieties that we see only in greenhouses at home; and as I exclaimed over their beauty, the landlord of the hotel quietly said, as he strolled out from the front door: "But the garden is full of them for you to pick every day, Signora."

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of its blood to its little ones, and is the emblem in the Roman Church, as you remember, of Christ who gave his blood for the saving of souls. Undoubtedly my jewel formed a part of some church decoration, and I am delighted to have found it.

Our sunset view of the Greek theatre was no disappointment, and all the enthusiasms and florid descriptions of authors in every language pale and seem inadequate when one has seen the reality. Etna is beautiful in the morning; Etna is majestic in the broad sun of noon; but Etna's snows tinged pink with the slanting rays of the setting sun, which also color the surrounding hills with deepest purple and the coast-line to palest green, and all this vast wonderful harmony of color seen with the foreground of the exquisite ruin of the Greek theatre, with its narrow stage and its stately columns, bespeaking the culture of that race, which intellectually has had no superiors, is a picture that must live in the memory of all who have seen it as supreme and pre-eminent. There is something so vast, so perfect in the expression of Nature here at Taormina, that man seemed to slip into his proper proportion in the tiny dots that the home-coming sails of the fishermen made on the broad Mediterranean.

Of course we shall go again to the theatre, and go over it carefully and intelligently, but to-night we wanted the illusion, the perfect picture of beauty in all its glory. The ruin of the Greek theatre, spoiled in its symmetry by the Roman conqueror, spoke eloquently of the fickleness of ever-changing man, while the perpetual snows of the great Etna told of the eternity of Nature. Men have come and men have

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gone, and Tauromenium has become Taormina and may still change its name, but the little three-cornered island in the Mediterranean Sea will ever be one of the most glorious spots on the earth's surface.

As I write, F. B. comes in with a large bunch of cyclamen, bought, he says, for two "soldi," of a pretty peasant girl at the hotel door. I have bought some lovely old pieces of Sicilian drawn-work, which is quite different from the Mexican, and of a much higher order. Indeed, most people confound it with filet or net lace into which the figures are darned, and which was originally an imitation of these wonderful drawn linen patterns. To-day as I passed up the street I looked in at a room where some twenty little girls, not over five years old, were struggling, each with four knitting needles, and a patient young woman was going the rounds teaching each one the intricacies of the inevitable stocking, which at this early age they must begin to knit.

We took tea at the Hotel San Domenico, formerly a Dominican convent. Surrounded with roses, orange blossoms, and all possible loveliness, we had another view, always different but ever beautiful, of the great majestic, smoking Etna. Afterwards we made a short call on Baron von Glöden, who came to Sicily believing he had but a few months to live, and who found in this sunny climate and bright clear air, health and life. Amusing himself with photography, his amusement has become, with his restored health, a science, and he now has the Gold Medal from nearly all the great photographic exhibitions of the world. He has kindly allowed me to reproduce his picture, and you



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THE GARDEN OF COUNT VON GLÖDEN'S VILLA
AT TAORMINA, SICILY

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can see the bower of roses in which his villa is situated.

To-night we enjoyed the sunset in the other direction, looking toward the old Badía Vecchia, a fine Gothic ruin on the side of the mountain, and beyond, as a background, splendid great Monte Venere, the lights catching the little pink villas that are dotted here and there on its sides. We went, too, into the tiny theatre that has recently been discovered in the back yard of one of the houses on the main street. Above the old Badía are the commanding ruins of the great castle that was formerly the acropolis of Tauromenium, which, after the destruction of Naxos (of whose ruins we had a beautiful view from the little town of Mola) by Dionysius, in 403 B.C., was founded by the Siculi to whom Dionysius had granted the necessary land. Timaeus the historian was born here.

This afternoon we took a drive to the beach below, and hired one of the peasants to take us out in his boat round the islands and into the strange grottoes whose sides are lined with crude coral. The effect of the brilliant coloring through the clear water of the Mediterranean is quite wonderful. There is an Isola bella here, not decorated with a wonderful villa as at Lago Maggiore, but with endless flowers and graceful trees. The boatmen were very talkative, and we had a long row into numerous water caves, with the result that I came home laden with small bits of this rough coral, which, however, they told me at the hotel, will lose its color entirely when dry. After tea on the terrace of the hotel overlooking the garden, and encircled with trellises hanging with tea

ITALIAN CASTLES

roses, we decided to take one last walk up and down the narrow streets of this picturesque, quaint little town. Stalwart girls, with heavy weights of stone on their heads, smilingly greeted me, and I find I am known on the street as "donna forestiera che parla italiano" (the foreign lady who speaks Italian). The little knitting school had disbanded at this hour, and my lace woman rushed out to tell me that her husband, Giuseppe Oleri Anteri, had just come in from a long tour on donkey-back into the mountains, where he had bought from several old ladies precious laces, taken perhaps unwillingly, but sold of necessity, from hair-covered trunks, some of which he had also brought along. The fascination of seeing these laces was too great, and I was late to dinner to-night, and my pocket-book is much thinner. I have chatted a bit with this young, bright-eyed, peasant woman as we have gone to and fro and up and down this little street of Taormina, and so to-night, knowing that I was going away, she brought out her husband's account book, and showed me just what he had paid for the laces, and said that I should take my pick at exactly what the laces had cost him. I was greatly pleased to find a long scarf with exactly the pattern which grandmother worked under direction of the Sicilian nun in Boston in her girlhood days. The lace is very old, but, as the little woman said, "quite healthy," meaning free from holes, and I can now understand the enthusiasm of Sir Purden Clark for grandmother's shawl and his wish to have it for a time at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. The young girls now do not generally have accomplishments so perfected as our grand-

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mothers of the dear old New England days. In any case, I am bringing the scarf to you, and with it the little peasant persuaded me to get several other rare bits of Sicilian lace.

It is really too dreadful to leave this wonderful place, but the days are getting to be very warm and the lizards very numerous, so I suppose it is better to go while the enchantment is still perfect, and the desire to return will be all the more pressing if we go before we have any unpleasant memories of heat. I have tried to get water-colors which shall show the tiny streets, the old houses; and, of course, we have bought endless photographs of this wonderful, incomparable view, but they all fall far short of the reality. There is no perfume in their air, there is no real sunshine in their color, and to know and understand Taormina one must come here and feel, as well as see, for oneself. I am glad that we left Taormina for the last, for it really is the climax of the beauties of Italy. I can understand Goethe's enthusiasm when he said: "Sicily is the key to all."

T.

NAPLES, May

My dear M:

The railroad from Taormina to Messina skirts the coast, and much of the way the seashore is overgrown with masses of scarlet and pink geranium intermingled with great green cactus. We had only a hurried view of Messina on our way here from Palermo, but the city is most attractive, its splendid big white build-

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ings fronting on the sea. The harbor is very animated, and is formed by a peninsula in the shape of a sickle. An excellent ferry took us, as our friends had previously told us, quickly and comfortably to Reggio. It seemed also as if we could reach from one shore to the other, and in less than half an hour we found ourselves in the train for Naples. Poor Messina has experienced many vicissitudes, but it seems now to be a thriving city.¹ The morning passage to Reggio gave us a wonderful view of Mount Etna, and I would not have missed this visit to Sicily for a great deal. Our trunks are packed, and to-morrow in early morning we go on board the big liner. Last evening we had a jolly dinner with friends.

T.

S.S., May

My dear M:

We are really started. Cesnola and Shearer came down to say good-bye with other friends from Naples. The little boats followed the steamer out of the harbor, the boatmen singing their soft, sweet strains of "Addio a Napoli." Of course we are glad to come home, but we do not feel it, just at the time we sail out of this magical harbor with the soft, plaintive tones of these Neapolitan singers in our ears and the bright morning sunshine making the whole city of Naples seem gay and full of life. We have passed the beautiful islands of Capri and Ischia; the harbor with its wonderful curve, and Vesuvius with its poor broken head (it will never

¹ See Appendix.

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be as beautiful since the last eruption) is passing gradually from view, and soon we shall be on the broad Mediterranean. The letter will be mailed from Gibraltar, very probably sent up to England, and I run the risk of its taking a fast steamer and reaching you before we arrive, since I have directed the envelope "Via England." As I look back over the past year it all seems like a magical dream, and I wonder if my pen has told half of the happiness which I have enjoyed, and if my letters will have taken you with me on my journeys of pleasure and privilege to the homes of my Italian friends.

T.

APPENDIX

IT is hardly possible to close this book of my letters, which were written before the terrible earthquake, without some reference, not only to the terrible disaster, but to the bond of friendship which I think has grown out of the sympathy of the American people for their suffering fellowmen in Calabria and Sicily. The world records no such disaster from a life point of view as that of Messina, though other earthquakes have caused a greater displacement of the earth's crust.

The city contained, with its outlying suburbs, nearly one hundred fifty thousand inhabitants, and was, next to Palermo, the chief port of Sicily. It would seem that an unlucky star shines over the city, so many disasters have one after another befallen it. There are no remains now of the antique period, although the city was founded probably about 732 B.C., according to Greek tradition on the site of a Siculan town. Under the rule of Rome, Messina was the capital of the island and had great privileges.

Messina suffered an almost complete destruction by an earthquake in 1783 with a death roll of 29,515; another bombardment in 1848, and another loss of 16,000 by cholera in 1854. After the destructive shock of 1783, subsequent tremblings of the earth were felt in 1894 and 1896, and as late as 1905 there were slight earthquakes sufficient to cause a death-roll of 529. On the occasion of the terrible earthquake of the twenty-eighth of December, 1908, there was scarcely any warning. The shock was intense and far-reaching and lasted thirty-five seconds; though it must be stated that for several weeks preceding, slight shocks had been felt in the vicinity of Messina. It is not easy for us to picture so much disaster being caused in so short a space of time. Coming as it did in the early winter morning (at 5.23 A.M.) the inhabitants of the unfortunate town were taken completely unawares. Many died instantly, and many more lived for days and weeks imprisoned in the ruins of fallen houses, succumbing at last to the torture of hunger and cold. Numerous stories have been told of the dis-

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tress and sorrow of individual cases, but, fortunately, fire did not play its hideous part in the disaster as was the case in San Francisco, for there was little to burn, and the small fires started were put out by the drizzling rain. Shortly after the shock the sea receded a short distance from the shore, but returned again in a tidal wave which washed over the neck of land forming the harbor, destroying the breakwater, and wrenching a great steamer of two thousand tons from its dry dock only to engulf it in the bay.

Prisoners and criminals were liberated in the crashing apart of churches, homes, and prisons alike, but the arrival of the soldiers who shot down those who tried to rob the dead soon restored order to the devastated city. The submarine cable had been broken, and all telegraphic communication was cut off, but the torpedo boats lying in the harbor took the news as quickly as possible up the coast to the first telegraphic station from which a message might be sent. For all that, it was night before the King and Queen could know of the terrible disaster that had befallen a portion of their kingdom. Within twenty-four hours Their Majesties started for the scene of the disaster, and Queen Elena and the King personally assisted in the work of relief, oftentimes themselves giving the first aid to the wounded. The King had not wanted the Queen to accompany him as she was not well at the time; and so overcome was this tender-hearted and lovely Queen of Italy that it was impossible for her to stay in the midst of so much suffering; but nothing that was in her power to do was omitted, and once back in Rome the rooms of the great Royal Palace of the Quirinal were turned into workshops, and all her Ladies-of-the-Palace were called upon to aid in the making of garments for the needy and suffering in Calabria and Sicily. A strange sight, indeed, these magnificent ballrooms fitted out with sewing machines, and the princesses and noblewomen of Italy all turning bravely to the task and becoming as proficient seamstresses as they were Ladies-in-Waiting to Her Majesty. Only the winter before there had been given in Rome a course of First-aid-to-the-wounded, which had been attended by nearly all the fashionable young women of Roman society. It would seem that this had been Providential, for now many of these women at once left for the hospitals of Naples and Sicily, and proved efficient and helpful nurses to their suffering compatriots. Troops were also sent from Catania, Palermo, and from



THE HON. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
 22nd March 1904. (Phot. by J. H. Smith &
 Co. N. Y. C. M. B. 100-101)

Mr. John H. Smith, 100-101 N. Y. C.
W. H. Taft -

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Villagers and criminals were liberated in the crashing apart of clutches, houses, and prisons alike, but the arrival of the soldiers who shot down those who tried to rob the dead soon restored order to the devastated city. The submarine cable had been broken, and all telegraphic communication was cut off, but the torpedo boats lying in the harbor took the news as quickly as possible up the coast to the first telegraphic station from which a message might be sent. For all that, it was night before the King and Queen could know of the terrible disaster that had befallen a portion of their kingdom. Within twenty-four hours Their Majesties started for the scene of the disaster, and Queen Elena and **PRESIDENT WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT** relief. *Reproduced from an authentic photograph of the tragedy.* The King had not with *President* *was* *at* *the* *time* *as* *she* *was* *not* *well* *at* *the* *time*; and so overcome was this tender-hearted and lovely Queen of Italy that it was impossible for her to stay in the midst of so much suffering; but nothing that was in her power to do was omitted, and once back to Rome the rooms of the great Royal Palace of the Quirinal were turned into workshops, and all her Ladies-in-Waiting were called upon to aid in the making of garments for the needy and suffering in Calabria and Sicily. A strange sight, indeed, these magnificent hallmoons fitted out with sewing machines, and the princesses and noblewomen of Italy all turning bravely to the task and becoming as proficient seamstresses as they were Ladies-in-Waiting to Her Majesty. Only the winter before there had been given in Rome a course of First-aid-to-the-wounded, which had been attended by nearly all the fashionable young women of Roman society. It would seem that this had been Providential, for now many of these women at once left for the hospitals of Naples and Sicily, and proved efficient and helpful nurses to their suffering companions. Troops were also sent from Catania, Palermo, and from



Mr Mrs Batcheller with best wishes
of yours
J. A. Saff -

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the mainland even as far north as Genoa, but as there was hardly a building left in Messina fit for shelter, they, too, suffered very much, and many lost their lives in endeavoring to save others. The wounded were removed from the city as far as possible by boats to Naples, and by train to Palermo and Catania where they were cared for not only in the hospitals and hotels but in the private houses.

It was America's sorrow to lose Dr. and Mrs. Cheney, the American Consul at Messina. A search for their bodies was begun by the Italian soldiers, later relieved by the American sailors. Both bodies were found on January 15th and death had evidently been instantaneous. It is gratifying to remember, and it is only a proof of Sicilian gratitude, that when the bodies of the American Consul and his wife were carried ashore by Italian sailors from the ship "Venezia" in New York, wreaths were placed on their coffins by members of the Italian Embassy at Washington and the Italian Consul in the city of New York. The procession was made up of Italian societies, men who gladly lost a day's work and a day's pay to do honor to a man who had died at his post in the service of a nation which had proved in a substantial way its sympathy with the stricken people of Sicily and Calabria. Though the American sailors did not arrive in the vicinity of the earthquake until January 10th, the quick action of the American Congress and of the Red Cross, whose president is now our President Taft, sent consolation and comfort in the knowledge of the approaching help. The International Red Cross acts under the only universal conservation treaty in existence, and its provisions have been extended to naval warfare by the treaty of The Hague.

Miss Mabel Boardman's work for the Society has been the vivifying force of the American organization. She is a member of the central committee at Washington, but holds no office in the organization, though it is to her that President Taft looks for the management of the details of the work in times of peace, and she is practically the director, and certainly a commanding figure in the American Red Cross of to-day. Every morning finds her at the State Department at her desk, and though she is a woman of wealth and culture whose position in society makes arduous demands upon her time, she gives the greater portion of her strength and interest to the conservation of human life.

At the time of the Italian disaster in 1908, Miss Boardman

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worked so diligently and so successfully in the collecting of funds, and, what is almost more important, for their intelligent distribution, that the Italian government recognized her efforts and help by the presentation of a laurel wreath of gold.

Miss Boardman always accentuates the fact, in her articles and addresses on the subject, that it is possible for everyone throughout the country to do at least something for the Red Cross, which stands ready to do for all. She points out that the Red Cross stamp as seals for letters is one of the many ways within the means of everyone to add a little toward the maintenance of one of the grandest organizations in the world, for as she has said in a speech delivered not long ago before the conservation congress held in Michigan:

"Above the passion of war, amidst the desolation of terrible disasters, in the dangers of the daily occupations so many of our fellowmen must undergo to earn their livelihood, does not the Red Cross conserve, protect, and extend the great bond of human brotherhood, and, touched by sorrow, make the whole world kin?"

The first real movement for the establishment of an organization to do the work which the Red Cross now assumes had its inception in the heart of that wonderful woman Florence Nightingale, who went to the Crimea and nursed the wounded French and English soldiers who fell in the battles with the Russians. Her work extended over a period of two years and attracted international attention. Each evening after a battle she personally sought out the helpless on the field and won for herself the affectionate title of "The Lady with the Lamp." So effectually had she gained the public's affection that when she returned to England she was given two hundred fifty thousand dollars by a grateful government, and with this sum she founded a training home for nurses, which to-day remains as a monument to her memory.

The Red Cross as a concrete agency, to preserve life and to help suffering in times of disaster from fire, earthquake, and various physical ills, as well as to bring aid to wounded soldiers on bloody battlefields, however, owes its origin to Henri Dunant, a philanthropic gentleman of Switzerland, who witnessed such frightful suffering on the battlefield of Solferino near Mantua, Italy, in 1859, where the wounded French and Italians numbered sixteen thousand, and the Austrians twenty thousand.



MISS MABEL BOARDMAN

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From this personal vision of horror and bloodshed he could see how inadequate were the medical forces of the two armies to care for even a part of their own injured, and upon his return to Geneva he proposed to the Public Utility Society, a philanthropic organization of that city, to start a movement for the establishment of a volunteer force to supplement the work of the corps of surgeons maintained in the hospital department of every army. A general invitation to the nations of Europe to join in an international conference was sent out, and fourteen countries were represented in the council which was held at Geneva in 1863. In response to the Geneva invitation, thirty-six delegates from fourteen nations of Europe — all except Turkey, Greece, Portugal, and the Papal States — assembled in the Swiss capital, where in conference it was recommended "that each government extend its sanction of authority or protection to sanitary commissions and other relief corps"; that in time of war the privilege of neutrality be extended to ambulances, military hospitals, officials of the medical services, regulars and volunteers, to nurses and to the inhabitants in the theatre of war who should receive and care for the wounded in their houses; and that the universal insignia and flag of persons, officials, and volunteers who might assist in the care of the wounded in war, and of ambulances and hospitals in all armies, be a white flag or band with a red cross; the form of the insignia being adopted as a tribute to Switzerland, the parent country of the idea. The Swiss flag is a white cross on a red background.

The United States took no part in this first conference, but the next year two American delegates were sent to tell the international body of the success of the United States Sanitary Commission, which had been organized at the opening of the Civil War, and which had rendered valuable service to the Union army. This testimony from the United States, showing definitely the practicability of a movement similar to the proposed Red Cross, proved a helpful inspiration and encouragement to the founders of the new organization. The first American Red Cross was founded a year after the close of the Civil War, and was known as The American Association for the Relief of Miseries of Battlefields, and it was about this time that Clara Barton first came before the public.

Miss Barton was a Government clerk in Washington in 1854,

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and with the beginning of hostilities between the North and South entered the hospital service. After the war she organized at her own expense a search for missing soldiers, and subsequently followed the German army through the Franco-Prussian War. At its close she was decorated with the Gold Cross of Baden and the Iron Cross of Germany. It was largely through her efforts that the American Red Cross of to-day was organized in 1881, and she was its active President until 1904, when in the reorganization of the Society her place was filled by no less a person than President William H. Taft.

President Taft has taken the greatest interest in the organization, and by his personal influence and powerful help has rendered invaluable service not only to the American but to the International Red Cross Association. The amount of \$976,000 was expended through the American Red Cross for the Italian relief work, and the congressional appropriation was \$800,000 for the Italian sufferers, substantial proofs indeed of American sympathy and generosity toward Italy, that country which all men honor, admire and love.

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